December 9, 1939

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

The Darkest Continent A

A W YOUNG 12B
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Dec. 9, 1939

ONCE AGAIN . . . IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

If Four Roses Eggnog has become a holiday tradition in your home . . . as it has in so many . . . you probably know this recipe by heart. But just to make sure, here it is again. Get yourself some Four Roses Whiskey at your nearest package store—then follow these directions faithfully:

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to yolks, while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Add 1 pint of Four Roses (*or more, to taste*), and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Eggnog.)

Be sure you use Four Roses! It is *the* whiskey for a truly magnificent Bowl of Merry Christmas! *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

Every drop is whiskey at least 4 years old

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof • The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old

Mother's a Whizz at Apple Pies—but Jane's the better at guarding Her Smile!

Modern children could probably teach you, too, that Massage with Ipana helps protect a winning smile

MOTHER'S pies certainly hit the spot! They top off a meal to perfection—always taste like more. And some day Jane hopes *hers* will taste as good. But, at 8, Jane has a far more important lesson down pat—one that Mother, and Dad, too, would be wise to learn. She knows the value of gum massage in helping to safeguard bright and sparkling smiles.

Like thousands of modern children, Jane can thank her teacher for this early start in gum massage. Already she has learned that gums as well as teeth need special care—that "pink tooth brush" is a warning to be heeded without delay.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

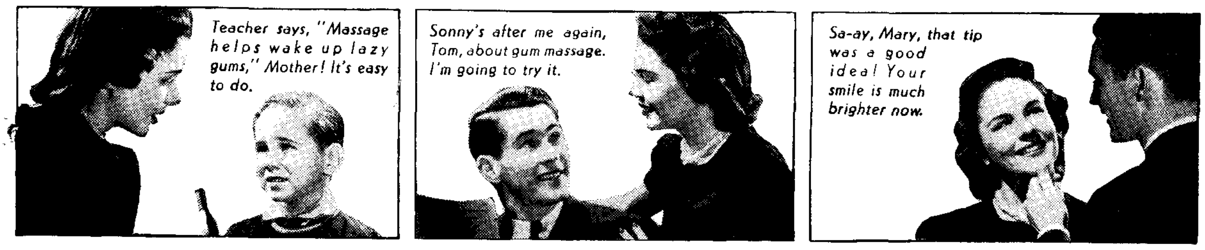
Most modern gums get too little exercise. They need the stimulation that comes from vigorous chewing—exercise that many of today's soft foods deny them. Naturally, these lazy gums tend to become weak and sensitive—and, all too often, flash that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

If you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. Very often his verdict will be "lazy, underworked gums"—gums, as many dentists advise, that will benefit from the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, stronger.

Take care of *your* smile. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling, attractive!

Try the Ipana way for a Brighter Smile!


Teacher says, "Massage helps wake up lazy gums," Mother! It's easy to do.
Sonny's after me again, Tom, about gum massage. I'm going to try it.
Sa-ay, Mary, that tip was a good idea! Your smile is much brighter now.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Get the new DOUBLE DUTY D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

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Collier's

December 9, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
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JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

COLLIER'S presents, next week, its Fiftieth Anniversary All-America Football Team, selected by Grantland Rice and the Advisory Board. And all this week our colleagues have been showing signs of apprehension as the dead line nears. Not without reason. . . .

For many weeks we've been scanning our prized file of the football rosters of every school you've ever heard of and some you probably haven't. Mr. Rice and the Board have been clocking and rating the long list of candidates for 1939 glory. Hundreds of telegrams have come from hundreds of coaches throughout the land, giving more accurate data on tentative hopefuls. Hundreds of stars hover near immortality as we make their photographs into press plates—just in case.

Despite all this meticulous preparation, we seldom get through an All-America without at least one hair-raising error being caught in the last second. We've missed only once. In 1932 a picture agency rushed us a shot of Dalrymple of Tulane—a last-minute selection—that turned out to be Schuler of Army. It seemed to us at the time that everybody in the United States wrote to us about it.

When Mr. Rice finally sets down the name of his first 1939 immortal, our December 16th issue will be locked up on its presses with special pages held open beyond the usual dead line so that Mr. Rice may check the season's final Saturday games. He'll work most of the night, the first copy appearing in this office early Sunday morning. A skeleton art-editorial force, knee-deep in cigarette butts, coffee containers and misgivings (since 1932) will be waiting for it.

Because many contests, as well as a deplorable amount of personal betting, are based on Collier's All-America, every effort is made to maintain secrecy prior to publication. We personally carry the copy to our printing plant at Springfield, Ohio. Once, in 1936, we found ourselves and copy on the train with the Cornell football team—all large, aggressive and excessively curious young men. Their coach, whom we knew slightly, put the finger on us. And that was the year there were no Cornell All-Americas.

It was also the year, we remember, that Mr. Rice named our personal candidate for All-Time All-America unspellable—Alex Wojciechowicz. We had found nine wrong ways to spell it, including the one on the Fordham football roster, before we phoned the Fordham football manager. He didn't know either.

This Week

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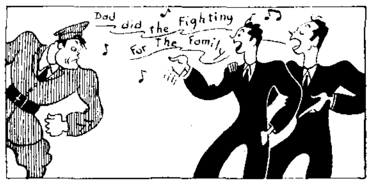
300 Words a Day.
Memo. Page 78

COVER C. C. BEALL

Any Week

IN MONTGOMERY, Alabama, a Mr. Dorkay asked us to sign a petition demanding of Congress that it exempt from war service the sons of veterans of the first World War. It's *quite simple.* All that Mr. Dorkay asks is that Congress decree that "Dad did the fighting for the family." That's his slogan and we suggested he write it into a song.

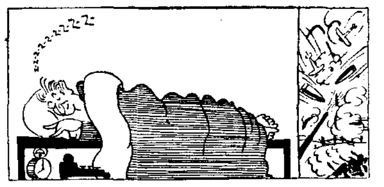

Dad did the Fighting for The family

AMONG the statesmen we've recently met is the Honorable Robert F. Uhr, one of the commissioners of Bexar County, Texas. Mr. Uhr was in a rather pettish mood, having been frustrated in a farseeing plan to consolidate a few choice government functions and bring them under his own wise and patriotic influence. But Mr. Uhr's lawyer had just informed him that the Supreme Court had ruled his plan unconstitutional. And yet, Mr. Uhr was hard to convince. "So what?" demanded Mr. Uhr. "That's their opinion. How about mine?"

WE'D suggest that you take advantage of your earliest opportunity to see Mr. Hitler's Westwall. We've just talked to an Oklahoma oilman, who told us that a group of French and English military engineers are looking into the potentialities of the new whipstock drilling that threatens to change life in the oil fields. With whipstock drilling you can bore vertically until you're convinced that you're not headed for the oil pool. And then, from the bottom of the hole, *you can shoot* off at a sharp angle, thus slanting into the petroleum lake. The French and English engineers are deeply englamored by the idea of whipstock sapping into the foundations of the Westwall and pulverizing it with explosives. The United States Army has engineers present, too. It wouldn't be necessary to erect a towering derrick for the enemy to see. They'd merely dig a pit for a relatively low tower. We thought we'd better warn you—and Mr. Hitler.

NOT until we got this dispatch from our East Cleveland, Ohio, agent, did we know that the police of that city are, as a body, America's most beautiful cops. And, naturally, they're rather proud of it. We, too, would have been a little jealous if, as we patrolled our beat in East Cleveland, we'd seen that large Jay Irving cartoon in a motorcar salesroom. Naturally you've seen the cartoon—two splendid young policemen *admiring a 1940* model of a sleek, speedy automobile. But Police Chief Corlett and Patrolmen Yahraus and Wishert made the dealer remove the cartoon, citing an old ordinance which makes it illegal to use uniformed policemen for advertising purposes. We know just how the men felt about it. We're pretty good-looking ourselves and sharply critical of competition.

"THIS ruckus in Europe," writes Mr. Marcom Beele of Miami, Florida, "isn't worth the price of admission." He goes on: "I been reading all the papers looking for accounts of the horrors promised by the editorial writers before so-called hostilities began. Either Senator Borah was right when he said that there was something phony about this European war or the armies do their fighting quietly after the war correspondents go to bed. They should have been at *my last birthday* party. They'd have seen carnage."



WE HAVE never been on a torpedoed ship. Otherwise we'd be able to answer Mr. Werther Knowles of Dayton, Ohio, who wants merely to know just what happens the moment after the ship is struck. "Does it go up all at once," asks he, "or does it take a little while? Please *tell me how long. I am going to* write a story in which several ships are torpedoed but all hands safe." Similarly we're shy on information requested by Mrs. L. Quirk of Providence, Rhode Island. Maybe you can help Mrs. Quirk. She asks: "What is behind Miss Dorothy Thompson?"

WE ALWAYS have difficulty with questions like that. It's like being asked, "What's the matter with General Hugh Johnson?" In fact, we were asked just that not long ago by a druggist in Washington. The druggist told us that Old Iron Pants came in for a toothbrush. When offered one, the general waved it aside: "Not that kind. I got more than one tooth."

LUCKY stiff.

W. D.

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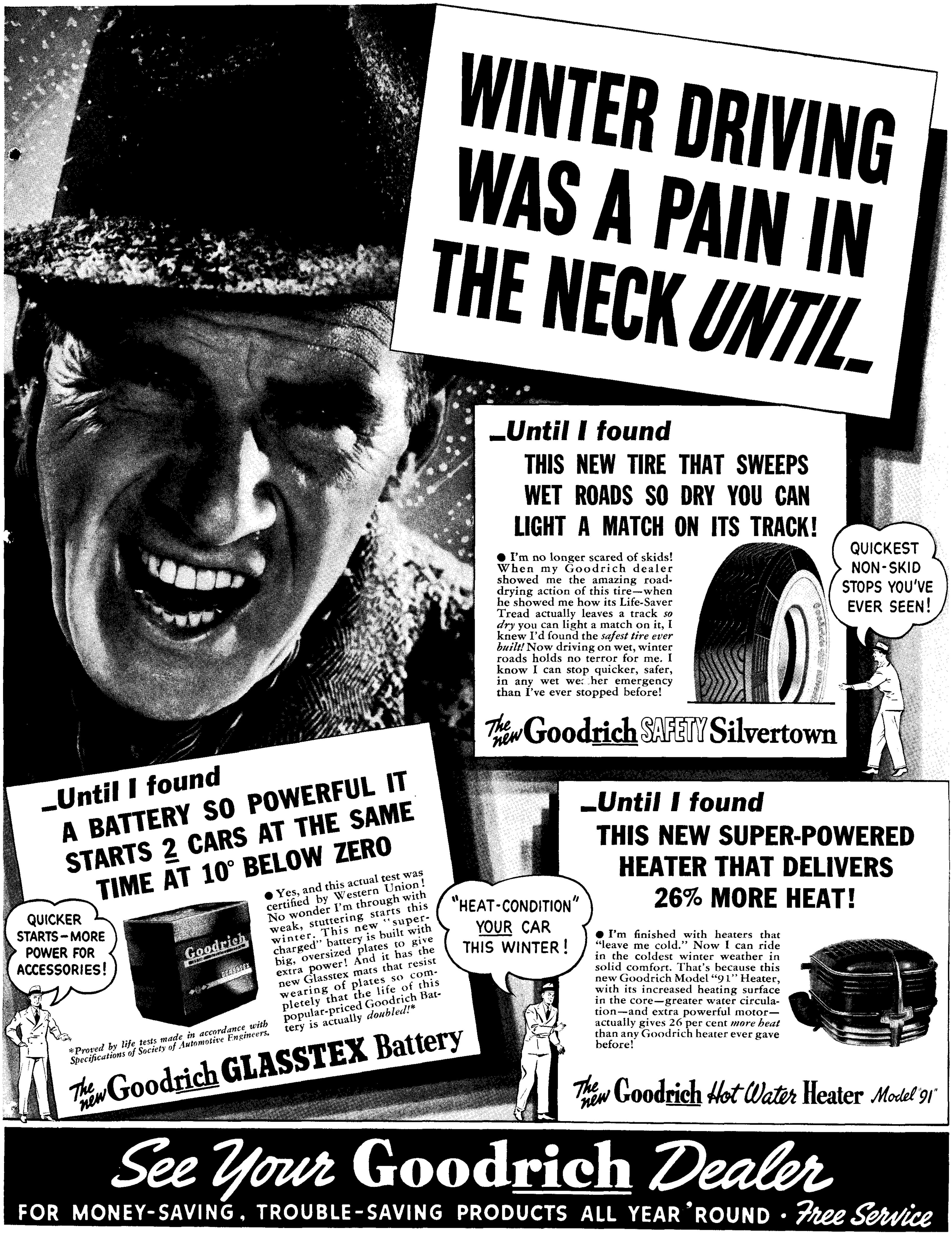
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QUICKER STARTS-MORE POWER FOR ACCESSORIES!
"HEAT-CONDITION" YOUR CAR THIS WINTER!

WINTER DRIVING WAS A PAIN IN THE NECK *UNTIL*

—Until I found
THIS NEW TIRE THAT SWEEPS WET ROADS SO DRY YOU CAN LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!

● I'm no longer scared of skids! When my Goodrich dealer showed me the amazing road-drying action of this tire—when he showed me how its Life-Saver Tread actually leaves a track *so dry* you can light a match on it, I knew I'd found the *safest tire ever built!* Now driving on wet, winter roads holds no terror for me. I know I can stop quicker, safer, in any wet weather emergency than I've ever stopped before!

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

—Until I found
A BATTERY SO POWERFUL IT STARTS 2 CARS AT THE SAME TIME AT 10° BELOW ZERO

● Yes, and this actual test was certified by Western Union! No wonder I'm through with weak, stuttering starts this winter. This new "super-charged" battery is built with big, oversized plates to give extra power! And it has the new Glasstex mats that resist wearing of plates so completely that the life of this popular-priced Goodrich Battery is actually *doubled!**

**Proved by life tests made in accordance with Specifications of Society of Automotive Engineers.*

The new Goodrich GLASSTEX Battery

—Until I found
THIS NEW SUPER-POWERED HEATER THAT DELIVERS 26% MORE HEAT!

● I'm finished with heaters that "leave me cold." Now I can ride in the coldest winter weather in solid comfort. That's because this new Goodrich Model "91" Heater, with its increased heating surface in the core—greater water circulation—and extra powerful motor—actually gives 26 per cent *more heat* than any Goodrich heater ever gave before!

The new Goodrich *Hot Water* Heater *Model 91*

See Your Goodrich *Dealer*

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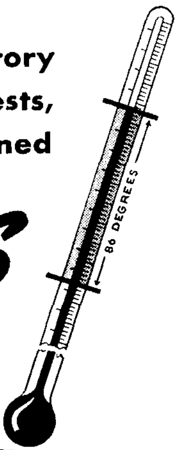
"What's the really important thing in Pipe-Smoking?" we asked a group of business men...

I GO FOR COOLNESS IN PIPE-SMOKING, AND THAT MEANS PRINCE ALBERT. PLENTY COOL, MILD, YET RICH-TASTING!
COOL SMOKING FOR ME TOO— THE PRINCE ALBERT KIND THAT GIVES THE MELLOW JOY ALL PIPE FANS WANT!
YES, SIR! A COOL SMOKE IS A MILD SMOKE! ANY REGULAR PIPE-SMOKER KNOWS THAT!
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS: "EXCESS HEAT IN SMOKING KILLS FLAVOR, BUILDS TONGUE-BITE. GET PRINCE ALBERT FOR COOL SMOKING COMFORT!"

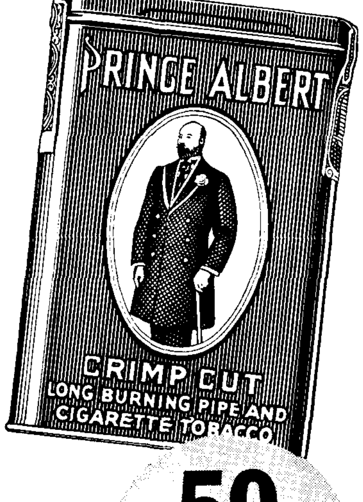
In Recent Laboratory "Smoking Bowl" Tests, Prince Albert Burned

86 DEGREES COOLER



than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested . . . coolest of *all!*

PRINCE ALBERT has proved to millions of pipe-smokers that a COOL smoke is a MILD, TASTY smoke. Automatic smoking and heat-registering tests clearly show that P.A. burns without excess heat. You're all set for the COOL, MELLOW joy of Prince Albert's choice, "crimp cut" tobaccos. P.A. loads up the way you like. Smooth, easy drawing. "No-bite" treated to bar harshness and bring out *the fragrance that cheers!* Today's the day to try P.A.
(Prince Albert is grand for rolling too!)



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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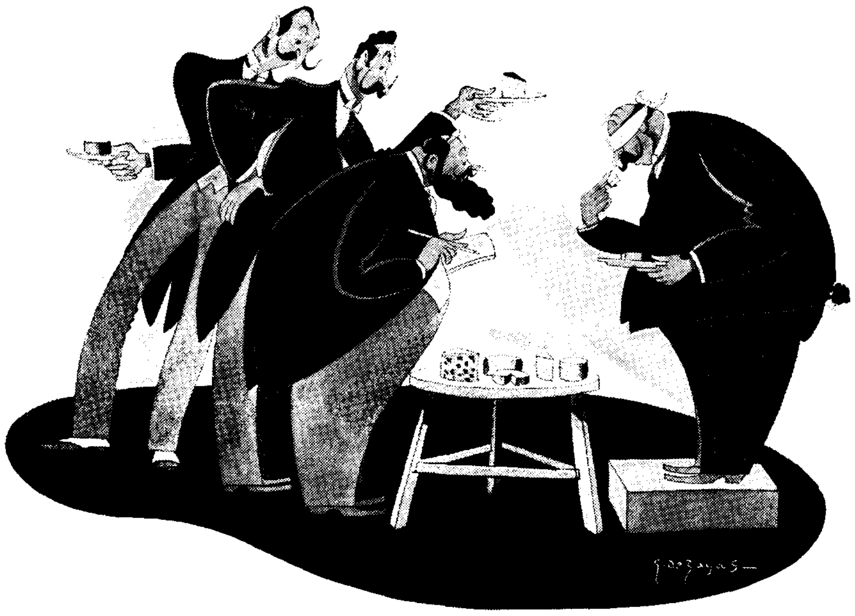

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

No one can become a member of the Paris Cheese Club until he has identified every one of two hundred different kinds of cheeses in a blindfold test.—*By Josephine Haynes, Billings, Montana.*

In most states, land that has been in the unlawful possession of one individual for a period of twenty years automatically becomes his property.—*By N. J. Mettelka, Marshfield, Wisconsin.*

In a spectacular equestrian performance given a short time ago at France's cavalry school at Saumur, a young army officer drove forty-eight horses at one time, hitched in pairs one behind the other and all under the control of reins in his hands, as he balanced himself on the last two animals.

After the completion of a subway transportation system, its temperature does not increase to that of the street level for about seven years.—*By Thomas Grimshaw, Birmingham, Michigan.*

At least 1,600 of the 1,900 airports in the United States today are too small or otherwise inadequate for the landing or take-off of the larger transcontinental air liners.

New York's Manhattan Island is underlaid with such a vast network of subways, foot tunnels, subbasements, conduits carrying telephone, telegraph, heat, light and power lines, pipes carrying water, sewage, gas, steam and refrigeration, that a master map of this underground maze has never been made.

More than fifty different chemicals have been found to produce cancer in man and animals. Strangely enough, they have no other properties in common.—*By Helen Dickerson, Newark, New Jersey.*

Eighty per cent of all the polar explorations in history did not reach either pole. Only six of the thirty-one Arctic expeditions reached the North Pole and only three of the eleven Antarctic expeditions reached the South Pole.—*By Forrest Whitham, Nacogdoches, Texas.*

Blind persons whose fingers are no longer sensitive enough to read the small dots of Braille may obtain books in Moon, a simple alphabet printed in large and prominent letters.—*By Dorothy Kamen-Kaye, Caracas, Venezuela.*

The Versailles Treaty increased the national boundary lines of Europe from 11,000 to 17,000 miles and "moved" nearly 30,000,000 people into other countries. Hitler's annexation of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Danzig and Poland has now reduced these boundaries from 17,000 to 14,000 miles and affected more than 50,000,000 individuals.

Numerous Christians still give their Christmas presents on December 6th, which is the Feast of St. Nicholas, or on January 6th, which was once celebrated as the birthday of Jesus.

In the Bible, the right hand is mentioned eighty times, always in terms of dignity, superiority and righteousness; while the left hand is mentioned only twenty-one times, without one creditable reference.

The New York Aquarium uses a single supply of sea water for long periods, one of which was almost twenty years, only slight additions having been made from time to time to compensate for the evaporation.

In the manufacture of a shell for the 75-millimeter gun, more than 1,250 separate gauges are used.

An earthquake sufficiently intense to cause damage to property occurs somewhere in the world on an average of every three days and ten hours.—*By Kathryn Michel, Rahway, New Jersey.*

Ten times as many men as women suffer from some form of color blindness.—*By Hilde Vogg, Astoria, New York.*

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If you want to make a big impression at little outlay—then check **WASP CLIPPER** against the field, and this pen will win your vote. Look: Here is a smooth, instant-writing, iridium-tipped point of 12K gold (not gold-plated brass or steel) . . . Here is two-way writing, fine or regular . . . Here is full-length Skrip visibility . . . Here is forceful ONE-stroke filling and *flushing* that keeps this pen's performance on a par with its streamlined beauty . . . and look again: **WASP CLIPPER** is mated with Fineline—the new *permanently sharp* pencil sensation. Without a pencil of permanent sharpness, no writing set can be up-to-date. And *now* look at those prices! What a gift for anyone, on any occasion!

NOW 144% MORE *Skrip* CAPACITY THAN OLD-STYLE PENS

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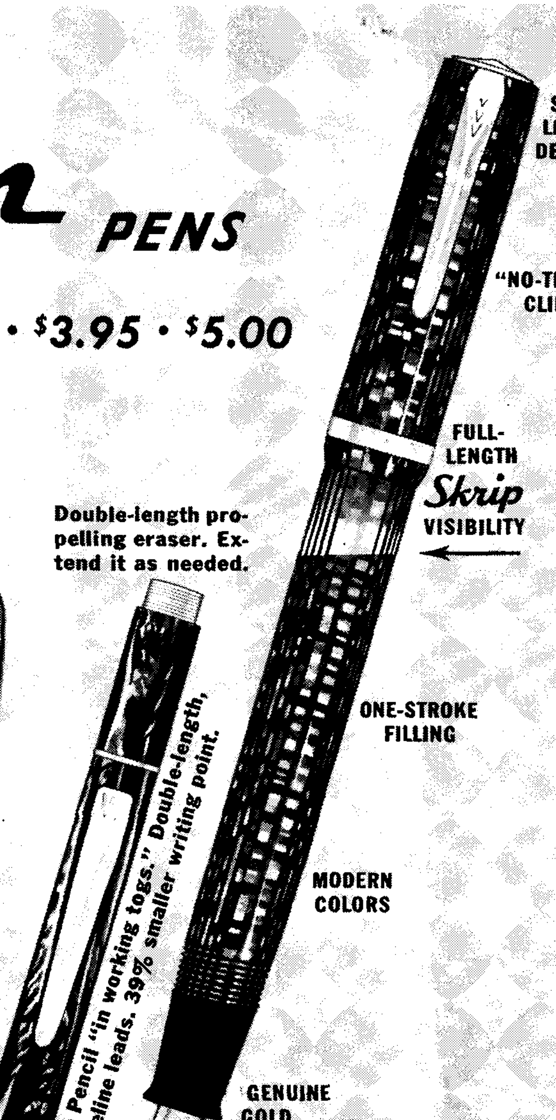
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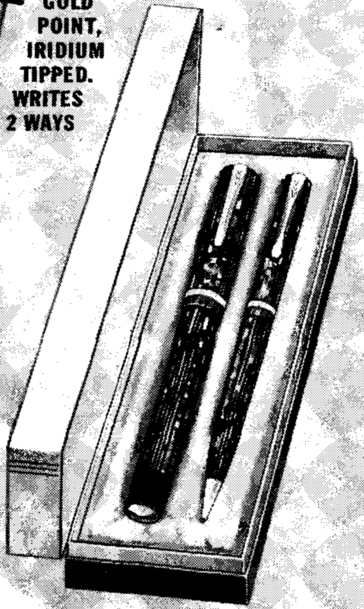
GENUINE GOLD POINT, IRIDIUM TIPPED. WRITES 2 WAYS
WASP

Double-length propelling eraser. Extend it as needed.

Wasp Fineline Pencil "in working togs." Double-length, strong Fineline leads. 39% smaller writing point.

Wasp Fineline—for Home... School...Business...Drafting . . . Shorthand, 75c.



Set Complete, $3.95 Pieces bought separately, $4.95. Other Sets, $2.95, $1.95.

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SKRIP-WELL

Uses the Last Drop

SKRIP, Successor to Ink, 15c. Economy size, 25c.

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I want

lots of pep and power in *my* car. I like to slip through traffic and get away at the lights, and take the tough hills in my stride. I like to make time on long trips without pushing the engine. But I want to go easy on gas and oil too. And I've *got* to have good hydraulic brakes that will stop me smooth and *quick!*

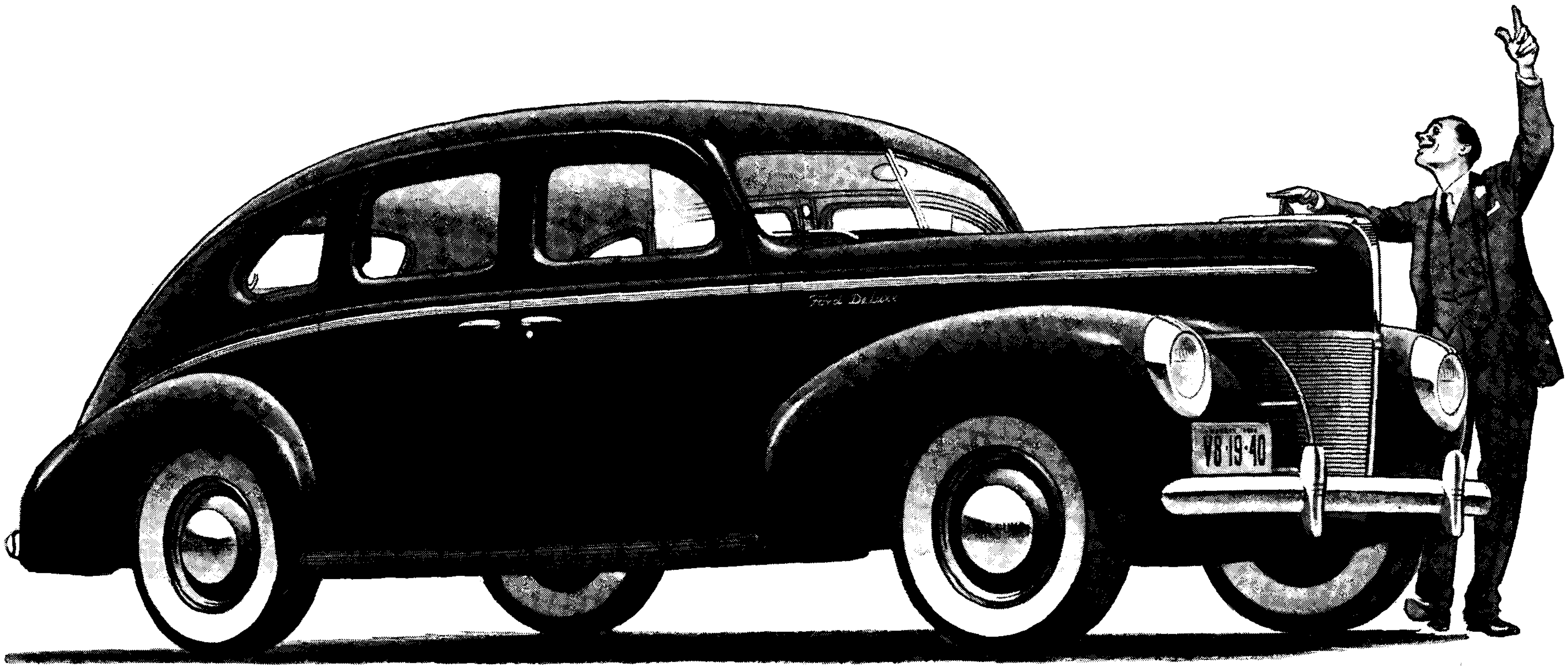
I want

a big, beautiful car that will make the neighbors—well—just a little jealous. With a smart instrument panel and lovely upholstery (and all the little touches a woman likes). I want to shift gears at the steering wheel—because it's easier that way, and there's no lever to dodge when Jim drives and I sit in the middle.

I want

a quiet, comfortable car with lots of room inside. A car that holds the road, and steers easy and never needs much attention. I want a good ventilating system because drafts bother Mother. I'd like that new kind of headlamps too. I don't see so well at night any more, and I hear they're brighter and safer.

You'll find it in the 1940 FORD!



A MOTOR CAR must be many things to many people. But whatever *you* want in a car you'll find in the 1940 Ford, with its *22 important improvements.*

If it's *comfort* you want, for example, the new Ford car is much roomier inside, much quieter throughout. It has an ingenious system of controlled ventilation. A Finger-Tip Gearshift on the steering post (all models, no extra cost). Improved self-sealing shock absorbers. Seat cushions of new construction. Improved spring suspension on all 85-hp models.

These improvements and all the others are built on the basic advantages Ford owners already enjoy. . . . A V-type, 8-cylinder engine, with the s-m-o-o-t-h performance of much more expensive cars. Big, powerful hydraulic brakes. Scientific soundproofing. Stabilized chassis. All-around economy. . . . Result is, you find in the new Ford car *every* worth-while modern feature of *any* low-price car, *plus* many that Ford alone offers.

Tell any Ford dealer just what you want in a car. Then make a date for a drive. We're confident *you'll find it in a Ford!*

22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

FOR COMFORT

1. More room inside
2. New Controlled Ventilation
3. New torsion bar ride-stabilizer*
4. Improved spring suspension*
5. Self-sealing shock absorbers
6. Two-way adjustable driver's seat
7. New-type resilient front seat backs
8. New "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions

FOR CONVENIENCE

9. New Finger-Tip Gearshift
10. Engine more accessible
11. Two-spoke steering wheel
12. Battery Condition Indicator on all models

FOR STYLE

13. New exterior beauty
14. New interior luxury
15. New instrument panel

FOR SILENCE

16. Improved soundproofing
17. "Easy-shift" transmission
18. Curved disc wheels
19. Improved drums for big Ford hydraulic brakes

FOR SAFETY

20. Sealed-Beam Headlamps
21. Dual windshield wipers at base of windshield
22. Larger battery and generator

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*On 85-hp models only

MORE THAN EVER "THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS

IOLA
KANSAS

Retreat from Glory

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Captain John Cothron makes a private peace for reasons not found in the battle manuals

THE old Negro looked small and pathetically scared, standing with his face to the shifting semicircle of dusty, blue-coated horsemen. Looking down at him, Captain John Cothron thought: We came on him too quick; even if he knows anything, he's too scared to tell us.

Sergeant Jacks thrust his underlip forward. He looked at the old Negro, then at Cothron.

"I can make him talk," he said.

"No," Cothron said. "Nothing like that."

He leaned forward in his saddle.

"No one's going to hurt you," he said. "We're just trying to find our way to the Morrill plantation."

Without speaking, the old man lifted a skinny black arm, pointing down the narrow, shadowy road.

"Good," Cothron said. "Is there any other way in—any other road to the big house?"

"Yessuh." The old man found words finally. "Dey's a road to de river landin'. Hit meet dis un 'bout a mile yander."

"Yes," Cothron said. He pointed past the old man's head to the flat fields beyond the ditch. "Any way to get in that way?"

"Could, suh. Dey's a sort of track thoo de woods dey uses to haul cotton."

"Ah," Cothron said. He looked at Sergeant Jacks. "We'll take that one. It's the least likely to be watched." To the old man he said, "Who's at the big house?"

"Ain't nobody dere, suh, cep'n Miz Morrill and de ole man uncle."

"You know that?" Cothron asked. "You've seen them recently?"

"I done talk wid Miz Morrill yestiddy. I see de ole man too, but I ain't talk wid um. He a pa'lize ole man, suh. He ain't move nor speak dese long years now."

"Nobody else?" Cothron asked.

The old man shook his head, his rheumy eyes gone cautious again.

Cothron turned in his saddle, and spoke sharply to his half-dozen troopers:

"MacCready, you and Schmidt go on and watch the river landing. Keep out of sight. The rest of you watch the main gate. Childers in command. Sergeant Jacks will come with me."

The horses backed and shuffled, swinging into the road. Cothron said, "All right, Jacks."

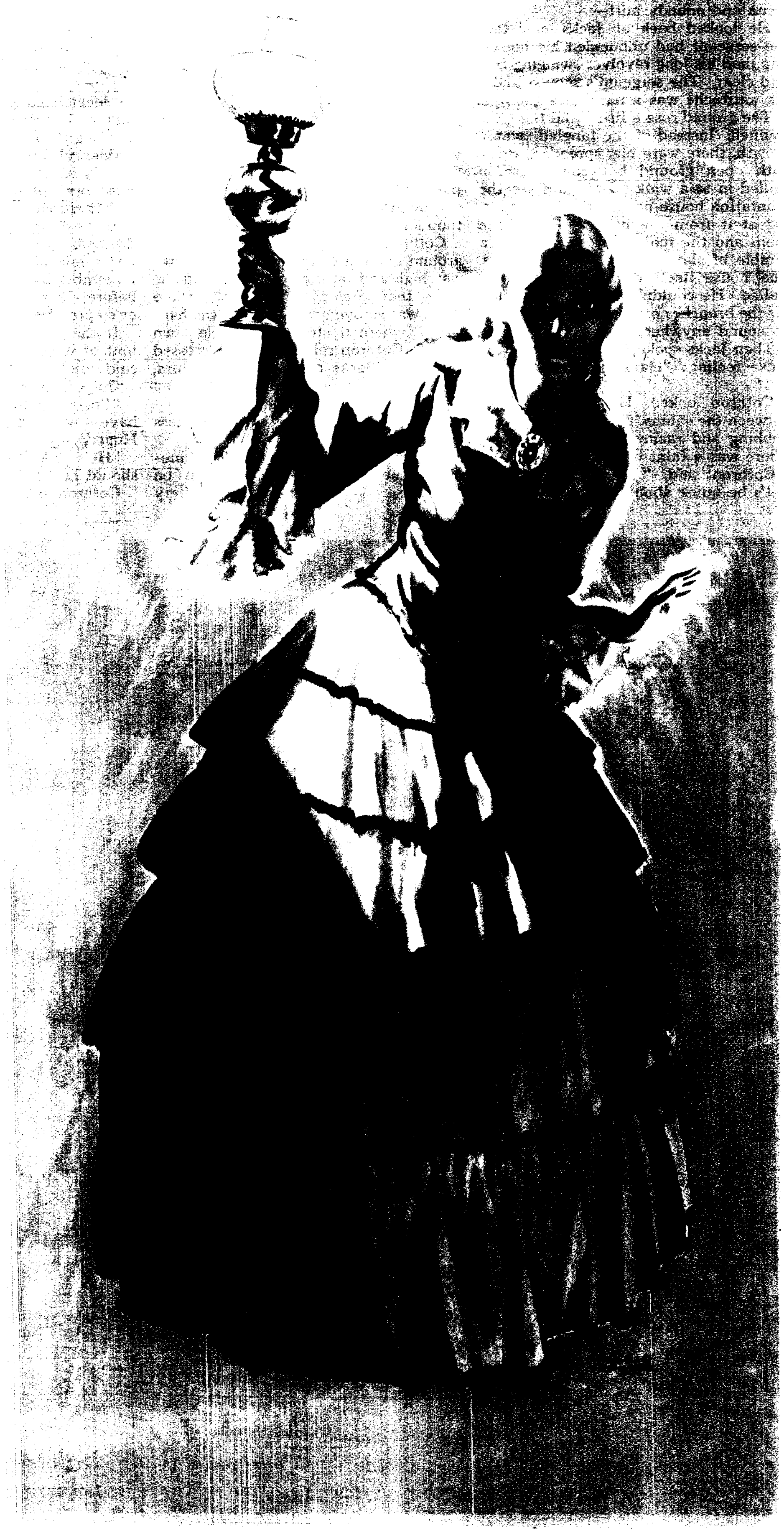
He reined his horse back a little, then put him at the ditch. There was soft ground beyond, and Cothron's chestnut stumbled a little, then recovered nimbly. He heard Jacks' awkward big roan flounder across behind him.

It was a big field ahead of them, planted solid in Sea Island cotton. Cothron felt a small, guilty twinge as the plants crashed dryly beneath the chestnut's swinging hoofs. Even after four years, he still had the townsman's feeling that the country was made of fields and roads, and the roads were what you kept to.

It didn't matter, of course. This cotton was long past picking. The plants were dead and sere, most of them beaten down by storms, the fiber dirty and worthless.

Cothron thought: The Negroes ran off, of course. Thousands of dollars gone in the autumn rains. But it's what we were after.

Beside him, the sergeant's big roan crashed a stolid, undeviating line through the cotton. They came to the edge of the field and swung left along the woods. Then the trees opened



He could see the shine on her hair, the dark, shapely shadows at her throat before them, showed a narrow, winding track that twisted off through the jungle—thick live oak and cypress.

They turned into it. The road was a dark tunnel through the trees. Even at a half gallop, the horses' hoofs made hardly a sound in the soft earth. Cothron thought: If he's there—if we can just make a quick job of it—quick and clean and nobody hurt—

He looked back at Jacks, saw that the sergeant had unbuckled his holster flap, had his long revolver swinging free and clear. The sergeant's mouth under his mustache was a hard, straight line.

The ground rose a little, and the trees thinned. Instead of the tangled swamp growth, there were big, spreading trees, with open ground between. Cothron pulled in to a walk. He could see the plantation house now. They were coming at it from the back, and between them and the main house there was a jumble of slave cabins and outhouses. The house itself was big and white-walled. He couldn't see the roof at all for the branches of the oaks. There was no sound anywhere.

Then Jacks spoke, softly, but with intense feeling: "Damn it. Look there, sir!"

Cothron looked. He saw movement between the cabins, a woolly black head bobbing and racing toward the house. There was a faint beating of bare feet.

Cothron said, "All right, Sergeant. Let's be quick about it."

He thrust his heels hard into the chestnut's flanks. The horse gathered under him, lunged. The roan snorted fiercely as Jacks put his spurs to it. They were at full gallop even before they rounded into the street between the slave cabins.

The cabins were deserted and silent, the space between a rank growth of weeds. The little black boy was gone. There was a gate at the end of the street, but it was low. Cothron's chestnut took it easily. The roan's hoofs struck the top bar clumsily, but he cleared.

COTHRON swung to the right. He knew without looking that Jacks would take the other side. The house was built Low Country style, on stone piers with a clear space beneath. There was no movement, no sound but the soft thunder of the horses' hoofs.

Cothron swung wide as he came around in front of the house. The lawn was high and rank with weeds, and the drive that circled up in front of the steps was so overgrown that it was hard to tell where it stopped and the lawn began. Cothron reined in as he crossed the drive. Jacks cantered toward him, his hand ready on his pistol butt. They met in front of the steps.

"If he's here," Jacks said, "I guess we've got him."

Cothron nodded. He sat for a moment, quieting the chestnut, his eyes on the house. There was a broad gallery across the whole front, with white pillars that went up two stories. The big oaks on the lawn made it dark on the porch. At first, Cothron thought there was no one there at all. Then he saw the low rocking chair at the far end of the porch, the shrunken figure huddled into it. The "ole man uncle," Cothron thought. The "pa'lize' ole man."

There was a second figure. An old Negro woman was standing behind the chair, tall, gaunt and perfectly motionless. She watched Cothron without moving or speaking as he handed his reins to Jacks, swung down from his saddle and walked slowly toward the house.

The girl came out then. She appeared suddenly in the doorway, walking swiftly forward to the edge of the steps. She wore a plain dress that was fastened at her throat with a black brooch. Her hair was the color of very pale gold, drawn back in smooth, soft waves from her forehead. Cothron could not ever remember having seen so lovely a face before. Or a body that stood so straight or so proudly.

If the girl was afraid, there was no hint of it in her voice or manner. She said quietly: "What do you want?"

Cothron lifted his cap.

"I'm sorry to bother you, ma'am. I have a warrant for the arrest of Purvis Huger."

"He's not here," she said. "Why should he be?"

Cothron said, "His own home is occupied by Union troops. It's known that he's kin to this household. My commanding officer thought it might be worth while to search here."

The girl said evenly, "You can see for yourself that there's nobody here but myself and my uncle. One woman and one crippled, childish old man. I'm sorry to have to disappoint your commander."

Cothron bowed slightly.

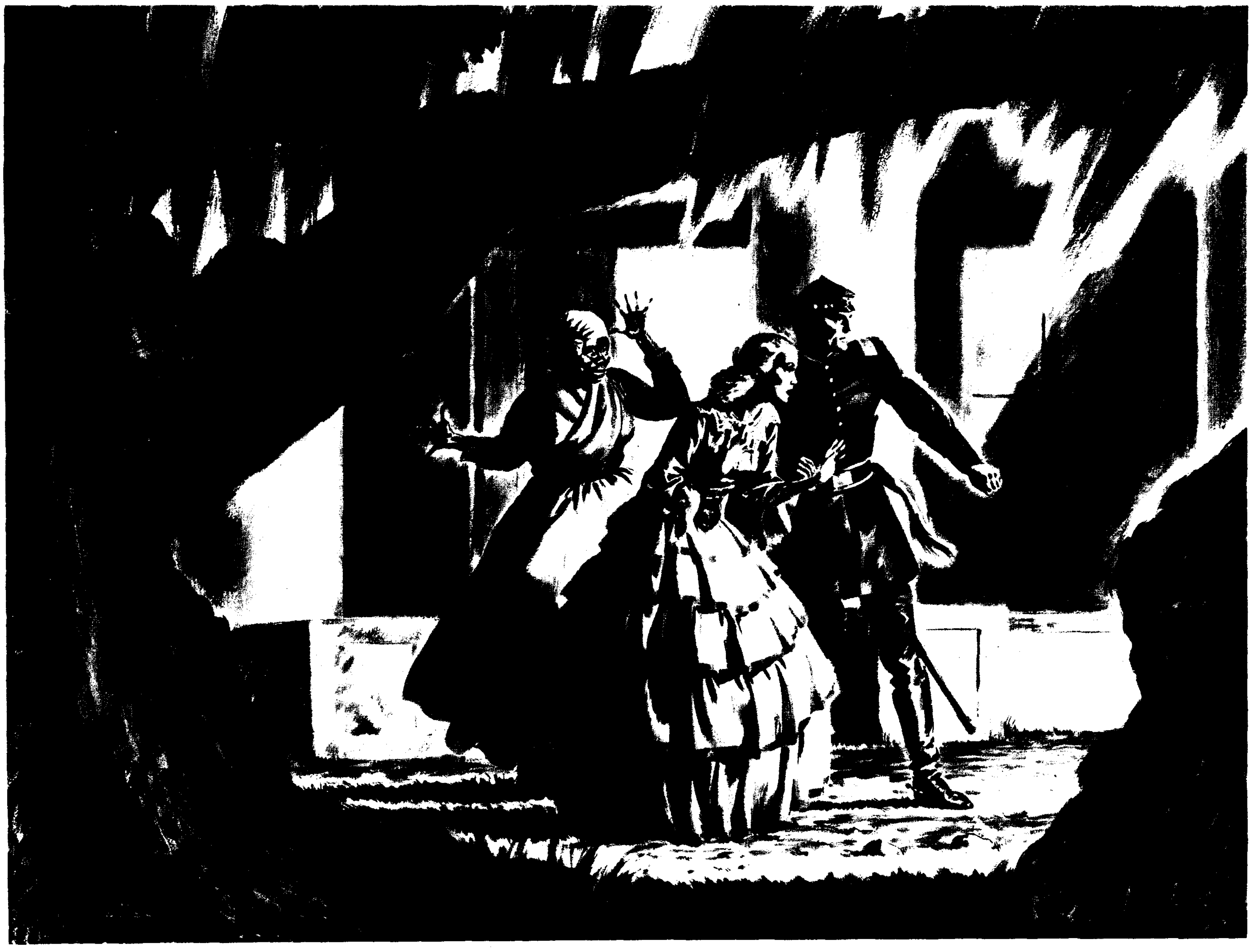
"I'm even sorrier, ma'am, to have to carry out his orders. I'm afraid I'll have to search the house."

The girl said, "I can't stop you."

She spoke quietly, the words simply stating a fact that had to be stated, without anger. She moved aside a little, and Cothron went up the steps. Neither the old man in the chair nor the gaunt old black woman behind him had moved. Cothron went into the house.

HE MOVED quietly, listening, hearing nothing. The spacious, high-ceilinged rooms were neat, but Cothron saw that in places the plaster had fallen, and some of the panes were gone from the windows. In the dining room, there was no silver on the massive sideboard, only some battered pewter and crockery. Sold, Cothron thought. Sold or hidden. He went out to the kitchen. There was a tray on the kitchen table, with a coffeepot and two cups on it. A bowl beside them, half filled with dried, crumbled leaves. Cothron picked it up and sniffed.

(Continued on page 68)



Cothron heard the old Negress moan softly, saw the girl's face white and agonized in the moonlight

EXCITEMENT PREFERRED

By Henry F. Pringle

The life of a musical comedy star is not as scintillating as Marcy Wescott would like it to be. But the leading lady of Broadway's Too Many Girls is still young. Give her time

IFOR THOMAS

THE leading lady of a Broadway musical job called Too Many Girls is a disillusioned young woman. Marcy Wescott, although still extremely young, has appeared in three musical shows in less than two years and has discovered that a number of things are not true. That is why she is disillusioned.

Gentlemen did not twirl their mustaches at her, for instance, or offer to drink champagne out of her slipper. She received a good many fan letters, quite naturally, but none hinted at suicide or worse if she didn't declare her love for the writers. The letters were mainly from college boys asking for photographs. So, about a year ago, Miss Wescott was greatly encouraged, at a night club, when an elderly gentleman who might have been a major in the British army fixed her with his monocle for an hour or two and then sent over a note. Surely, she thought, this would be improper.

"To my little fairy," the villain had written, however, and she was crushed.

Another time she was waiting in a hotel lobby when an inebriated gentleman lurched out of the bar and looked morosely at her fresh, blond beauty. Then he approached her.

"You're so beautiful I'll never take another drink," he said somewhat irrelevantly, and staggered toward the door.

The sad truth is that the facts about Marcy Wescott will be disillusioning to the thousands of girls who think that a musical comedy celebrity has a scintillating existence. "And what do you do with yourself after the theater?" an interviewer asked her.

"I usually come home and listen to my collection of phonograph records," she said.

Something of a silence followed this. "Sometimes I play with my dog," she added. There was another silence.

"I often just sit and think," she suggested. "Sometimes I just sit and have a cup of broth."

Actually, of course, she is an extremely busy young woman who is only twenty years old and who still has a good deal to learn. Marcy lives in a hotel with her mother, who is the most astonishing stage mother in history. She has lovely blond hair and looks about thirty years old.

The daughter's day, when she is in a show, begins at about 11 o'clock with breakfast in bed. Then may come a singing lesson or an interview or a session with the photographer. Marcy can't be called an outdoor girl. She doesn't go for a mad canter through the park. She doesn't play golf nor ski in the winter.

"Sometimes I play deck tennis," was her answer when questioned as to her method for keeping fit.

Life is filled with things that still astonish Miss Wescott. She has discovered that the shops will give her dresses if she will pose in them. She is showered with stockings, girdles and underwear if she will endorse them. So very often her time is taken up with visits from manufacturers or excursions to the Fifth Avenue stores. Between times she must practice singing, usually in stretches of twenty minutes or so. There are also dancing lessons. At 5:30 or 6 o'clock she has dinner in the apartment. Then she walks to the theater.

All of this is very new to her. The Broadway history of Marcy Wescott goes back to a day in April, 1938. At that time Marc Connelly and Bela Blau, the producers, were casting for a musical to be called Two Bouquets. They were having a great deal of trouble, particularly in finding a girl who was to be one of the two heroines. Mr. Connelly interviewed a great many American girls and then departed for England to continue the search. Mr. Blau was left behind to carry on at home.

On the historic day in April, Mr. Blau walked more or less hopelessly into a theater where an agent was waiting with an unknown girl. In one of the orchestra seats, Mr. Blau saw an extremely pretty girl who fitted the description.

(Continued on page 30)

Berlin is taking no chances. Black-out is the rule—every night and with German thoroughness. If you think that's a joke, come with Mr. Courtney down Unter den Linden—and try not to break your neck

Dusk in Berlin heralds the nightly black-out and brings out bobbing swarms of the luminous disks that Germans have nicknamed "glowworms"

BLACK STAR

OTTO gave you a *Gluehwuermchen* and told you to meet him at the corner of Mittel and Carlotten Strassen at eight o'clock. The latitude of Berlin is similar to that of Labrador, and at this time of year eight might as well be midnight for all the help you get from the murky sub-Baltic sky. But you pinned on your Gluehwuermchen and set out.

A Gluehwuermchen is a small phosphorescent disk you wear in your hat or your lapel. When you venture out on the Strassen, particularly a main one, you find yourself breasting a thin stream of veiled fireflies that flutter along, some high, some low, indicating whether the unseen wearers are short or tall; some small, some large, suggesting whether the wearer is refined or vulgar. You cannot, of course, see the line you are part of because only the ultraprudent pin Gluehwuermchen on their coattails as well as their lapels.

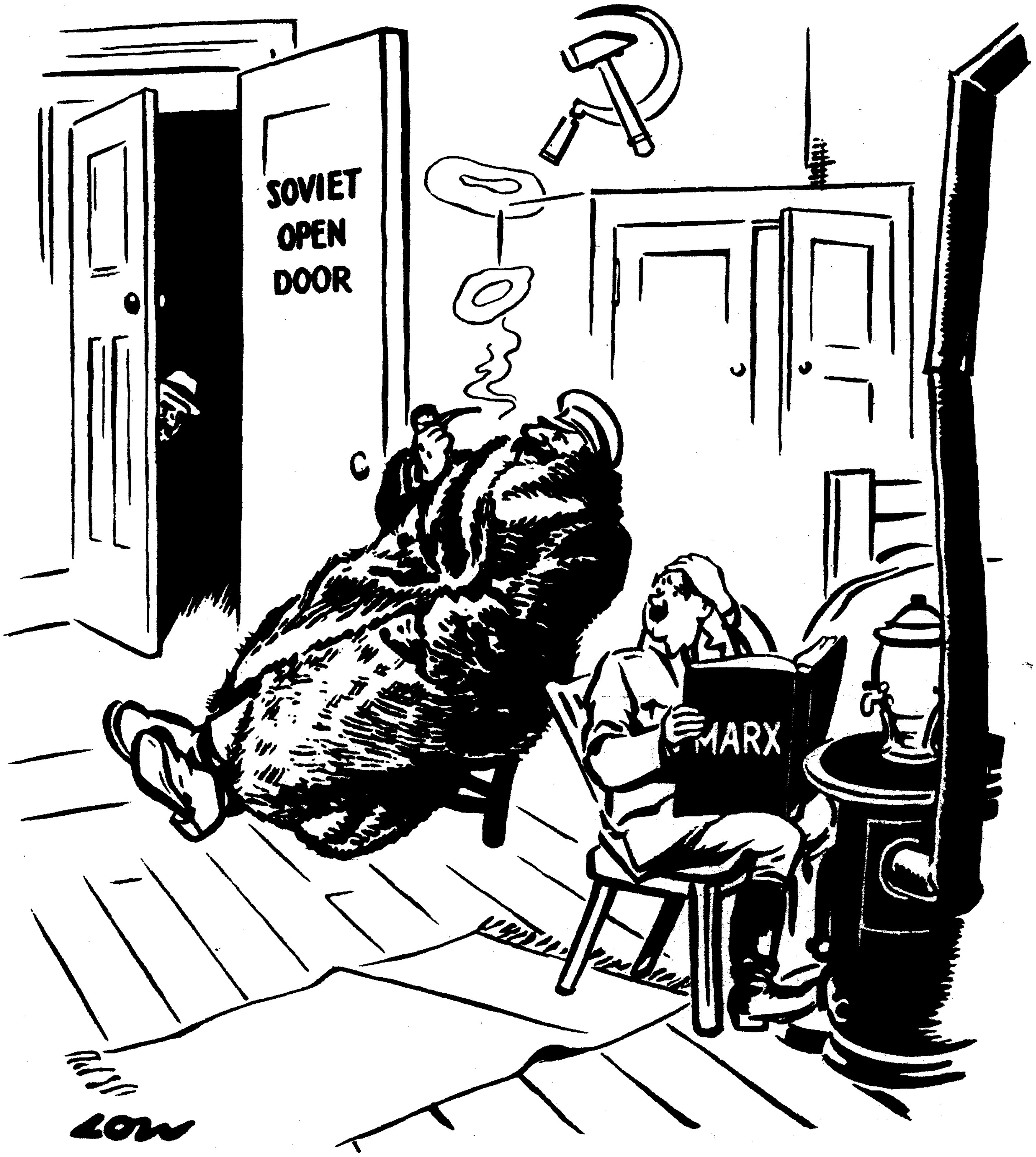
You reached your rendezvous afoot by counting your falls over the white-painted curbs and making turns memorized from the map you studied all afternoon. Each turn brought surprises. Twice you banged into the corner edges of buildings. Once there was a feminine squeal and a clatter of dropped bundles. Lastly you rebounded from a paunch whose magnificence its owner too modestly conceded by wearing a pair of Gluehwuermchen. Safe in the knowledge that if he got mad he would probably swat the wrong guy in the dark, you suggested he ought to wear a third in the middle.

Presently you came to a little cluster of Gluehwuermchen glittering and darting like June lightning bugs in a Connecticut meadow. This was your corner. There were questing cries of "Freida," "Ethel," "Carl," as each little Gluehwuermchen ran after some other Gluehwuermchen and tried to see who it was. One danced to a halt in front of you and you heard Otto's cheery hello. As he took your arm and guided you away, you asked how he had recognized you so quickly. He explained he had traced your initials on the Gluehwuermchen before he gave it to you. "All those Gluehwuermchen back there have initials or some kind of secret mark on them. That's how you know friends in Berlin these nights. Just see the one on Ethel."

You leaned forward to inspect a non-American-speaking Gluehwuermchen bobbing demurely on his other side. "Otto, you shameless rascal!" you exclaimed.

Otto was greatly amused. "Okay," he laughed, "she never sees it herself and it saves mistakes."

Otto's ingenuity is typical of the good humor, resignation, drama, adventure and romance that mark the attempt of the chief peoples of Europe to learn a new way of life. If anyone in America



NEVER WAS SUCH A DRAFTY HOUSE

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

still doubts the enormous influence of the airplane upon the conduct of modern warfare, he can find many conclusive answers in Europe today. In due course we shall examine the principal answers; at the moment we are concerned only with this: that the airplane, man's latest and greatest achievement, has pushed Europe back into darkness.

This is not merely the darkness of the days before electricity and gas lamps but rather that of the Middle Ages when forests grew up to the edges of Paris, London and Berlin. Their streets were mere trails of deep, stinking mud, and men shut themselves and their families up in dim candlelight behind barricaded doors and windows at nightfall and left Europe's great cities to footpads and wolves.

Already eminent psychologists here are calculating the effect of black-outs on the spirits, health, morals, social habits and economics of the nations. They foresee in a war of several years profound results extending even to the personal characteristics of races. All in all, the black-out is the most startling phenomenon of this most peculiar of wars. It has brought complications never anticipated, despite the cunning preparations.

Night falls very hard indeed in Europe this autumn and does not get up until dawn—and then reluctantly and unaided. The British Isles ride darkly at their eternal anchorage and when the moon comes over the Ural Mountains it finds no man-made rivals in the cringing black mass of western Europe, only its own sad reflection in the lakes and rivers of Germany, France, Bohemia and Scotland.

Strange Twilight

You came to Germany by a route that gave the sharpest contrast. Last night you were in Sweden, which boasts the largest per capita use of electricity in the world. Sweden has no feeling for back-street lighting; all her ways are great white ways. In her company are the other small neutrals who seek safety through intensified lighting to advertise the happy fact that they are just outside the shadow of war. To aviators, belligerent Europe is like a vast sea of darkness surrounded by a blinding shore of light—Sweden is even brighter than usual.

Today you crossed the mine-peppered waters to Sassnitz. Now, in the twilight, from a swift, clean train you safely behold the autumnal display of lovely Mecklenburg. Look where you may, there are no signs of war, only townspeople and farm people going about their homely tasks. In the vividly dyed bracken, in the fallen leaves scraping about with aimless, puzzled melancholy, in the fiery oaks, yellowing maples, russet-mottled basswoods and beeches, and in the high, flaming chestnuts there are thoughts of home for an American.

At first it all seems a familiar picture of autumnal dusk, but gradually you become aware that it isn't like any other twilight you have ever known. The habits and circumstances of your life heretofore have accustomed you to see lights appear in house and farm, village and city, street and highway, to frustrate the onset of darkness. Here you are watching the advance of night unresisted upon a great civilized nation.

Objects and landscapes lose outline and blend into a cold, rushing flood of tangible blackness until only the horizon has a fuzzed definition against the sky. Inside the train, darkness closes more quickly than outdoors. The voices and movements of your fellow passengers, which you accepted as a commonplace in the light, have taken on a curious detached vitality with invisibility. It is as though the pulse of life pounds harder for attention when you cannot see it, like the thumping of your heart when you lie suddenly awakened in bed.

There are quick splashes of brightness on the trackside whenever someone ahead starts a cigarette. In each compartment, cigarettes provide the only continuing light. You hold the red end near your watch whenever you want to see the time. The world outside has become completely anonymous; its life, inhabitants and dwellings have disappeared. Occasionally, however, you glimpse grotesque tableaux. A flower-potted toy station against which, as a backdrop, stands a uniformed stationmaster with a lantern draped over his arm. Or a road crossing with its striped barway dimly etched by an overhead spotlight.

These are like the wax-figure settings you used to glide past in the Tunnel of Love at Coney Island. You know that the instant you have passed the lights are switched off and the place goes to sleep.

It's Blind Man's Buff

Two bleary eyes blink at your elbow and there is a rumbling on the other track. You assume it is a train going in the opposite direction and that those eyes are a concession to safety that couldn't be seen a hundred feet away, let alone from a raiding airplane. Low-set crossover lights, pasted over with colored paper until they are barely discernible, suggest the location of the depots.

There is no other sign until the train halts, then you hear confusion on the platforms, people blunder into your compartment muttering, *bitte schoens.* You draw your feet well back; these Germans are heavy.

The train slowed considerably when it became pitch-dark but runs steadily at a speed that in daytime would exasperate you but now is chilling. Try running pell-mell across an unlighted, unknown room some night if you want a graphic idea. It's like flying through an ink-pot. You peer and listen intently but there is absolutely no way of telling when you are arriving in Berlin, one of earth's largest and greatest cities. It's a half-hour before the expected time and you sit innocently until a weary conductor finds you with his blue lamp and says, "'Raus. This is the Stettiner Bahnhof."

After trying to walk through several windows, you find the door at the end of the corridor and tumble with your

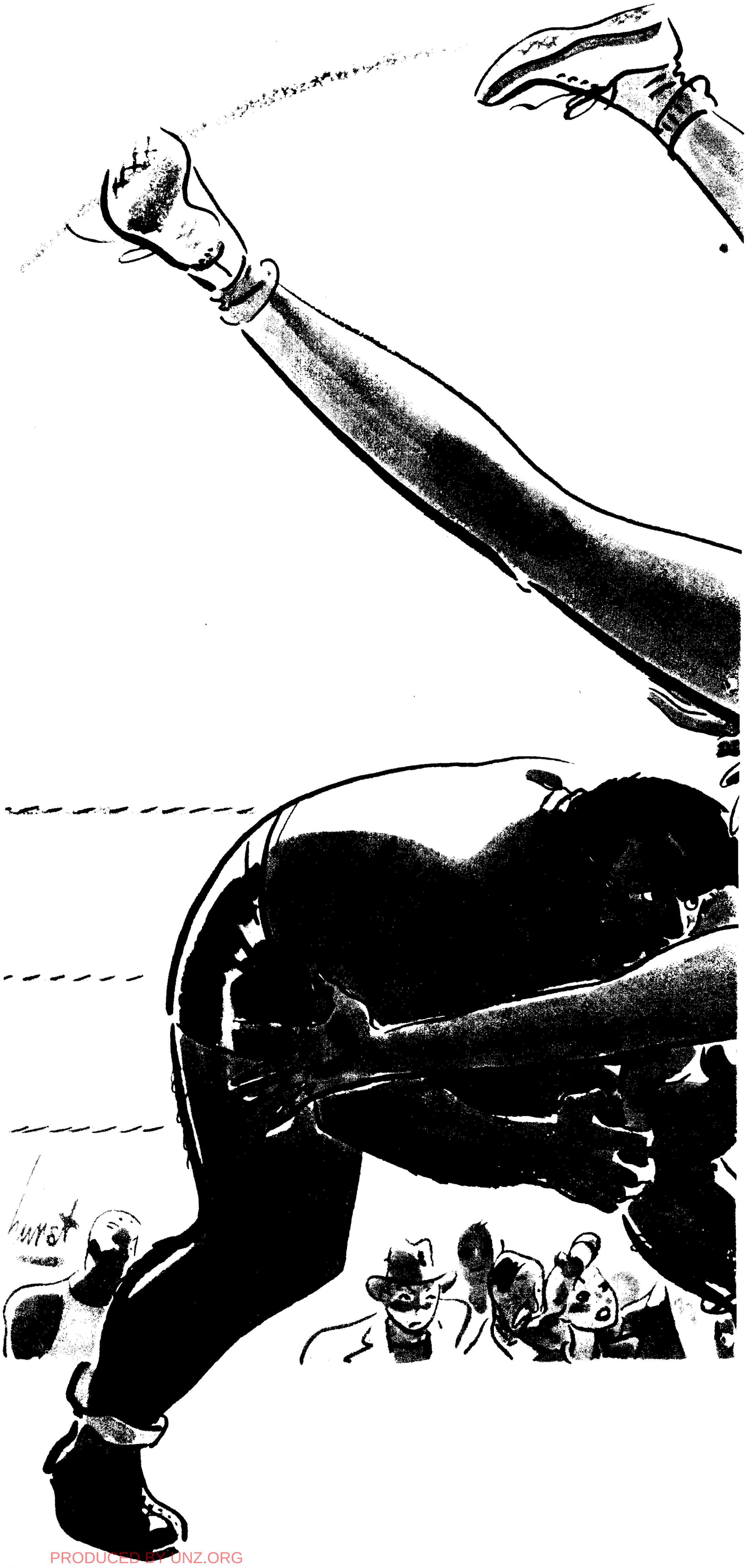
(Continued on page 51)

Muscle Man

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

All Peggy wanted was peace. All David wanted was to be let alone



AFTER much cautious deliberation, Mr. David Merrick had chosen Russian River as an ideal refuge. Worn by a life of coping with utter strangers who stared at him as they would a parade, he arrived in northern California armed with textbooks and a typewriter and rented one of the more remote cabins in the pine-clad hills that faced the river. He promptly disappeared into the woods but not before he had been sighted by several young things in shorts and halters who came rushing to the desk to inquire if the huge young man with the cute nose was going to be one of the lifeguards.

Mr. Merrick would have curdled had he overheard this maidenly interest. At twenty-nine his entire life had been embittered by the fact that he wore both a Phi Beta Kappa key and size twelve shoes. Being an outsized party, small drunks were forever challenging him to take off his glasses and he was also considered fair prey by stocky men in derbies who sidled up and, from the corners of their mouths, inquired if he had ever thought of becoming a fighter.

His undergraduate days had been made horrible by fraternity brothers who insisted that it was every big man's duty to go out and serve as a tackling dummy. Cursed by his overactive thyroid, he had been pursued by track and crew coaches. Though, personally, he had never done anything more strenuous than lifting an encyclopedia, his physique was something for sculptors and coeds to sigh over. Despite the fact that he was a serious young M.A., instructor in child psychology, the sweet young things attending his lectures were heard to compare him audibly with Mr. Cary Grant, a picture person.

Safely ensconced in his cabin, David put on some old tweeds and ventured out on the bluff overlooking the river. He had no sooner entered the clearing, a large brown young man with hair and eyes to match, than he was greeted with a shrill whistle. He stared about him. The whistle was repeated then.

David finally located the source. A huge moonlike face was peering at him from some bushes.

"You got some other pants?" the face demanded.

David stared at him. "I—I believe so," he said faintly. Recognizing the urgency in the other's voice, he added: "I'm afraid they might be a little large, however."

"That's all right," said the face. "I'm not exactly a midget myself." The bushes parted then and a large shaggy man, with a full beard and attired only in faded shorts, emerged. He was almost as tall as David and a good thirty pounds heavier. "I been swimmin'," he said, "and some kids stole my pants."

David coughed. "It must have been embarrassing."

"It's worse than that," said the bearded party. "It would be bad publicity if it got out that Samson Smith was wandering around without his pants."

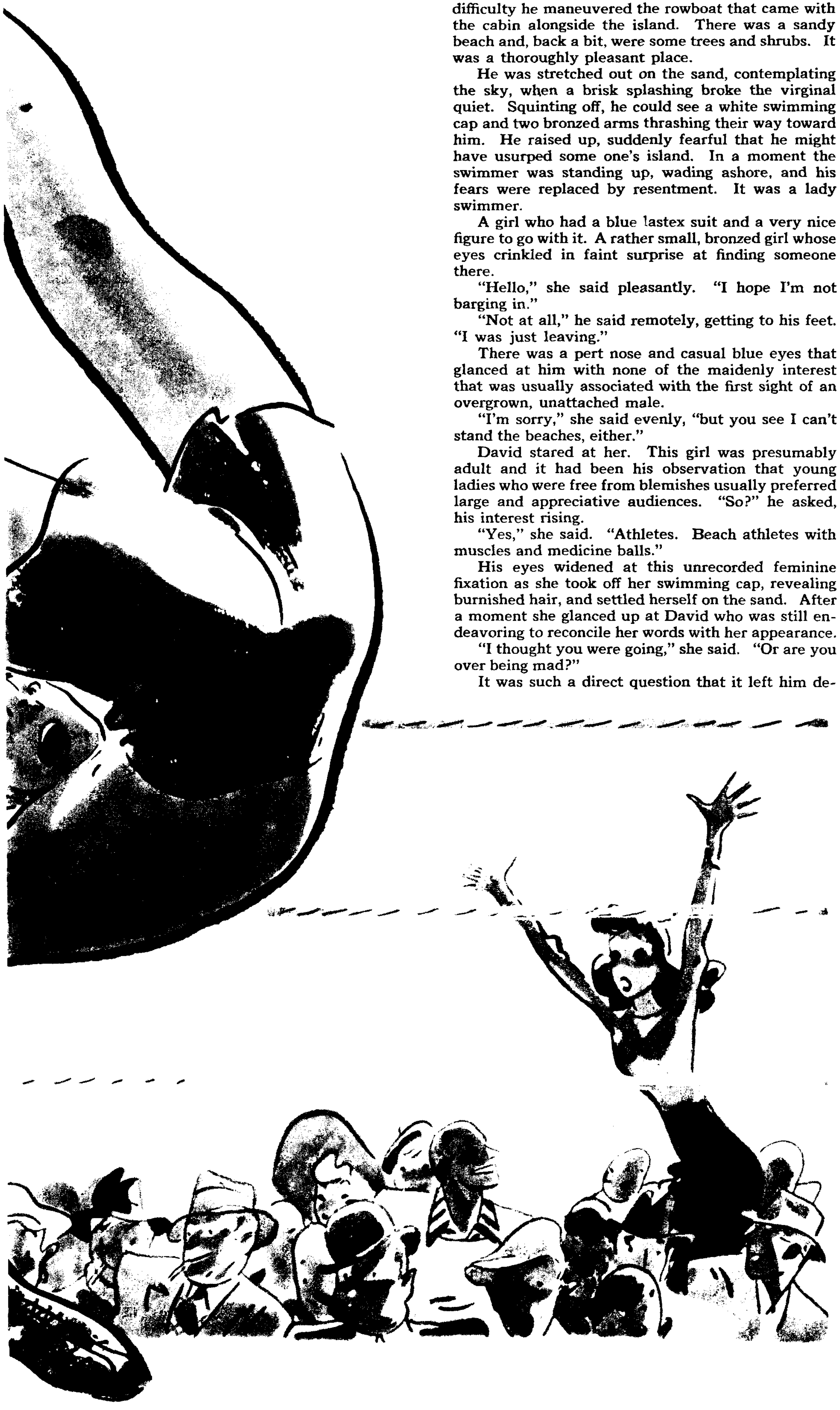
"I can imagine," said David, wondering who Samson Smith might be. That full beard seemed vaguely familiar and David looked at him more closely. "I believe I've seen your face before."

"Probably," said Mr. Smith. "I've been the world's heavyweight wrestling champion five or six times. I'm up here training now. I got a match in San Francisco in two weeks."

"Oh," said David, wondering suddenly what else the neighboring hills might hold. He took Mr. Smith up to the house then and fitted him out with a pair of trousers.

"I'm much obliged," said Mr. Smith. "I'll have one of the boys bring these back." He went out then,

It was all too evident to David that Samson had no immediate intention of pinning him to the mat. Instead, he was giving his opponent a good going-over



a heavy, dignified man whose luxurious beard practically concealed the fact that he was without a shirt.

David was not at his cabin when the pants were returned the next morning. He had discovered a little island in midstream and, observing it was unpopulated, had decided to spend the day there. After some difficulty he maneuvered the rowboat that came with the cabin alongside the island. There was a sandy beach and, back a bit, were some trees and shrubs. It was a thoroughly pleasant place.

He was stretched out on the sand, contemplating the sky, when a brisk splashing broke the virginal quiet. Squinting off, he could see a white swimming cap and two bronzed arms thrashing their way toward him. He raised up, suddenly fearful that he might have usurped some one's island. In a moment the swimmer was standing up, wading ashore, and his fears were replaced by resentment. It was a lady swimmer.

A girl who had a blue lastex suit and a very nice figure to go with it. A rather small, bronzed girl whose eyes crinkled in faint surprise at finding someone there.

"Hello," she said pleasantly. "I hope I'm not barging in."

"Not at all," he said remotely, getting to his feet. "I was just leaving."

There was a pert nose and casual blue eyes that glanced at him with none of the maidenly interest that was usually associated with the first sight of an overgrown, unattached male.

"I'm sorry," she said evenly, "but you see I can't stand the beaches, either."

David stared at her. This girl was presumably adult and it had been his observation that young ladies who were free from blemishes usually preferred large and appreciative audiences. "So?" he asked, his interest rising.

"Yes," she said. "Athletes. Beach athletes with muscles and medicine balls."

His eyes widened at this unrecorded feminine fixation as she took off her swimming cap, revealing burnished hair, and settled herself on the sand. After a moment she glanced up at David who was still endeavoring to reconcile her words with her appearance.

"I thought you were going," she said. "Or are you over being mad?"

It was such a direct question that it left him defenseless. One couldn't leave now without appearing a boor. "Well," he said vaguely, "well—"

So he found himself sitting there, staring out at the river and from time to time glancing cautiously at the girl.

Presently she asked if he had a cigarette.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I don't smoke."

Her eyes narrowed slightly. "In training?" she asked, with a wariness that matched his own.

"I am not," he said coldly. "I am an instructor in child psychology. Athletics have nothing to do with my size."

He could almost feel her psychic relaxation. She smiled and her voice was warm and friendly. "I'm glad," she said. "A girl gets tired of nothing but muscles."

"Indeed?" said David. "I hadn't observed it."

They were silent then, lying there in the sand with the sun beating down on them. After an hour the girl stretched and, shaking the sand from her like a puppy, rose. "I have to be going now," she said. "Maybe I'll see you again. I come here almost every day."

David could only nod dumbly, aware that any words might be taken as a rather personal overture.

HE SAW the young lady again not only the following day but throughout the week that followed. He assured himself that it was only a scholarly interest in her case history that brought him to the island each noon. But, with the perverseness of the opposite species, at the week's end he still knew practically nothing about her, while his life had become an open book.

He had confessed things to her that he had not even mentioned among his colleagues. How, in his dark undergraduate days, he had been known as Big Boy. How his normal interest in sports had vanished at everyone's insistence that he participate in them. Of the day he had innocently prevented a class riot by holding apart several strikers and workers and, on the arrival of the law, had narrowly escaped being requisitioned into the police department.

"I know," she had said darkly. "Sometimes I think the whole world is muscle-conscious."

He had experienced a warm, if irrational, surge at that.

Her name, it seemed, was Peggy Bigelow and she had gone to school in practically every state in the Union. Once she had carelessly mentioned having been in London and Sydney as well as South America. She was visiting an aunt who lived several miles up the river and who didn't like strangers around. All else was silence.

One day she had said bitterly, "There are some things that wild horses couldn't drag from me!" and David, uncertain if that were a personal reference, had said nothing.

This afternoon as they were preparing to leave the island, Mr. Merrick heard himself making a surprising suggestion. "Perhaps," he ventured, "perhaps, if you have nothing better to do, you might like to see a movie tonight."

She looked up at him. "That would be fun," she agreed, "only they don't have any movies up here."

"Oh," said David. "I—I didn't know."

Those clear blue eyes, usually so casual, were studying him. "There's a dance," she said. "Jitterbugs and things. How does that sound?"

It sounded very much like a challenge and he felt suddenly on the defensive. He wavered only a moment. "Very well," he said coldly, "I'll meet you there at eight."

He was waiting before the dance hall when she drove up in a large sedan bearing Iowa license plates. David forgot that clue when he saw her getting out of the car. Peggy was wearing a print dirndl and had the burnished hair in a cute up-do that he would have normally considered excessively feminine. Tonight it seemed rather attractive.

"Hello!" she said brightly. "Am I late?"

"Not at all," he said, gallantly ignoring the ten minutes that he had been waiting. He bought their tickets, and as they entered the hall she slid her hand into his.

It was all very much nicer than he had expected. There were a number of young people called alligators standing around the bandstand. Still more of them were dancing and there were only occasional displays of animal spirits, usually ignited by a drum solo. There were curious, but friendly, glances at his unprofessional dimensions and that was all.

Peggy was surprised to find he danced quite well. After a while she glanced up at him. "I like this."

"So do I," he heard himself admitting. There was a brief struggle, then, "We might try it again next week," he even suggested.

(Continued on page 46)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Salute to Time

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

ABOUT two o'clock I walked up Tenth Street and found part of the old company already gathered at the corner of that ancient stone and iron-grilled armory from which, twenty-two years before, we had marched to war. The skipper, the smiling and boy-hearted man who had mustered us into the service and had led us overseas, now lay in the huge drill hall where once his voice had echoed among the high crossbeams. At the moment I had a swift-reviving memory of his resonant command: "Right front into line—ho! Castle, pull up your piece."

I spoke to Keck, the old top sergeant. Keck, having been very close to the skipper, was taking it hard. I went through the crowd, shaking hands, saying hello here and there to the same ones I had so often seen at company reunions. But pretty soon I began to run into men I hadn't met for years. I saw Windy Bill Sloper. I had said goodby to Windy Bill over a bottle of cognac nineteen years before at St. Nazaire. I saw Turck Evans, whom I had thought long since dead. George Matchett had come all the way from his Idaho ranch. It took the skipper's funeral to bring them out.

We said the same old things: "You're gettin' a belly, George." "Well, you're no bathing beauty, kid." "Here's Abe." "Damn' nice toupee you got there, Ed." "Hey, Nat, remember the night you ducked out of Mam'selle Flora's back door?" "Where's your spurs, Johnny? Where's your spurs?"

Then I saw Nick Conrad and I said "Hello" briefly, and he said "Hello" without wasting any sentiment, and the old keen dislike was between us again, as it had been in 1918. Some things, I thought, never changed; some emotions just got older and deeper. He had the same way of sizing me up out of his black eyes and I had the same stinging resentment. We had been sergeants together, both young and arrogant and fond of our stripes, and hating each other on sight, never knowing the reason and never caring to know.

The bigwigs of the town were going through the armory doorway; the mayor and the governor arrived. It was the Army all over again, authority going to the head of the line. Keck came by and said, "We'll march in as a body," and we fell into a column of twos as we had done so many times in the past for mess or medical inspection or clothing issue. The old pattern of discipline came back, making everything seem natural. I remembered standing in such a line at Brest in the solid French rain, waiting to be deloused.

WE MARCHED into the armory, into the familiar smell of dusty floors and gun oil and mothballs. A file of national guardsmen went by and I looked at their faces and said to Heinie Schmitt ahead of me: "They're just kids."

"So were we," said Heinie, and then I remembered I had been seventeen in 1918.

We entered the drill hall, just shuffling along without keeping time; once all our right feet had struck that concrete floor in heavy unison. The skipper's casket was at the head of the drill floor, banked by flowers and guarded by two sergeants. Troops were ranked on the four sides of the hall; the rest of the hall was filled with camp chairs—a couple of thousand of them. The skipper had been a popular man.

Our company—the skipper's old company—had a section of seats near the front. Nick Conrad was two rows ahead of me and I noticed that his hair was gray at the edges. He turned and saw me and I looked at him and the same old chill of feeling was there. I remembered the way we always rode each other, the fight over the dice in the messroom at Gondrecourt; I remembered his arrogance and his cocksure way of walking, his knees rising smartly.

Joe McGinnis was completely bald. The hard flesh of his face had shrunk away in twenty-two years, making him all nose and long mouth. Perry Sell, who had been thin, was now a mountain of a man. I looked at these men with whom I had soldiered. Some were well-dressed; some had the mark of hard times on them. Mike Gotch, on the police force, sat next to Rube LaVerne, who had been a rum-runner during prohibition. We had been of every kind and quality and place in 1918, and were so now. But none of that made any difference. We were the skipper's company. We had gone through something together as youngsters. There was no closer possible tie among men.

The band played a piece and the chaplain got up. It wasn't our old Chappy, who was dead; but this man did a good job. He talked about the skipper and he talked about the soldier's life and he spoke of the mystery toward which all of us marched. And as he talked I was remembering—and so were we all—the kind of man the skipper had been; of the times he had thrown the book at us, or had marched us off our feet to keep down our youthful follies. I remembered the troubles he had got me out of and the way he always went to bat for his company; and from the vantage point of twenty years I realized how faithfully he had tried to be the father to a crowd of kids, even while he remained the soldier and disciplinarian.

THE chaplain made his prayer. It was longer than necessary, but it was a good prayer and meant a lot, and then they lowered the casket cover on the skipper and a squad fired three blank-cartridge volleys. Then through the stillness of the hall a bugler blew taps and in a far corridor of the armory another bugler repeated it as an echo, very softly. I looked around at the men of my old company and I saw Nick Conrad draw a hand slowly across his face, carefully down over his eyes.

This was all. The big doors of the drill hall opened and men came up to carry the skipper to a caisson and national guard troops were filing out to form on the street. They were marching through town with the skipper and we were to fall in behind.

We were all watching the skipper leave and then I knew something I hadn't known before. For twenty years we had thought ourselves still young, still the same men who had served under the skipper. The years had gone on but we hadn't really understood what they meant. Now as I saw the bowed heads before me and the faces of my old comrades—the settled and mature faces, the grave or inexpressive faces, the faces made firm by success or loosened by failure—I said goodby to an illusion. The skipper was dead; the tie that bound us to our fine fresh years was gone, and as the flag-draped casket passed from the hall my youth went with it. We were middle-aged, all of us.

We moved toward the big doors to fall in behind the skipper for the last time, but I turned to the side corridor. In the corridor I met Nick Conrad.

I said: "You're not marching?"

"No," he said, "I got my fill of that in the Army."

"Sure," I said. But it wasn't my reason and I knew it wasn't his reason. He left the armory, hearing the long, slow scuff of the funeral march, the tap of a single drum. We stood at the corner, bareheaded, watching the skipper go by; and then we walked toward the center of town.

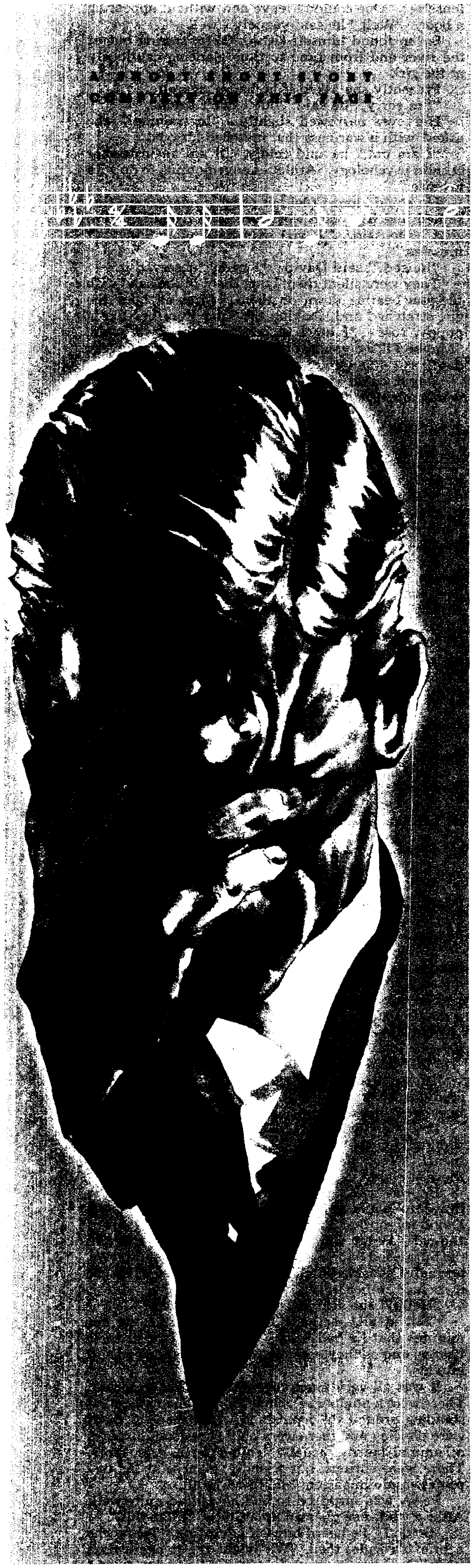
"Well," he said, "that's it."

I said: "It's cold. Let's get a cup of coffee."

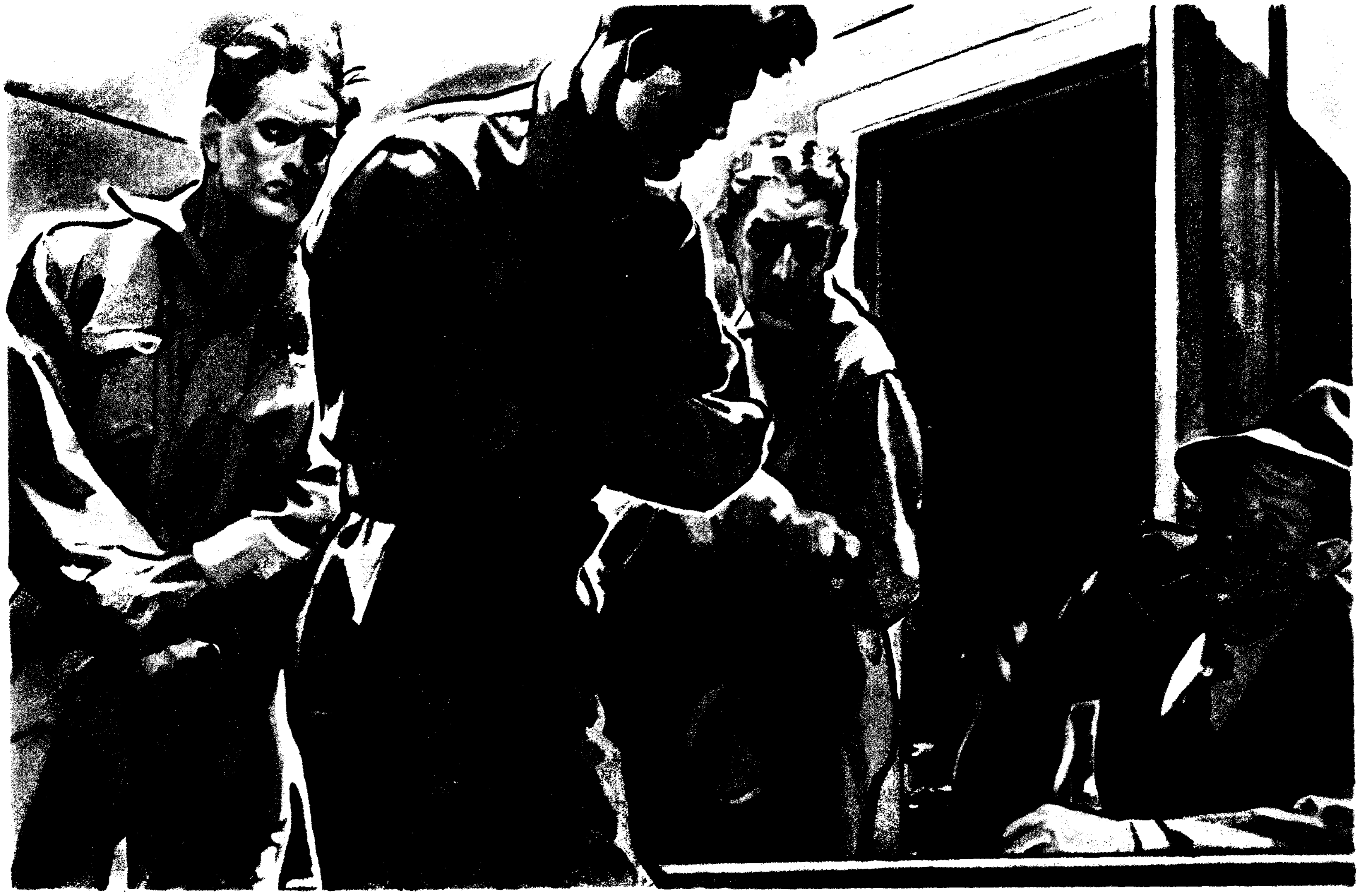
We stopped at a hole-in-the-wall and had our coffee, not saying a thing. I was seized by that acute loneliness which comes to a man when he makes the face-about and sees the second half and the short half of the trail. I sat with a man I had hated, but I no longer hated him, for he was marching down that same trail with me; he was company for me. We matched for the coffee and went out to the street. He said: "Time goes. Long way back to 1918."

"Long way," I said, and looked at his eyes and saw in them an expression a man only shows when caught off guard—the naked and truthful shine of the human spirit. He put out his hand and I took it and we stood a moment, somewhat embarrassed by the things we didn't say. Then he said, "So long," and went away, and I turned toward my office.

I felt better; I felt cheerful. Middle age had come to me this day; but with it had also come the one great gift that only middle age brings—a sense of the fraternity of all men.



I looked around at the men of my old company and I saw Nick Conrad draw a hand slowly across his face, carefully down over his eyes



"Look," interrupted Johnny furiously. "I told you before I didn't put soft rivets in that bulkhead"

FEUD

By Hurd Barrett

Sometimes only the wisdom of an older, more experienced man can halt a young man's folly

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE factory was in Canada—precisely where I am not now permitted to say. Sufficient that it all happened sometime after the war broke out, when the British government had pressure on to establish aircraft factories in Canada. Most of our particular factory's personnel was American—from southern California—and they'd known and worked with one another for years. There was, as a result, some resentment of the "experts" the British government dragged in as what they called inspectors. This helps to explain what happened, for while our kinship with our English cousins is indisputable, its fact does not in the least prevent the sparks flying whenever we meet. . . . But enough of that. In even mentioning the possibility of international friction, I realize I'm treading on editorial toes; and I only do so in the interests of truth, because that *is* the way the thing happened, and I feel I should tell it that way. The whole business was pretty grim, and it wouldn't do for me to hide or obscure its causes—which had to do with two rather decent individuals—who were so far away from each other that they didn't understand themselves. That's what caused it to happen, and I'm not going to go sweetness and light to explain it on any other basis.

We were building an export model of the Pacific Ba-212 fighter, and the Canadian outfit had hired a lot of keymen from Pacific's American plant. It wasn't, as a matter of fact, much different from working at Pacific's layout in L. A.—except for our British "directors"—the system was the same; the ships we were building were the same; and you saw the same familiar faces. Except for the snow on the ground, and an occasional English accent in the air, I don't think any of us felt out of place or homesick. I, for one, enjoyed the experience thoroughly.

POP BRUNNER was senior assembly inspector, and had raised Johnny Wilson from a pup. In the States, of course, at Pacific. . . . Pop, may it be said, knew what was going on from the day the mess started; so the thing wasn't at all easy on him. He was a small, wiry, grizzled little man, with a red face, a gray head, bright blue eyes, a tongue like a vixen sheet-metal file and a set of principles stiffer than a sixty-four thousandths duralumin corrugation. He was the last guy you'd ever have suspected of doing what he did. But then he loved Johnny Wilson as a son. . . .

Jim Kelly, the factory night super—he, incidentally, was *very* director-conscious—didn't know *all* the details, but he did know that something was pretty sour down in Spar and Rib, and his method of solving production difficulties was simple and extremely effective. . . . Jim Kelly was short-tempered and a carpet-pacer. If it hadn't been for Pop Brunner, both Stuart and young Johnny Wilson, who at twenty-one was rivet boss of Spar and Rib's night shift, would have been sent home long before they'd had a chance to do what they did. Jim *was* director-conscious. . . .

It all started on the evening of November fifteenth. November fifteenth, be it noted, had always been an unofficial half holiday at Pacific Aircraft, back in the States, where it is vehemently celebrated as the anniversary of the day on which the boss test-flew his first airplane.

It was one of those unreasonably cold Canadian days—cloudy, and almost as dark as night—and under the glitter of the violet work lights, the mist rose in a thin fog around the gas heaters. The ex-Pacific mob was going to town, and the place sounded like the last scene in Hurricane.

Some of the boys were playing off-key renditions of Auld Lang Syne on the compressed-air hoses, and racing the electric material trucks up and down the main aisle. Others were festooning the steel rafters with serpentined rolls of white paper certainly never intended for that purpose; while at more or less regular intervals, the din was overruled by a booming—rather louder than thunder—which issued from the welding department. This booming caused the metal parts assembly balcony to tremble on its structural steel supports, and

(Continued on page 74)

Walter Camp, the Father of Football, picked 35 All-America teams for Collier's from 1889 through 1924, missing only the war year of 1917

MOULIN

Alonzo Stagg, end on the first All-America in 1889, is now 77 and is still turning out winners after a lifetime of successful coaching

The First Fifty Years

By Grantland Rice

Collier's All-America is fifty years old. In this article Mr. Rice names the greatest of the great—

FIFTY years ago Walter Camp opened the road to All-America football glory in Collier's. He laid the cornerstone for fifty million arguments. Next week Collier's will celebrate the golden anniversary of the team Mr. Camp named in the faraway and the long ago of 1889.

For the thirty-five years following, the Father of Football picked his All-America teams with fine judgment, missing only the war year of 1917.

After Walter Camp's death in 1925 this writer took up the task and began sagging into the quicksands after the first kickoff. This led to Collier's All-America Board. For Mr. Camp, a great part of the time, had worked in a far smaller football world. His terrain was limited. His first twenty-two All-America nominations were all Harvard, Yale and Princeton. In 1891, Adams of Pennsylvania crashed the sacred portal. In 1892 Thayer of Pennsylvania broke into the circle of the Crimson, the Blue and the Orange and Black. And that was a circle of steel—the unassailable fortress of tradition.

It was not until 1898, six years later, that Herschberger, Chicago's famous kicker, became the first Midwestern entry. It was not until 1918, twenty years later, that Day of Georgia Tech carried the colors of Dixie into the select group. It was not until 1921 that Brick Muller of California brought All-America fame to the West Coast.

Football started in the East and for the next thirty years, up to Michigan's famous point-a-minute team, the East was in the saddle. Later, football supremacy moved from the East to the Midwest, then to the Far West—later to the South and the Southwest—until it finally became an all-nation blend as the winning tides swung back and forth. Football, after thirty years, finally became All-America. It became a game that belonged and belongs to almost every county in every state.

In the last few years Texas has been one of the strong frontiers of the game. And yet it was not until 1934, forty-five years after Walter Camp named his first team, that William Wallace of Rice carried the banner of the Lone Star State into the gathering of football's great.

By 1925 the spread of football skill, material and coaching had covered the entire country. There was no longer any leading section. There were outstanding stars from Oregon to Florida, from Texas to Maine, from Minnesota to Louisiana.

It was shortly after this that Collier's, realizing no one man could possibly cover millions of square miles of active football territory, decided to enlarge its field of observers.

These were selected from well-known football writers from each section—football writers who not only knew their stuff but who, in addition, were close to the leading coaches and the leading officials who annually give out their confidential opinions of the year's best players.

Each coach is asked to name not only the best men on his squad, but also the best on each team he has played against. As there are hundreds of coaches, this check is as reliable as any that can be devised.

Football has changed amazingly in many ways since Walter Camp named his first All-America in 1889. The canvas jacket and the flowing locks have long since disappeared. The dominance of the Big Three—Yale, Harvard and Princeton—has passed away. There is no dominance anywhere today.

The Game Grows Up

There were only a few enthusiasts watching games fifty years ago; over 40,000,000 now march to the school, college and professional games for the greatest average attendance any sport has ever had. Bowls and stadia are packed to capacity from ocean to ocean. In the Tennessee-Alabama game, played in Knoxville, I saw 40,000 massed in the stands with close to 20,000 outside looking down from the slopes and hills, from the trees and the housetops.

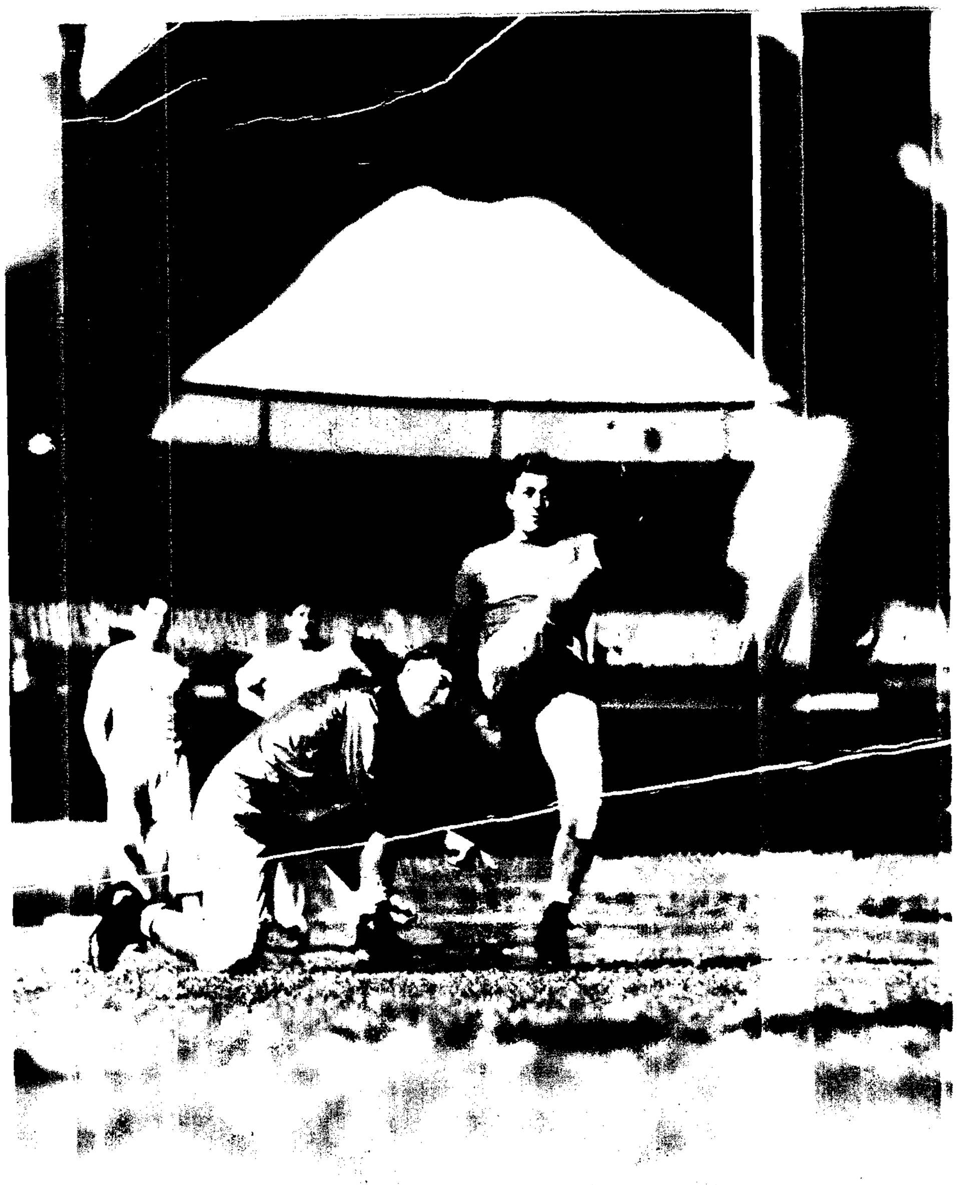
Single crowds of 80,000 and 90,000 are no longer uncommon sights. Outside of the millions taken in for gate receipts, football has become a national industry for trains, planes, busses and hotels all over the land.

All this has happened since Walter Camp named that first All-America. The mass play of the '90's—the V-rush, the flying wedge, guards back and other push and power plays—have given way to a greater demand for speed and skill as part of the game left the ground and went to the air in 1906.

In 1889 Shep Homans of Princeton was Snake Ames' substitute. Shep, still a substantial citizen of Englewood, New Jersey, never got to play a moment. In 1890 and 1891 Homans was named on Camp's All-America, and through those two years his substitute never saw a second's play. That could never happen under the physical, mental and nerve pressure of the modern game where winning teams usually run two or three deep, where sixty-minute men are almost as extinct as the great auk or the dodo.

Power still plays its part but, above all, this is the day of speed and dexterity—quick thinking in such highly technical maneuvers as spinners, wing backs, forward passing, mouse-trapping, deep reverses, cutbacks and the rest of it. All these things have also happened since Walter Camp made his 1889 nominations for gridiron fame.

In these last fifty years of Collier's All-America football teams, around five hundred football stars have had their names entered on Collier's scroll. They have ranged from Pudge Heffelfinger to Whizzer White and Dave O'Brien, from Snake Ames to Marshall Goldberg. Each year it has become harder to make the All-America team, each year the selections have called for closer observation and a wider check.



MONAHAN

Kicking, above, is Ken Strong, all-time halfback (N.Y.U., 1928), now a star member of the New York Giants and going better than ever

FROM THE FO

FIFTY YEARS

THE ETER

Center—**SCHULZ**
Michigan, 1907
Guard—**HEFFELFINGER**
Yale, 1889, 1890,
Guard—**CANNON**
Notre Dame, 1929
Tackle—**HENRY**
W. and J., 1919
Tackle—**FINCHER**
Georgia Tech, 1920
Quarterback—

On the first All-America
and Gill (right). Others:

Jim Thorpe, Carlisle's
Red Grange (1923-4-5)

At fullback is Ernie Nev
igan's most formidable

Suppose we swing back through the half century. This was Walter Camp's first team:

End—Cumnock, Harvard
Tackle—Cowan, Princeton
Guard—Cranston, Harvard
Center—George, Princeton
Guard—Heffelfinger, Yale
Tackle—Gill, Yale
End—Stagg, Yale
Quarter—E. A. Poe, Princeton
Halfback—Lee, Harvard
Halfback—Channing, Princeton
Fullback—Ames, Princeton

That must have been an amazing team. For example, from that line-up, Alonzo Stagg is still a winning coach at the age of 77, as alert and as keen as ever, at the College of the Pacific. His team beat California in the opening game.

From that line-up Pudge Heffelfinger was still playing football at the age of sixty-six. At the age of forty-four he almost wrecked a Yale line, playing on the second team. There was plenty of fiber in that old platoon. Plenty of iron. I doubt that any other man ever picked on an All-America team equaled the unbelievable iron-man, nonrust, steel-shod fiber of Heffelfinger and Stagg.

From the list of some 500 stars, picked by Walter Camp and Collier's All-America Board, over a period of fifty years, who should make up the all-time list, based only upon college and university play?

In making up such a list one must remember that backs who starred before the arrival of the forward pass had no chance to prove what they could do in the modern game. Perhaps the fame of such performers as Heston and Eckersall, of Michigan and Chicago, would have been even greater, also of Hinkey and Shevlin of Yale at end. But that must remain a guess. Certainly under the old system they were among the standouts. But the game then was played along the ground—and never in the air.

You look back over the long list. There was Frank Hinkey, "The Disembodied Spirit," the greatest football player, pound for pound, that ever lived, a stick of dynamite that wrecked 180- and 190-pound backs. Hinkey was one of the few to make Camp's team four years in a row. Truxton Hare of Pennsylvania was another. When you have 500 All-America entries to pick from it is easy to understand how much of the highway must pass through the quicksands of time and change.

The All-Time All-America is a selection from all the stars who helped to make college football history from 1889 to 1939—stars in turn selected from over 500,000 players.

At Center

There have been great centers through every year of American football. But the greatest center I ever saw was "Germany" Schulz of Michigan—six feet four in height, two hundred and forty-five pounds in weight and one of the fastest men on any field. In one game against a strong Pennsylvania team Schulz alone held Pennsylvania at bay for forty-five minutes. When he was carried from the field Pennsylvania ran up over thirty points, all in the final fifteen minutes of the game. Schulz backed up the line and supported both ends. Stone of Vanderbilt wasn't far away.

The Guards

Pudge Heffelfinger of Yale, a member of Camp's first team, was the tops of all guards. He was the first to act as a running guard. He held the interference. Over thirty years after playing at Yale he was still too fast for Bo McMillin, Centre's star, to escape. Heffelfinger

(Continued on page 59)

Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

IN LONDON—where, engaged to attractive young Roddy Welman, she is living happily—Elinor Carlisle receives an anonymous letter. The writer warns her that "someone" is trying to supplant her in the affections of her wealthy Aunt Laura Welman.

She shows the letter to Roddy. After discussing its implications, they go to Hunterbury, Mrs. Welman's home in the country. There they find the old lady suffering from a stroke, with two nurses—Hopkins and O'Brien—and a doctor, Peter Lord, keeping an eye on her.

Another person—beautiful Mary Gerrard, the lodgekeeper's daughter, whom she has educated and who adores her—is with her constantly. . . . Following a short stay, Elinor and Roddy return to London. Then, a few days later, Doctor Lord notifies Elinor, by wire, that her aunt has had a second stroke. And, again she and Roddy return to Hunterbury.

This time, Mrs. Welman is paralyzed. She can hardly speak. But she succeeds in making it clear to Elinor that she wishes to leave Mary Gerrard well provided for in her will. Then, while she is sleeping, she dies.

Nurse Hopkins takes her patient's death calmly. She is much disturbed, however, by the loss of a tube of morphine tablets. She suspects that someone has stolen the tube; and somehow the thought leaves her worried.

Mr. Seddon, Mrs. Welman's attorney, comes down from London. He announces that the old lady has died without making a will. He says that, this being the case, all of her property (except what the crown may take) will go to her next of kin: Elinor.

Roddy—whose uncle, now dead, had been Mrs. Welman's husband—had felt sure he would receive something from the estate. So Elinor (thinking that he is disappointed and unhappy) reminds him that, since they will soon be married, he will never be in need. Then the blow—the blow that she had seen coming—falls: Roddy admits that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard.

"Sometimes," he says wildly, "Mary seems just like a dream. I might wake up and find she wasn't there. Sometimes I wish she wasn't. . . . You and I, Elinor, *belong.*"

Elinor, listening, catches her breath. She thinks: *"If Mary wasn't there . . ."*

III

NURSE Hopkins said with emotion: "It was a beautiful funeral!"

Nurse O'Brien responded: "It was indeed. And the flowers! Did you ever see such beautiful flowers? A harp of white lilies there was, and a cross of yellow roses. Beautiful!"

Nurse Hopkins sighed and helped herself to buttered teacake. The two nurses were sitting in the Blue Bird Café.

Nurse Hopkins went on: "Miss Carlisle is a generous girl. She gave me a nice present, though she'd no call to do so."

"She's a fine, generous girl," agreed Nurse O'Brien warmly. "I do detest stinginess."

Nurse Hopkins said: "Well, it's a grand fortune she's inherited."

Nurse O'Brien said: "I wonder—" and stopped.

Nurse Hopkins said: "Yes?"

" 'Twas strange the way the old lady made no will."

"It was wicked," Nurse Hopkins said sharply. "People ought to be forced to make wills! It only leads to unpleasantness when they don't."

"I'm wondering," said Nurse O'Brien, "if she *had* made a will, how she'd have left her money."

Nurse Hopkins said firmly: "I know *one* thing."

"What's that?"

"She'd have left a sum of money to Mary—Mary Gerrard."

"Yes, indeed, and that's true," agreed the other. She added excitedly: "Wasn't I after telling you that night of the state she was in, poor dear, and the doctor doing his best to calm her down. Miss Elinor was there holding her Auntie's hand and swearing by God Almighty," said Nurse O'Brien, her Irish imagination suddenly running away with her, "that the lawyer should be sent for and everything done accordingly. 'Mary! Mary!' the poor old lady said. 'Is it Mary Gerrard you're meaning?' says Miss Elinor, and straightaway she swore that Mary should have her rights!"

Nurse Hopkins said rather doubtfully: "Was it like that?"

NURSE O'BRIEN replied firmly: "That was the way of it, and I'll tell you this, Nurse Hopkins. In my opinion, if Mrs. Welman had lived to make that will, it's likely there might have been surprises for all! Who knows she mightn't have left every penny she possessed to Mary Gerrard!"

Nurse Hopkins said dubiously: "I don't think she'd do that. I don't hold with leaving your money away from your own flesh and blood."

Nurse O'Brien said oracularly: "There's flesh and blood and flesh and blood."

Nurse Hopkins responded instantly: "Now what might you mean by *that?*"

Nurse O'Brien said with dignity: "I'm not one to gossip! And I wouldn't be blackening anyone's name that's dead."

Nurse Hopkins nodded her head slowly and said: "That's right. I agree with you. Least said soonest mended."

She filled up the teapot.

Nurse O'Brien said: "By the way now, did you find that tube of morphine tablets all right when you got home?"

Nurse Hopkins frowned. She said: "No. It beats me to know what can have become of it, but I think it may have been this way. I *might* have set it down on the edge of the mantelpiece as I often do while I lock the cupboard, and it *might* have rolled and fallen into the wastepaper basket that was all full of rubbish and that was emptied out into the dustbin just as I left the house." She paused. "It *must* be that way, for I don't see what else could have become of it."

"I see," said Nurse O'Brien. "Well, dear, that must have been it. It's not as though you'd left your case about anywhere else—only just in the hall at Hunterbury—so it seems to me that what you suggested just now must be so. It's gone into the rubbish bin."

"That's right," said Nurse Hopkins eagerly. "It couldn't be any other way."

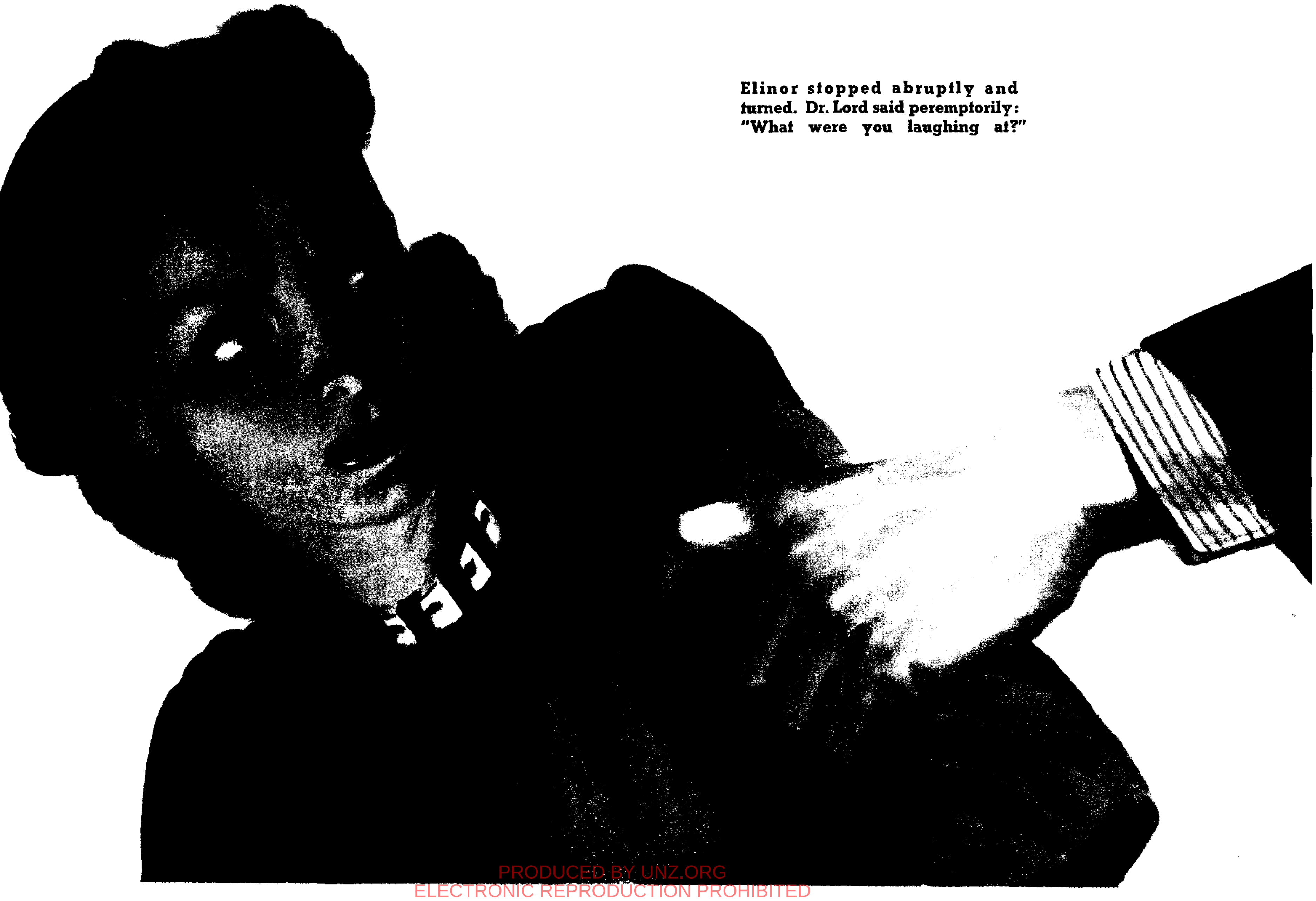
She helped herself to a pink sugar cake. She said, "It's not as though—" and stopped.

The other agreed quickly—perhaps a little too quickly. "I'd not be worrying about it any more if I was you," she said comfortably.

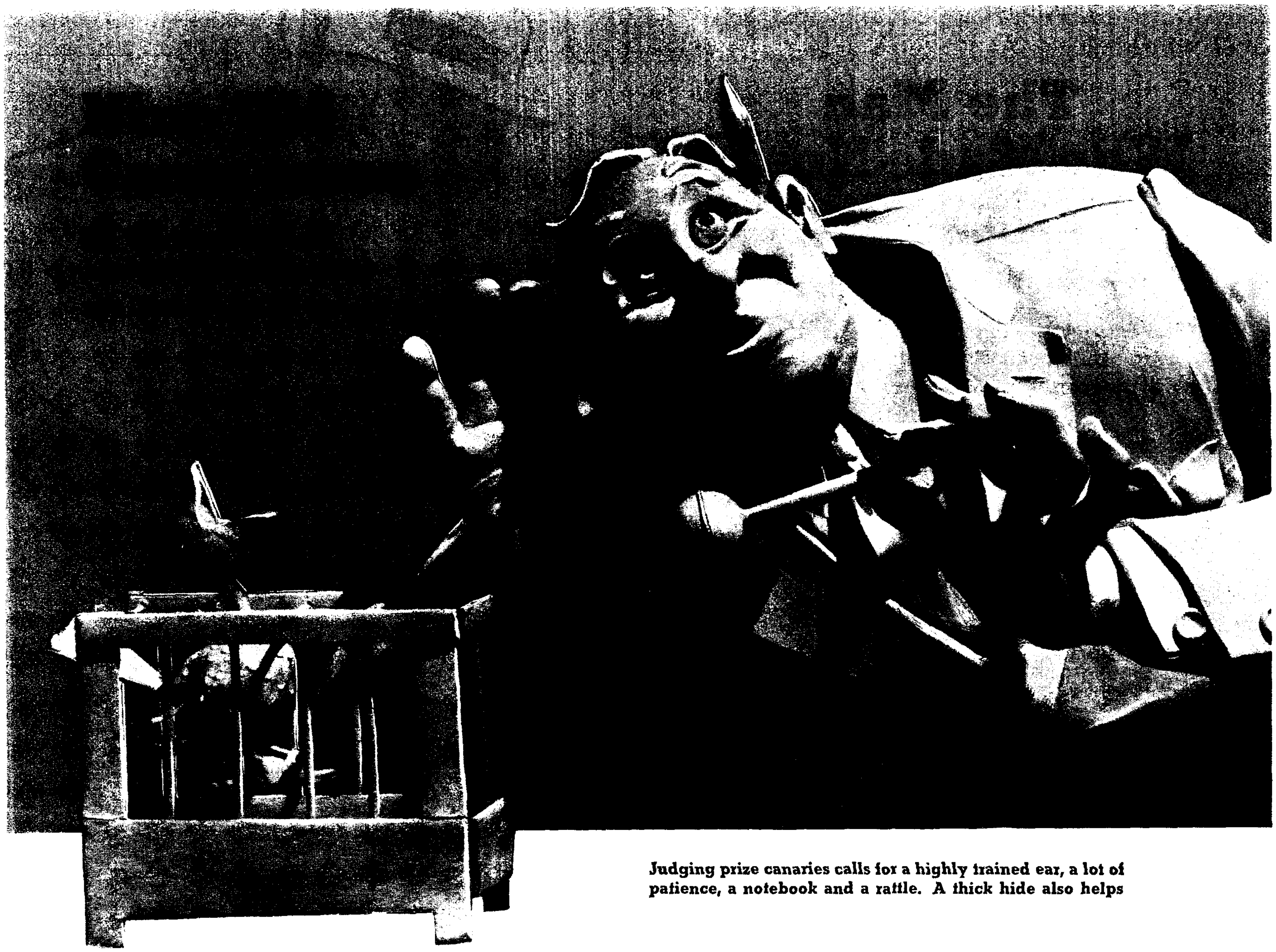
Nurse Hopkins said: "I'm *not* worrying. . . ."

YOUNG and severe in her black dress, Elinor sat in front of Mrs. Welman's massive writing table in the library. Various papers were spread out in front of her. She had finished interviewing the servants and Mrs. Bishop. Now it was Mary Gerrard who entered the room

(Continued on page 32)



Elinor stopped abruptly and turned. Dr. Lord said peremptorily: "What were you laughing at?"



Judging prize canaries calls for a highly trained ear, a lot of patience, a notebook and a rattle. A thick hide also helps

The Supreme Court of Canary Judging is manning its guns in a war in which nobody is pulling any punches. Just look at those feathers fly!

IT'S a very screwy business, indeed. Floodlights glare down on a lone gentleman in the middle of a big auditorium. In his left hand he brandishes a toy rattle filled with long-grained rice, and in his right he poises a pencil. On the table before him are four identical wooden boxes. Every few minutes he shakes his rattle, cocks his ear to catch answering noises from the boxes and scribbles like mad on a piece of paper.

No psychopathic case is our friend but a judge in a canary-singing contest. Years of training in the best canary colleges of the country, with postgraduate work abroad, have entitled him to write M.C. (Master of Canaries) after his name. He is knocking over anywhere from $25 to $75 a day for his rattle-shaking, and fanciers over half the nation are waiting impatiently for his decisions.

Waiting, too, we should add, is an "I wuz robbed" chorus. From New York to California, from Maine to Florida, canary fanciers are ready at the drop of a bird cage to razz the judge as a deaf, dumb and blind half-wit who can't tell the difference between the song of a canary and the croak of a crocodile.

Compared with the nine judges who make up the canary kingdom's high tribunal, the black-clad laddies of the Supreme Court have it soft. Assorted accusations fly at the canarymen faster than Dewey can pitch 'em at Tammany politicians. One faction demands the court be packed, another that certain judges be tossed out; some breeders issue a rallying call to save the canary "Constitution," others clamor that it be scrapped.

Even more serious, the nine arbiters are all tangled up in a red-hot international dispute over the American judging system vs. the German system. Cries of "Nazi!" mingle with the merry chirp of warblers all over the United States, and the Dies committee may have to ask for a special appropriation any day.

Jitterbugs in Cages

Maybe you think the judging should be simple—if a canary tweets prettily he's okay, and if he sings sour he's a feathered bum. That may be good enough for the parlor trade but contests are something else. Unless your little pride and joy can sing thirteen standard notes—no more, no less—in top form, dipping his tail in waltz time and being careful not to hiss his "s's," he'll never be worth his birdseed in the major leagues.

In case your canary education has been neglected, we're talking about rollers, not choppers. Rollers are the birds that warble thirteen different catalogued notes, producing sweet, smooth music like that of Guy Lombardo. Choppers are the Benny Goodmans of the canary world, singing an amazing variety of notes (mostly bad, sneer the roller enthusiasts) and seldom hitting the same one twice. Experts tried for a long time to figure out standard notes for these jitterbugs of the bird world but gave up in despair.

Judges worship the thirteen standard notes and consider it a sinful perversion of the art if a bird pipes up with an honest-to-goodness tune like Sweet Adeline or God Save the King. It's like the New York Philharmonic busting loose with Jeepers Creepers. Such feathered smart alecks get nowhere in contests—they're not even allowed on the premises—although prices as high as $500 have been paid for them.

The standard roller notes have fancy technical names, but don't let that scare you. Gargle deep in your throat and you have what a judge would call "water glucke." Pretend you're an operatic star and trill a succession of "RRRRRRRR's"—that's "hollow roll," called the queen note of the canary repertoire. Try a cross between a human and horse laugh—a "hoo-hoo-hoo"—and you have "schockle." The other ten are almost as easy, but why tempt a sore throat?

There is constant wrangling among canary lovers over these notes. Adding a new one, or discarding an old one, is as serious a proposition as amending the United States Constitution. Right now one faction is warring on "deep bubbling water roll," calling it a freak note, and frenzied argument is echoing from Jersey City to Walla Walla. A note called "koller" was tossed out in 1932 after a campaign that rivaled that for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Officially charged with protecting the sanctity of the thirteen standard notes—the "Constitution" of canaryland—are the nine active judges of the International Roller Canary Breeders Association, largest United States organization of fanciers. These Arthur Donovans of the whir-and-whistle arena get the call on most of the seventy-five first-line shows each year, culminating in the national grand championships in January.

It's a Serious Business

Winning a canary judge's badge is almost as tough as beating a bar examination or cornering an M.D.'s diploma. Aspirants must attend a canary school taught by a recognized master, pass a seven-hour written and oral examination given by the I.R.C.B.A. and be approved by its board of governors. Most M.C.'s finish off with a course in higher canary education in Germany, home of the roller, or in England.

The judges have their own professional society to maintain the high standards of their calling. In addition, they are subject to trial by the I.R.C.B.A. board of control for inefficiency, drunkenness or misconduct, and if found guilty may be cast out into utter canary darkness.

The judge is head man in a big way. Show rules provide that he shall be alone in the judging room, guarded

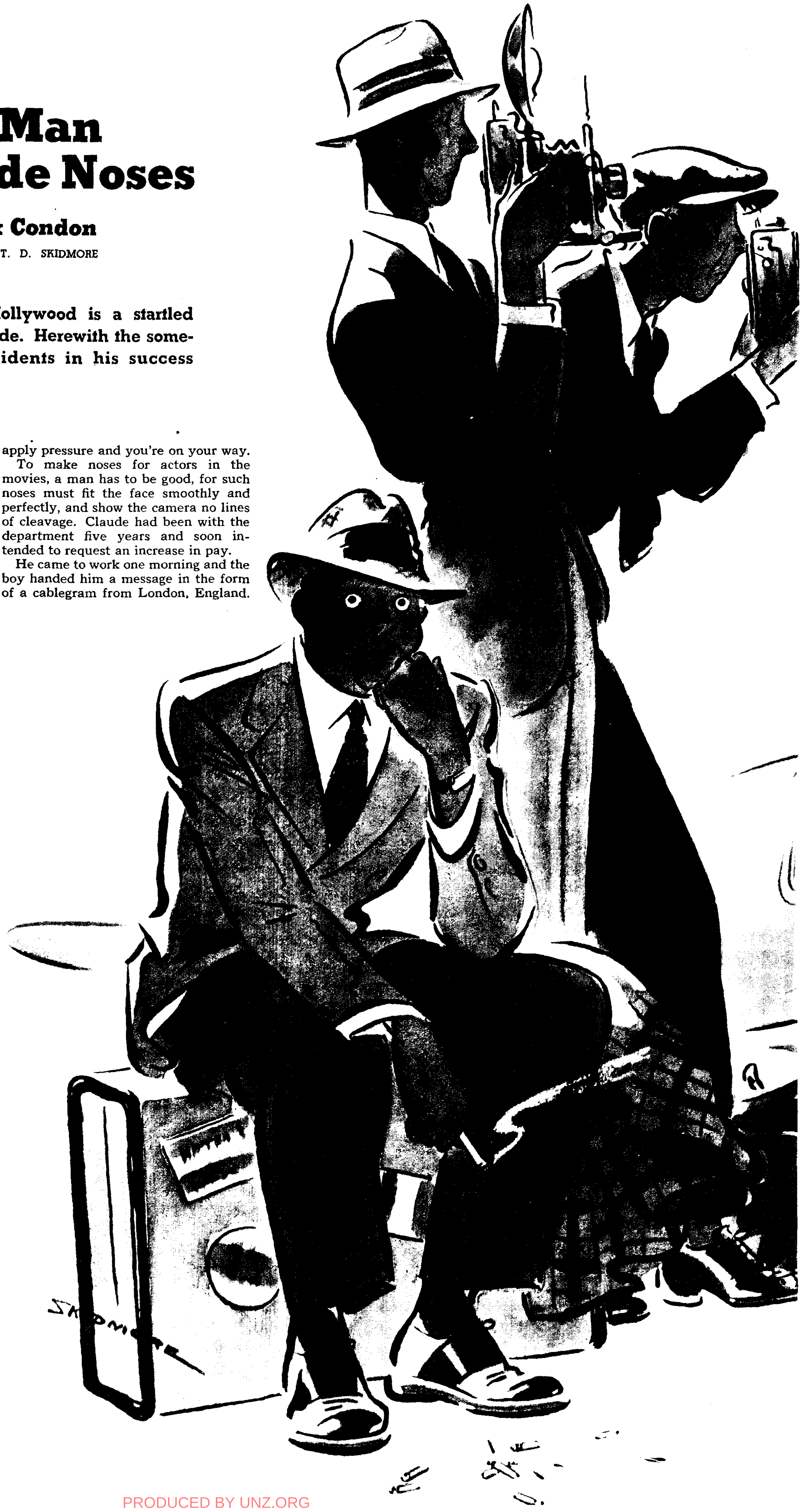
(Continued on page 28)

The Man Who Made Noses

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

Current sensation in Hollywood is a startled young man named Claude. Herewith the somewhat preposterous incidents in his success



WHEN you get to be thirty-five years old and have no outstandingly bad habits, you ought to know what you want to do with your life and what trade to follow. You can't go on forever, puttering about and wondering whether to be a billposter or a bishop. Claude Pinkham was thirty-five. He lived resignedly in a modest Hollywood hotel overlooking a drive-in beanery, had a steady job, received a living wage, knew a couple of nice girls and read nothing but autobiographies.

He supposed he would go on endlessly at what he was doing and saw no commanding future therein. He was a serious young man, inclined to be plump, with pleasant blue eyes, a cheerful manner and a touch of gray in his hair. At the Lavender Studios, where he was employed, he reported punctually for work at eight o'clock daily, punched a clock and earnestly tackled his stint.

He was one of ten men in the make-up department, for Lavender is a prominent studio. He could make anything required, but excelled at noses and had acquired a name in the trade and reputation as a man who could do better at noses than most. Other studios admitted his supremacy in the nose field. If you were an actor and your part called for a nose and if you were fortunate enough to get a Claude Pinkham nose, then luck and art could do no more for you.

THE head of the make-up department at Lavender was Victor Ellis, a harsh and cranky man who was paid one hundred a week. Eight men stood between Claude and being head of the department, so long ago he gave up all ambition to replace Ellis. He was quite content to jog along in the rut of routine and live within his slender income.

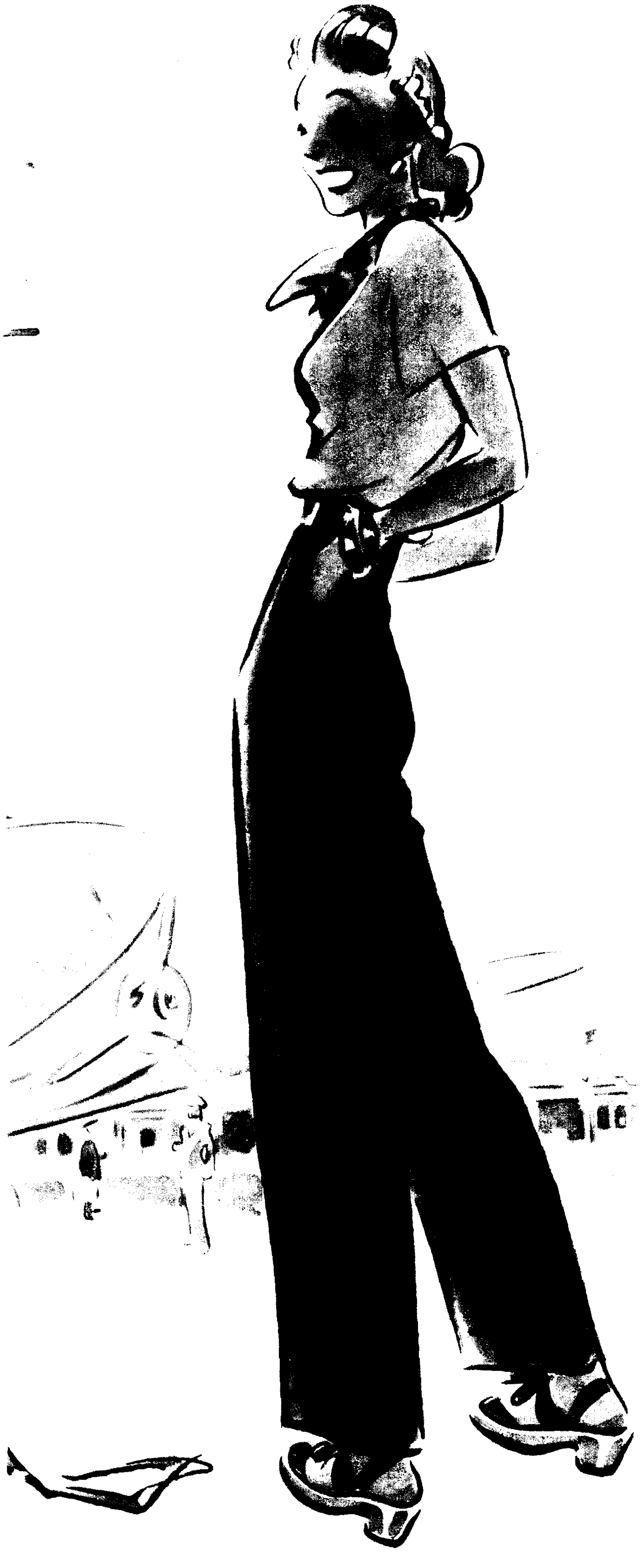
To be sure, he could make other things than noses. He was good at chins of all kinds and wrinkled foreheads and his expertness included shaggy eyebrows and prominent cheekbones.

But noses were his *tour de force* and, as such things will, his fame as a nose man spread abroad in the industry. The movies dearly love a specialist of any kind, and if you happen to live in the movie woods and build yourself a better mousetrap, soon you will have a path beaten by eager cinema feet.

Now the way you make noses is about like this: First you make a cast of the actor's face, using a fine plaster, and if his nose isn't striking enough or large enough or sufficiently bulbous, you give him a new nose, building it on the cast. . . . You have your molds—"positive" and "negative"—and your plastic gelatin and you set to work. You melt your gelatin, pour it into the molds, then apply pressure and you're on your way.

To make noses for actors in the movies, a man has to be good, for such noses must fit the face smoothly and perfectly, and show the camera no lines of cleavage. Claude had been with the department five years and soon intended to request an increase in pay.

He came to work one morning and the boy handed him a message in the form of a cablegram from London, England.



Claude planed out for New York, and at the port Arabella moved about in her lovely costume, dark trousers and no hat, and was photographed sixteen times without Claude and three times with

The managing director of a great film concern in London desired to know if Claude could come at once to London and make a nose for them. The managing director—it was signed by no less than Cheltenham Chumley himself—said they would be happy to pay a generous fee and all expenses incidental to such a trip. Claude had never been east of Dallas, Texas.

At first the young man suspected a studio joke. He communicated with Pall Mall Films of London and learned it was no jest. They actually and truly wanted him.

Now the movie business in all lands is a strange and incomprehensible world by itself, its customs fantastic, and its daily doings so peculiar that the movie people themselves are in a state of constant astonishment. Pall Mall Films were about to haul off and produce a motion picture concerning the life of that quaint character, Cyrano de Bergerac, who, as you undoubtedly know, had the most famous nose of all time. In the history of the drama, there has never been a beezer to compare with de Bergerac's.

The London film people determined to give their Cyrano a truly first-class and spectacular nose, and hearing the champion nose man worked in Hollywood, they sent their offer to Claude, and that shows you how the movies do things. Claude Pinkham felt a stab of genuine elation. He laid the matter before his chief.

"Sure, I'd go, if I were you," said Vic Ellis. "You won't expect us to pay your salary while you're gone?"

"Certainly not," said Claude.

With Lavender Films giving him official leave of absence, he packed a couple of bags, cabled that he was coming and was on his way to London, happy in the knowledge that his superior skill had penetrated even to the distant lands. He departed at four in the afternoon, climbing into his first air liner, where the lovely hostess paid him marked attention and gave him tea.

THERE are about four hundred ladies and gentlemen reporting news events in Hollywood, all of them devoting their time to movies and their doings, and to the actions and conduct, morals and affairs of movie people, and a film person can scarcely move a finger without attention from the press. The Hollywood Reporter said: "Claude Pinkham of Lavender Films planed out today for New York and London." . . . Daily Variety said: "Heading for dear old Lunnon and a stretch with Pall Mall Films, Claude Pinkham planed east today, leaving Lavender's art department flat." . . . Film Daily said: "The recently noted Hollywood enthusiam for London continues unabated. Latest departure, Claude Pinkham of Lavender." . . . Variety said: "L. A. to N. Y. . . . Claude Pinkham."

Mopping up routine news in Chicago, a reporter met Claude between planes, and Chicago wired New York: "Additional verification is given the rumor that a deal is pending between Lavender of Hollywood and Pall Mall of London. Claude Pinkham, Lavender's art head, sails Saturday from New York for England and refuses to discuss details."

Thus did Mr. Pinkham climb aboard the journals devoted to the sprinkling of movie news. Before his liner cast off, they asked him to break down and let them in on the facts and Claude smilingly replied that he had no facts of interest, beyond the simple news that he was bound for London, to do a bit of work for Pall Mall. This was such a transparent stall that the papers treated it with genial sarcasm.

In London, he hastened immediately to a modest hotel in the Strand, changed his collar and reported at the studios of Pall Mall, where he found conditions cheerful, was introduced to various officials, met the director, Mr. Asbury, who was about to immortalize Cyrano on the films, and took off his coat.

He assembled his plastic gelatin, listened to Asbury while he described what he wanted and began fashioning a nose for the actor who had the role. He made, in all, forty-seven noses. . . . The days flew by and Claude labored upon the immortal beak. The British film makers observed Pinkham's efforts with ever-increasing doubt and distress, and the director shook his head.

"I'm afraid you're not getting the idea," he told Claude.

"Tomorrow, I'll have it for you," Claude assured him, his enthusiasm undiminished.

THAT tomorrow never arrived. The British experts sadly came to the conclusion that they had wasted good British pounds and that Claude lacked the spark of genius they had expected. He worked all the harder, and all in vain, for Asbury said:

"It just doesn't work out, Pinkham. I'm sorry. We have our own ideas about Cyrano and know precisely the effect we wish to obtain and not any of your noses come within miles of it. Sorry, old chap. Not your fault. You've done quite well."

Claude had failed to make good. In his moment of finest opportunity, he had muffed the ball completely. They paid him his fee and said he was at liberty to return home, which he did. The London Film Gazette said: "Claude Pinkham, representative of Lavender Films of Hollywood, is sailing Saturday for New York. Mr. Pinkham has concluded a series of conferences with Pall Mall Pictures and has come to an understanding with Oxford Films, Piccadilly Films and Hyde Park Films, looking to closer co-operation between Hollywood and London. Tentative offers have been made for the stage play, London Bridge is Falling Down and rumor says that this play will be filmed here in London and not in Hollywood. Mr. Pinkham declines to discuss the matter."

This last remark was quite true. Mr. Pinkham declined to discuss anything with anybody and was low in his mind and saddened. He stood in murky contemplation at the stern of the liner as she pulled out for America, bitterly disappointed, for this was a major blow. It was incredible that he, Claude Pinkham, had failed to produce a nose for Cyrano de Bergerac. . . . He stared at the cold British waters of Southampton and thought momentarily of jumping into them, but of course, he wouldn't do a thing like that. He merely went on feeling bad, took a couple of pills at bedtime and came back to New York, where he encountered the reporters at quarantine and was his usual smiling self.

Film Daily said: "Claude Pinkham is back, after six weeks of powwow with the British picturemakers. He says conditions are steadily improving in England for both American and British films, and that there is small likelihood of immediate merger between Lavender and Pall Mall. Whether London Bridge Is Falling Down will be made abroad, Pinkham was unable to say. He planes out for Hollywood tonight."

In the marine column, it said: "Claude Pinkham, the Hollywood art expert, arriving today from England. He says English girls have better complexions than ours, but are not as smart and have no legs to speak of."

Variety said: "N. Y. to L. A. . . . Claude Pinkham."

On the day he arrived in New York, the Hollywood Reporter said: "The

(Continued on page 57)

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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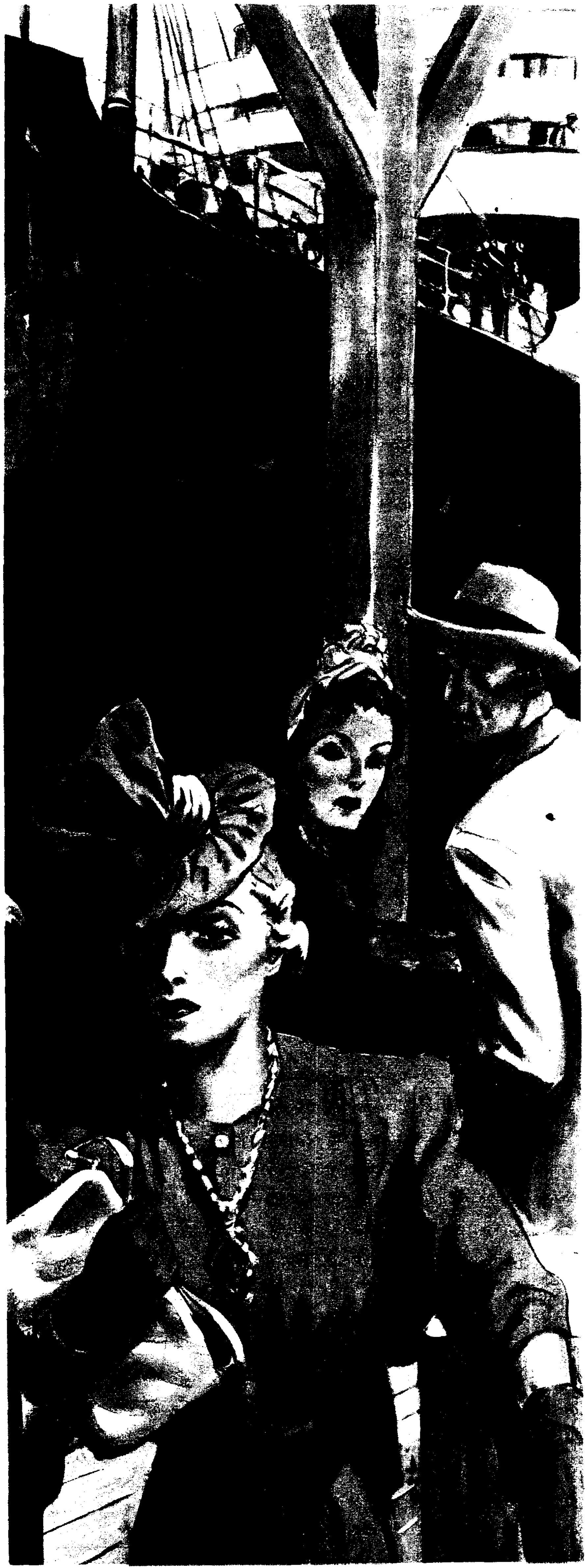

JAY HYDE BARNUM

"You don't know how my heart went to you when I saw you walk away. I knew I was wrong when I said we'd wait and see how the case went"

The Story Thus Far:

INFATUATED for a time with Kent Dunham, who is married, Jocelyn Britton, an attractive San Francisco girl, finally realizes—in the course of a talk in a little cabin near Piedmont—that she does not love him. Feeling sure that Dunham cares nothing for her, she leaves him, with the hope that she will never see him again.

On the way to San Francisco, her car becomes unmanageable. Whereupon, a passing motorist picks her up and drives her to the nearest railway station.

A few days later, Philip Fordyce, member of a law firm for which she works as a stenographer, takes her to his Burlingame estate, Hill Acres, and gives her a new job—chaperoning his young daughter, Norma. But Jocelyn soon learns that Norma (reared by her divorcee mother) is so wild and undisciplined that no one can control her. And the girl's mother comes to Burlingame and bundles her off to Honolulu.

Meanwhile, Philip Fordyce and Jocelyn have fallen in love, are planning to be married. Learning of this, Kent Dunham commits suicide at Hill Acres, after shooting at, and missing, Jocelyn. Then comes another terrible shock: Norma—who has run away from her mother in Hawaii—arrives on the scene and confesses tearfully that she has terminated a tragic "affair" with a Hungarian prince.

Noting the terror in the girl's face, Jocelyn and Philip do not press her with questions—*they know what has happened!* And, hoping to protect the girl from her gossiping friends and the newspapers, they take her to Sausalito, where she becomes a guest in the home of one of Jocelyn's aunts.

But Jocelyn's troubles are not at an end. On the day she is to be married, Philip is obliged to go to the courthouse, on a legal matter. Jocelyn accompanies him. While waiting for a judge, whom Philip must see, they drop in on a murder trial. The defendant, it appears, is accused of killing his wife; he asserts, stoutly, that he is innocent—that, at the time of the murder, he was "somewhere across the bay" but so badly intoxicated that he has only a hazy remembrance of his movements at the time.

The man—a timid little gray-haired fellow—needs an alibi. And there is a person in the courtroom who can give him one. That person is a young woman. And if she testifies, she may be engulfed in a tidal wave of ugly scandal. She is Philip Fordyce's fiancée—the defendant is the man who, at the time his wife was killed, had picked her up, near Piedmont!

Conclusion

JOCELYN awakened early; she had had trouble in getting to sleep and had slept restlessly; when the lavish spring dawn began to creep in at the casement and light the new green leaves of the maples outside her window, she felt as if she had not rested at all, had not stopped thinking.

It was terrible to have yesterday's tangle present itself to her again; it was terrible to go back in her thoughts to the grimy courtroom, the whispering lawyers, the packed intense crowd, the poor forlorn little man whose life had broken apart into such a flame of horror last Thanksgiving week. He had claimed, ineffectually enough, that upon the discovery of his wife's battered body he had helped the neighbors to do what he might to resuscitate her; he had laid her on their uninviting bed among the rumpled sheets and thin, faded blankets and, finally beginning to realize the deadly nature of the evidence against him, he had fled. She was then in partial consciousness. Five minutes earlier, before he arrived, she had moaned and somehow managed to hammer on the walls. Then the neighbors had rushed in, but far too late to do anything except witness her last breath.

Everyone except himself and one other believed him guilty. Jocelyn was that other. But what it would cost her today and all the days of her life to say so, she dared not try to estimate. This story would never die. The scandal that Philip's quick explanation had spared her when Kent Dunham had killed himself would be revived; the world would have them lovers, of course, and so Philip would face his new marriage burdened with a daughter in the pitiful strait that Norma found herself, and a wife about whom all tongues were buzzing.

Jocelyn writhed, thinking of it, thinking of the ordeal that she must undergo this morning. When Philip arrived to take her and Norma to town she had no choice but to take him at once into her counsel.

"PHIL, this is so terrible, dear. But I have to ask you. What time does court open?"

"Jocelyn, is your mind still running on that case? They'll not hang him if he didn't do it, dear!"

"Phil, I ought to be there this morning!"

"You ought to be there? You can't. We've got this landing on our hands. There'll be no court this afternoon."

"No court! Oh, Phil, we're lost!"

Phil looked at her, surprised and puzzled. They were driving to town. Norma had been nervous but quiet over her part of the morning's program; she understood the necessity of appearing to have come in on the Matsonia, of facing the ordeal of being interviewed and photographed on the dock.

"Nobody'll question it," her father had said, reassuring her. "Everyone will have too much else to think about. Landing is about the busiest thing these people do, and if anyone doubts you came—why, there you are!"

Norma, satisfied, but far from taking the mischievous pleasure she once would have taken in the situation, had subsided, only to make way for Jocelyn's first troubled outburst.

"Tell me what you mean, Jocelyn," Philip said, affectionately concerned, but not worried. "How are we lost? Can anything else possibly be crowded into today?"

"You see, Phil, he didn't murder his wife," Jocelyn said.

"Didn't!" Phil echoed, convinced from her tone that this was more than mere speculation. "How d'you mean he didn't?"

"Because he was the man that gave me a lift that Sunday, the Sunday you picked me up in Piedmont, remember?"

"Jocelyn, that's sheer nonsense!"

"But it's not. I remember the name now—Scudder. I remember what he told me about a turkey that he'd won. It all came back to me, just as we left court yesterday. I knew I'd seen him before. I couldn't ever have thought where, because he looks like every other poor little defeated soul, but when he talked of Sunday before Thanksgiving I began to think where I had been

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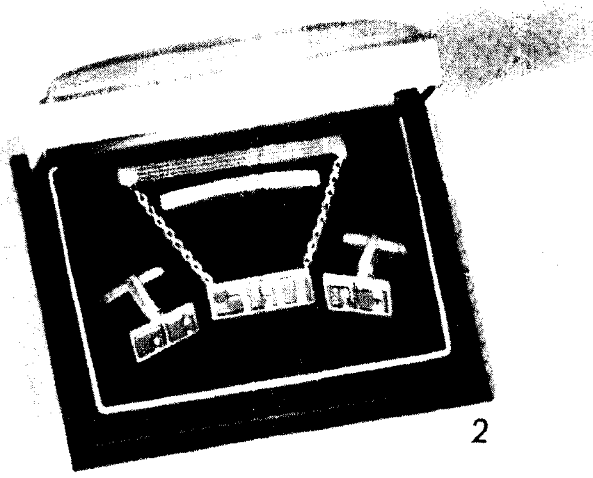
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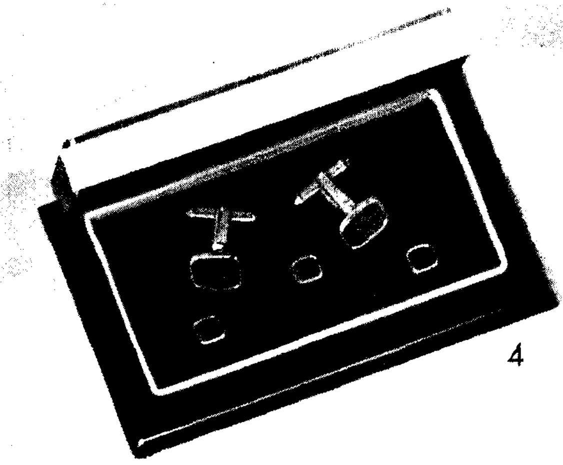
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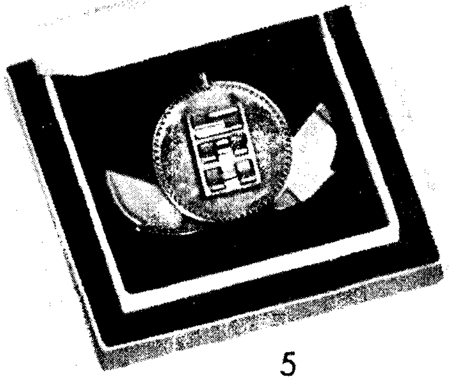
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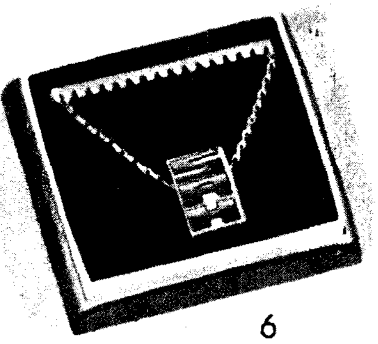
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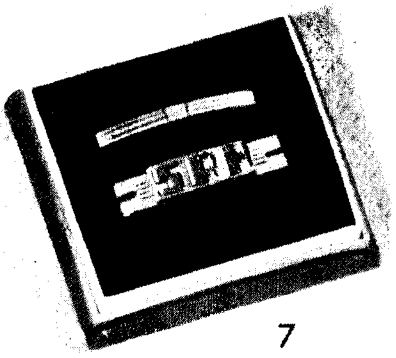
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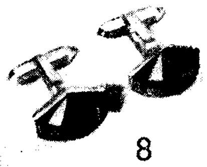
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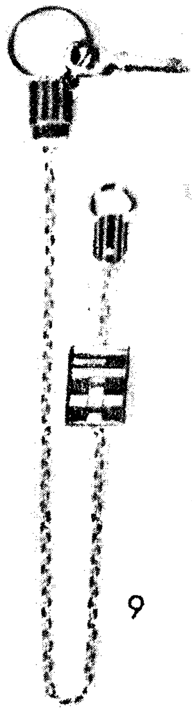
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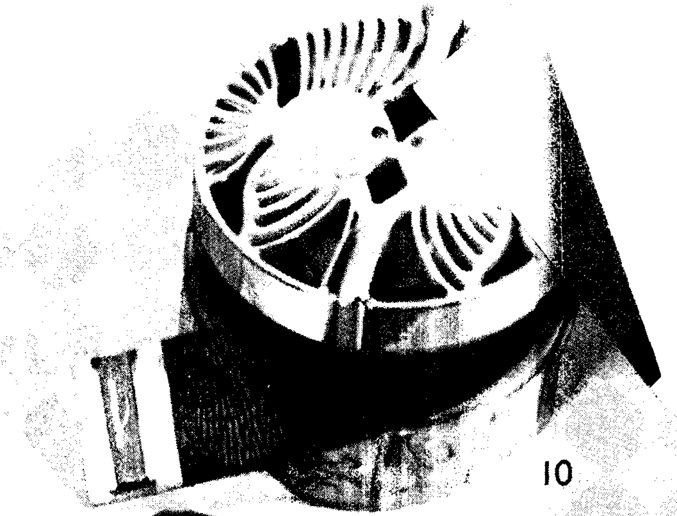
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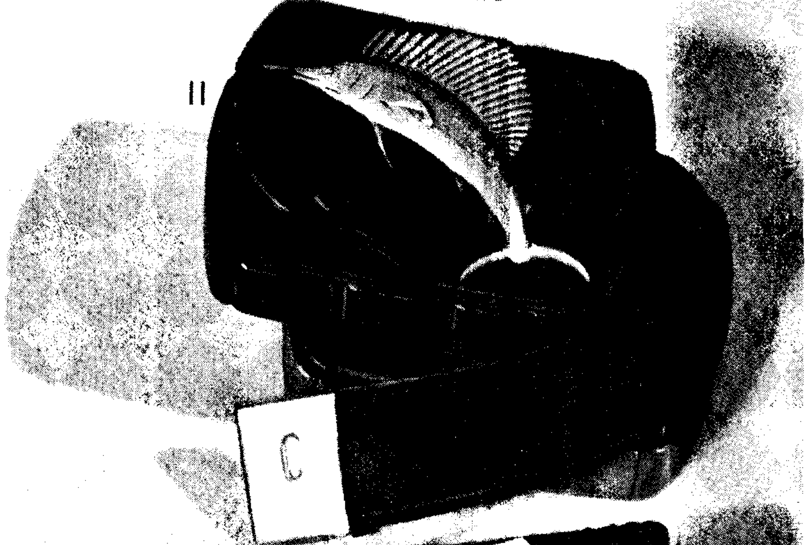
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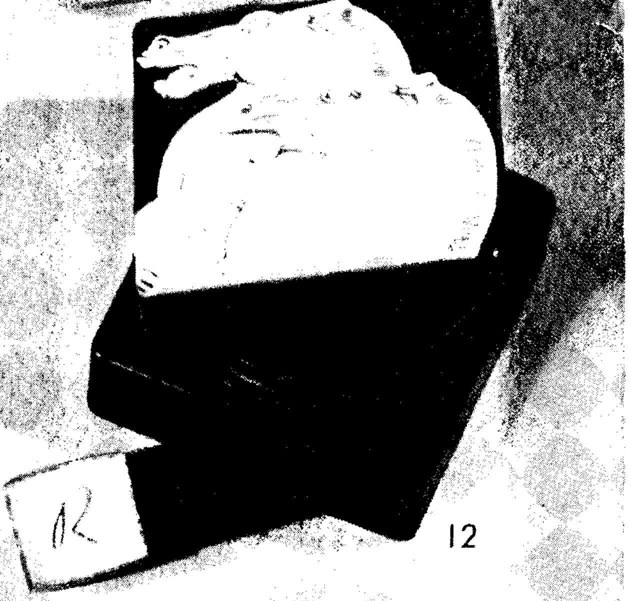
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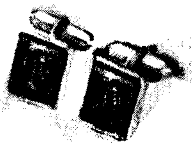
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1 Hickok Belt-and-[illegible] moulded cigarette [illegible] plate Buckle with [illegible]

Smart new Block Initials [illegible] Links . . . with patented Alligator [illegible] . . . $5.

3 Hickok stitchless calfskin B[illegible] ver Buckle in handsome [illegible]

4 Smoked or white pearl or onyx Dress [illegible] $3.50. With vest buttons, $[illegible]

5 KoiNife—lucky pocket piece. With [illegible] initials, white or bronze finish, $5. Others to $[illegible]

6 His three initials on this new Kurv-Initial Tie Chain . . . boxed in useful ashtray . . . $1.

7 Three smart Block Initials on Hickok Tie Bar with Alligator Grip Collar Bar, $2.

8 [illegible] Choice of [illegible]

9 [illegible] exclusive patented [illegible] initials, $2.

10 [illegible] Buckle, 10kt. [illegible] ashtray, $5.

11 [illegible] sturdy Hickok [illegible] Hickok Plate Buckle, $2.

12 Rugged cowhide Belt, initialled Hickok-Plate Buckle [illegible] box, $2.

13 Hickok [illegible] with the smartness of [illegible] cameos. In simulated carnelian, lapis and chrysoprase.

14 KoiNife—lucky pocket piece . . . silver finished, $2.50. Shown on Hickok [illegible] link Key Chain, $2.50. Other [illegible] chains and watch chains, $1 up.

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Listen, Mrs. Legree

By Janet Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Two hours of leisure a day doesn't mean wheeling out the baby or taking the dog for his run

They've got the goods on you, Madam. So you might as well quit blaming the maid, and hear what's wrong with you

IT TURNS out that women are pretty bad—as employers. Not in business, where we're practically newcomers, but in the very job we've held since Eve ate little apples—the home. Don't say, "If you mean maids. . . !" Because I do. And I can unleash a flock of facts and figures that will leave you feeling like Mrs. Simon Legree.

Yes, we're on the wrong side of the labor problem nowadays. The sociologists and legislators are after us. They're investigating our three-room flats and forty-room country houses, and their reports aren't flattering. They say we overwork our employees and underpay them. They say our working conditions and living conditions are bad. They say we're inconsiderate and unreasonable bosses. They say it's time we learned a few rules of employment.

Keep your shirt on now, gentle reader. They know about your friend who paid her maid's hospital bills while the girl used her first returning strength to walk out and leave her benefactor flat. But they also know—which perhaps you don't—about the woman in the mink coat who is two months behind with the cook's wages. And they maintain both pictures are wrong by up-to-date standards. Domestic labor, they say, must become a business proposition.

They know a home can't run like an office, a factory or even a hotel. They admit a domestic worker, with shelter and three meals a day provided for, has more actual cash in hand at the end of the week than her wage-earning sisters. They know we're struggling with slow and incompetent workers. They've even proved that if workers in the domestic field are trained to the same efficiency as those in the nursing profession, employers will snap them up on their own terms. But, they say, as long as domestic work comes at the end of the job-hunter's list, training schools can't keep out of the red.

So you'd better listen, because even if you think those investigators are a bunch of busybodies who never ran a household in their lives, there's one fact that speaks louder than all their statistics put together. Good times or bad, the domestic employment agency is the one place where the demand for skilled labor always exceeds the supply. In other words, girls prefer factory, store or office employers.

You know the modern technique with industrial problems. First investigation, then legislation. So now there's a rustling of domestic labor bills in the land. California has put full-time domestic service under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The federal courts are dickering with a scheme, and the state of Washington has passed a law regulating hours. Naturally it isn't easy to work out rules for a business where you can't install a factory whistle that might go off in the middle of dessert. And where the man who signs the pay checks is the first one to squawk when he brings home a new prospect and finds it's the maid's night out. But there are certain principles of employment that are agreed on as fundamental. So if your domestic turnover is high, here's a chance to test your rating as a good employer:

First, a businesslike agreement from the start—and then stick to it.

Duties should be clearly defined with provisions made for any emergency.

This Business of Living

That certainly recognizes that Emergency is housekeeping's middle name. So be as explicit about the rest of the job as any other personnel manager when you engage an employee. Don't say "no laundry" and leave her to discover you meant only the baby's.

If you're any sort of executive you know yourself how long an average worker should take for the main household tasks and will plan a workable schedule accordingly. A tried-and-true routine will keep your domestic wheels turning almost as smoothly as a factory's—almost but never quite, because this is a business of living, not machines. A factory employer isn't dependent on his men for kindness to his children, courtesy to his friends or the general cheerfulness of his home. On the other hand, he'd know better than to leave the scheduling of the work to a day laborer; or ask a valued assistant to run a tricky machine—and who says a stove isn't?—while helping in the packing department and fixing up a little tea for someone who just dropped in to see the boss. Let alone, when the noon whistle blows on Saturday, running in to say that something's just come up and would the boys mind taking next Tuesday instead?

Hours. This is where things begin to get thick. Even a labor legislator sees you can't install a time clock on a job where one evening the last dish isn't dried until ten and on the next the family goes out to dinner and work is over at five. With the added complication that the employee is working for herself part of the time. But the other side of the story is that you can't work a girl, however incompetent, ninety hours a week—not and keep her. Nor call it part time when she trots steadily from noon to eight-thirty. Proposed legislation is for a maximum of sixty working hours a week, with arrangements for actual working time, half time for time on call, and so on.

You'll find that a sixty-hour week allows for the average household routine if a maid works at average speed and the mistress is reasonable. You'll even be all right in the suburbs where commuters' hours lengthen the day if you begin to count the long afternoon "off" or "on call" and clamp down on the leisurely cups of tea and chats with the next-door drying yard. The legislation would cut both ways for a businesslike relationship. But only if—and here comes the if that keeps so many intelligent girls at lower-paid work—if you pay strict attention to time off duty. You should, if only for your own sake. Other industries have found that rest periods, time off and regular vacations actually pay in increased efficiency. Not to mention increased contentment, the value of which, as a household commodity, is above rubies.

An annual vacation is taken for granted—one week with pay the first year and two weeks with pay thereafter. But be sure you regard it as an established employment practice, not a favor. That means the employee should have something to say about when she gets it. Don't expect her to beam with gratitude if you thrust it at her when you decide to get away from it all in February. She probably isn't going South and had set her heart on the seashore in July.

Weekly time off is generally agreed to be two half days beginning not later than 2 P. M. on the weekday and 3 P. M. on Sunday, but a more up-to-date arrangement is one twenty-four hour holiday, and once you get over the shock you may even like it better for involving one weekly upheaval instead of two.

Here's something that belongs on every time-off schedule: Two hours of leisure sometime during the day, and that doesn't mean wheeling out the baby or taking the dog for his run. Or even listening for the bell. It means time absolutely her own, to go shopping or sit and rest her feet, according to her temperament. If you never did it before you'd better begin now, before they start slapping fines on you for overtime—as they already do in Australia.

Payday Should Be Payday

Just to see how it all works out: subtract twenty-four hours weekly time off. That leaves you six days to be covered by your sixty hours—or ten hours a day. Suppose a maid starts work at 7 A. M. You take out her two hours in the afternoon and one and a half hours more for her own mealtimes. That means her ten-hour day ends at eight-thirty. Which, with the timesaving appliances there are to help with the work, shouldn't be out of the question for an average day.

Wages. These differ too much according to locality, duties and skill to permit discussion. The main thing is to decide on them fairly—and pay them promptly. As promptly as a factory pay envelope. No, it isn't always done that way. The wail from the other side of the agency doors that women don't meet the pay roll when it's inconvenient is too general to be discredited. If you have an installment due on the car, she may have one on her winter coat. If you hate to take money out of the bank, she may like to put it in. Don't make the maid's wages your pet economy, either, if you want loyalty in a pinch. If you're

(Continued on page 43)

"So this Frenchman ups and kisses me!"

1. You know how every so often you get a customer you just can't please? Well, I drew first prize the other night—a Frenchman. He complained more than my mother-in-law.

2. So when I bring his coffee I try to make sure it's just right. It was. One taste and his face lit up like a street lamp. "Oo-la-la, zis coffee!" he says. "Eet ees magnifique!" But then he looked sour again.

3. "Anything wrong, sir?" I says. "There ees," he wails. "I love ze coffee; but when I drink ze coffee, I cannot to sleep! I am one of zose people kept awake by caffein." "Forget it," I says: "we serve Sanka Coffee."

4. "What ees zis Sanka Coffee?" he asks. "Sanka," I tell him, "is *real* coffee. Only it has 97% of the caffein removed so it can't keep you awake. Good idea, eh?" "Good?" he blurts. "Eef eet ees true, eet ees *perfect!*"

5. Next night, the Frenchman makes a beeline for me. "Eet ees true!" he cries: "I sleep like ze angel!" And before I can dodge, he kisses me on the cheek! But golly, when I saw the big tip he left, I almost kissed *him!*

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6. You see it pays to know about Sanka Coffee. That's why I memorized this statement made by the Council on Foods of The American Medical Association: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

Nine Old Canarymen

Continued from page 21

against kibitzers, with the door locked to all except show committee members who parade the birds before him. Four feathered hopefuls are taken to him at a time. He coaxes them to sing by whirring a rattle or chirping at them, mentally "tunes in" one bird at a time, ignoring the other three for the moment, and grades it on each of the standard notes.

Since some of the thirteen notes sound almost exactly alike, the job requires a nicety of musical appreciation that would make Stokowski throw down his baton in despair. A judge who reports for work with a hang-over, or distracted by domestic difficulties, is a sunk sinner. And with the human ear attuned to some 7,000 sound tones, even top-form canary judges frequently swap blows on whether a borderline note is "schockle" or "hollow roll."

Blasts from Fanciers

Major crisis in the American judging ranks came recently when Tell Muhlestein of Provo, Utah, a prominent young fancier who worked his way through college by raising canaries, publicly accused judges of being nincompoops who couldn't recognize some notes, and padded scores in order to flatter contestants and get return judging engagements.

Joining him in the blast was James Sloan, an official judge of the I.R.C.B.A., which made it both a frontal attack and a mutiny. The pair went so far as to suggest that judging is handled much better in Germany, where only eight notes instead of thirteen are recognized, and grading is on the basis of thirty instead of one hundred.

Canaries took to the upper reaches of their aviaries with frightened tweets as the fight grew hotter. Judge J. W. Essex, nation's biggest breeder and president of the I.R.C.B.A., rushed forward in the role of peacemaker. Said he: "It is painful to think of the possibility of turmoil or lack of harmony in such a lovable fancy." But his masterpiece of understatement was lost in the clamor.

Playing rough with the critics, conservative Judge John Salberg told how he entered a bird that couldn't sing "glucke" in a show judged by Mr. Sloan, and got five points on the note. Thomas Riedl, a free-lance judge who sided with Muhlestein and Sloan, retorted he had examined score sheets of other judges, and found plenty of notes the entries did not possess.

"The one-hundred-point system means nothing more nor less than the destruction of all first-class roller canary strains in the United States," he cried to the world. "If we get up at six in the morning, according to the one-hundred-point system, it is nine o'clock in the evening."

Now to understand Mr. Riedl's little outburst of canary mania, you have to realize that the entire system of breeding and training the birds is based on show results. Owners may mate a high-point bird specializing in "glucke" with another show winner strong on "schockle." If the judging has been inaccurate, the disappointed breeders will get a nestful of phonies instead of champions.

And on the other hand, a good singer may score low under a lax or incompetent judge and be sold down the river, only to bob up at some other contest and be graded a veritable Man-o'-War. This is most annoying, because many show exhibitors are professional breeders who count on sweet-singing canaries not only to bring home a gratifying flock of bright-colored ribbons but also to stimulate equally gratifying music on the cash registers.

Whether professional breeder or pure hobbyist, every birdman in the country got madder than a wet canary at the proposals for changing the scoring system. And you really couldn't blame 'em, for the task of raising a canary to sing in a big-time show is roughly equal to that of engraving Gone with the Wind on the head of a pin.

Canary chicks are painstakingly taught their do-re-mi by drilling them for months under seasoned old tutor birds, or playing special phonograph records to them. One tutor may start with a class of fifty fledglings. Then, like a baseball squad, first, second and third teams are selected, with a coach for each. Youngsters who can't get to first base on "water glucke" or "deep bubbling water roll" are farmed out to the minor leagues.

Once a singer picks up a sour note there is no breaking him of it, and breeders live in perpetual fear of the careless whistle of a stranger, static on the radio or the chirp of a wild sparrow.

Maybe you've noticed that your canary-raising friends all sport large and conspicuous hatracks. That's because the feathered darlings hate men with hats on, and will sulk for hours in songless spite if confronted with one. They hate photographers even worse, so at most shows the flash-bulb boys are strictly barred. Sometimes a canary will sit through an entire contest without peeping, just to be ornery, and all of them quit at sundown as though they belonged to Local 9999, Canary Singers' International.

Some breeders assert that nonsinging canaries are stymied by color complexes. Leading this school of thought is P. E. McCoy, a fancier who lists Herbert Hoover and Mary Pickford among his canary clients.

Canaries Prefer Blondes

"Canaries are very sensitive about colors," he explains. "After they are six months old it is not so pronounced, but the birds never quite overcome their aversion to some colors, especially black and all the dark colors. They prefer old rose, pink and light blue. A bird will sing best for a blond girl with dark blue eyes wearing a gown of his favorite pastel shade."

Under the one-hundred-point system, a bird that scores sixty points is likely to knock off the national championship. The run-of-the-nest warbler that you or I would pick up in a pet store would be lucky to garner twenty points, and since there are various penalties, it is not uncommon for a lusty singer to wind up in the hole at the end of the scoring.

Just to make the contests tougher, judges have worked out a debit side of the score sheets where they can dock a canary for seven itemized faults. Bad gluckes are common. Believe it or not, this is one note that is sung just like it sounds—"glucke-glucke-glucke." If a bird sings it "took-took-took," or "kick-kick-kick," the judges scribble impatiently on the red-ink side of the ledger.

A more mysterious word under the points-to-be-deducted column is "schwirre." But don't let the judges kid you on that one, either—it just means running out of breath. A vocalist who holds a note too long may betray the slightest gasp before he can get enough wind to go on. Canaries take it harder, and when they run out of breath they emit a peculiarly tragic diminuendo that sounds exactly like your pants ripping.

Most embarrassing thing for a canary fancier is to have his entry, warbling against the nation's blue bloods, interrupt his aria with a good old-fashioned burp. This indicates that the offender has been indulging in lettuce that contained tiny air bubbles. Breeders who can't afford special bubbleless lettuce are careful to squeeze all air out of the common garden variety.

Even forgetting the troubles of voice-training, contest canaries are almost as nerve-racking to raise as orchids. Breeders must strain their spinach twice to get out all the grit, although Junior gets his strained only once. They must concoct strange mixtures of cinnamon, patchouli and sandalwood oils to protect the little dears from mosquitoes. They must brew raspberry-leaf tea for diarrhea, and manicure their birds' toenails.

All this nursing is justified if a breeder can get honest-to-goodness show winners, for a champion is worth real money to any aviary. Hundred-dollar bills change hands for breeding stock after major shows. As much as $375 has been paid for a winner in this country, $1,000 in England. But the value of a bird for breeding purposes is nil if he won by inaccurate or padded scoring.

To Prevent Fraud

Since the Muhlestein-Sloan exposé there has been a growing demand among American fanciers to have three judges grade the birds independently, and strike an average of their scores. In such cases it is not unusual for exhibitors to establish a guard so the trio can't go into a huddle over a difficult bird. The "packed court" system was used at the national grand championships in San Francisco this year for the first time.

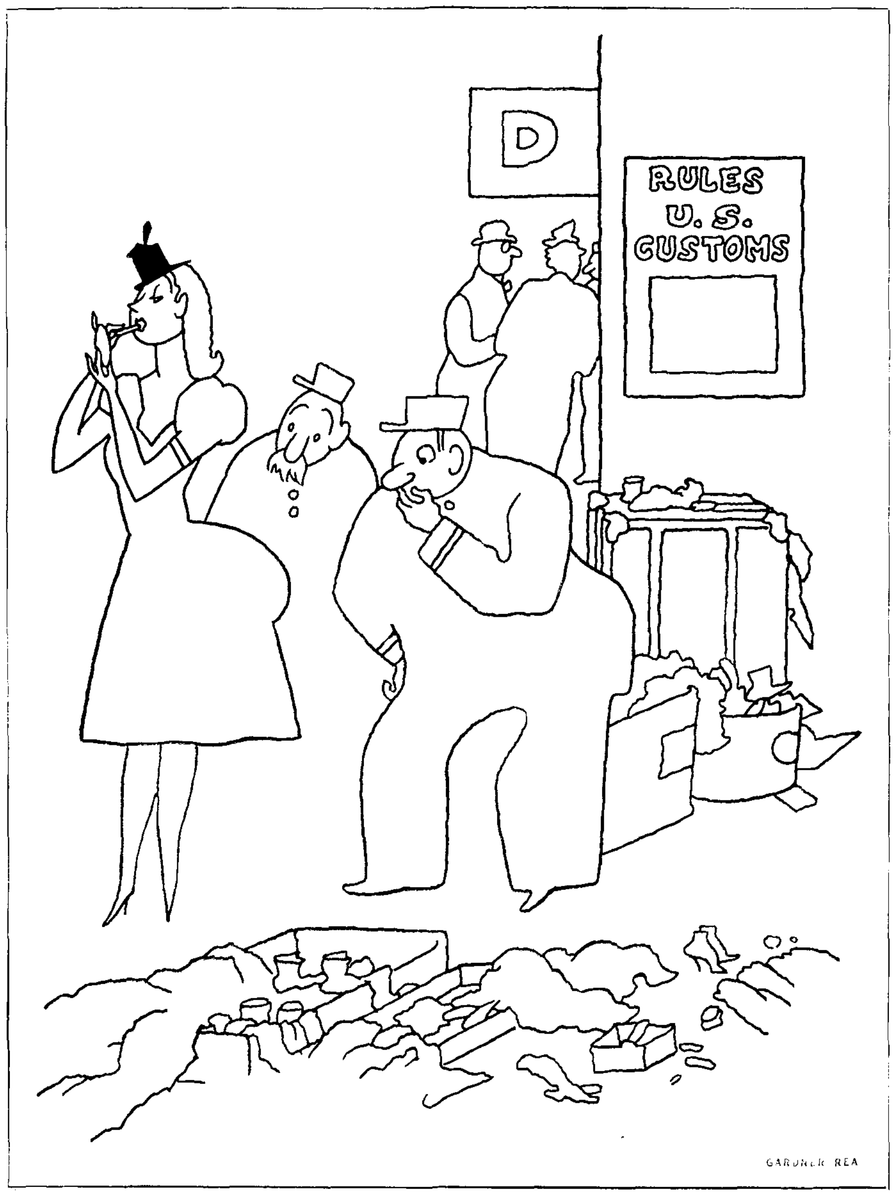
Fanciers, always a bit suspicious of their judges, since most of them are themselves breeders and exhibitors at other shows, have redoubled their vigilance. Uniform cages are required at contests, to prevent judges from getting a tip-off on friends' birds. If a songster shows up for competition with a smudge on his wing or any other distinctive marking, the show committee gives him a free bath, just in case.

Since there is no known method of doping canaries to sing, that race-track problem seldom comes up. At one West Coast show, however, an exhibitor's bird swayed groggily before the judge, blinked hazily and uttered a weak and unmelodious "peep" that could be scored only as a hiccup. The owner charged somebody had doped his little darling's drinking water with Scotch.

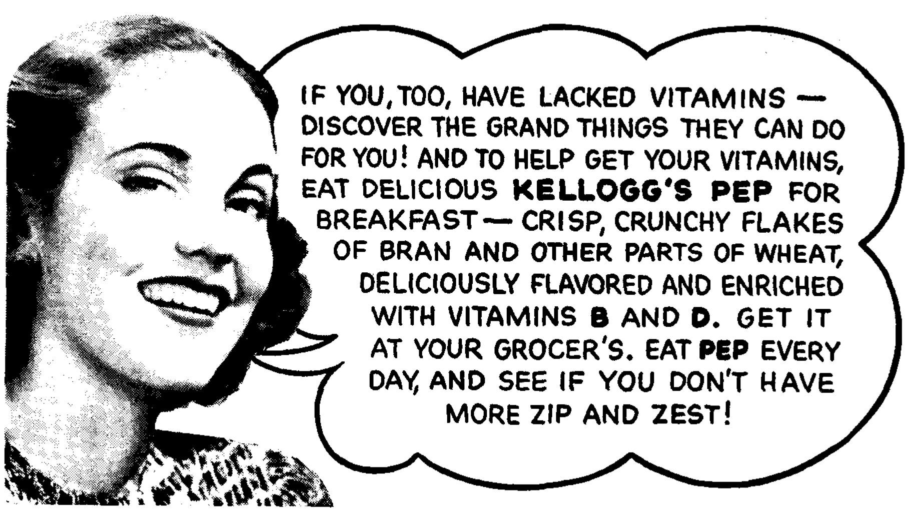
Judges and show committeemen are increasingly on the alert for ringers. Canaries are required to be registered with various associations, their pedigrees traced back four generations, and each bird must wear an unremovable identification band on its leg. The bands are slipped on them when the birds are six days old and they can't be taken off without breaking a leg. Literally.

Suspicions have mounted until the whole thing is getting as hysterical as a wartime spy scare. At a Portland, Oregon, contest, a little old lady insisted she must see the judge before he went in with the birds—highly irregular. The show committee stalled her off a dozen times, finally gave in. Surrounded by stern-faced officials, ready to disqualify her at the first suspicious move, she met the judge.

"Please try to act like a lady instead of a man," she begged the astonished official, "and for goodness' sake don't smoke your pipe. You see, nobody but myself has ever been with my dears, and a man might frighten them so they wouldn't sing."


D
RULES U. S. CUSTOMS
GARDNER REA

LOOK WHAT I MARRIED!
1. DARLING, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL STAY-AT-HOME! WHERE'S YOUR OLD-TIME SNAP AND SPARKLE? AND THAT REMINDS ME —
2. THEY TELL ME WE'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP—AND I'VE FOUND A SIMPLY GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS — B AND D. IT'S CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. WE'RE HAVING IT TOMORROW
3. BREAKFAST NEXT DAY—
SAY! PEP WOULD BE SWELL EVEN IF IT NEVER HAD A VITAMIN! THE CRISPIEST FINEST-FLAVORED CEREAL WE EVER HAD. JUST WATCH ME GO FOR IT FROM HERE ON!
Kellogg's PEP


IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS — DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. GET IT AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

***Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.**

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Excitement Preferred

Continued from page 11

"She seemed just what we wanted," he later told friends, "although she *did* look a little older than twenty. Lord, she was beautiful. I have rarely seen such a face!"

The face belonged to Mrs. S. Jay Wescott of Chicago. Marcy was sitting farther along, beyond her mother. Fortunately Mr. Blau liked her, too. He heard her sing. So did Marc Connelly. She read some lines and was awarded the part of Kate in Two Bouquets, which opened in May. This was a fragile, sentimental operetta which the critics didn't like very much. It was, said one of the boys nastily, "knee-deep in whimsy-whamsy." A Hungarian newspaper, the Americai Magyar Nepsava, remarked of Two Bouquets that "also children can see it." That, no doubt, was the trouble and the run was not very long.

Marcy Wescott, however, received very nice notices. Marcy, in addition to being very beautiful, had a quality all too rare in musical comedy. She was indubitably a lady. Two Bouquets established her as a singer of talent who could also act a little. The following fall she had one of the leading parts in George Abbott's theft from Shakespeare, The Boys from Syracuse.

Marcy made a smashing hit in that. She had a number of catchy songs, including the famous Sing for Your Supper. When the show closed during the general collapse of Broadway at the opening of the World's Fair, Mr. Abbott promptly hired her to play the lead in Too Many Girls.

You Can't Love a Worm

Marcy is a friendly, forthright girl with a nice grin and a tendency to be too frank when interviewed. One of the things which troubles her mildly is the thought that a career and matrimony do not mix.

Some lady writer was cross-examining her on this topic one day and she was subsequently quoted as saying that "the only man I could afford to fall in love with would be one who would permit me to go on with my career.

"Now such a man would have to be a worm," she added, "and I couldn't fall in love with a worm, could I?"

The interview was published. That night Marcy had a fairly heavy date with a young man of whom she was quite fond. In the afternoon, her telephone rang.

"So I'm a worm, am I?" he hissed.

It is literally true that Marcy Wescott was without professional stage experience when Connelly and Blau hired her for Two Bouquets. And it might as well be disclosed right now that, as a singer, she was a child prodigy. Her first important public appearance, it seems, was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean on October 17, 1925. The S. S. Rochambeau was steaming toward New York and this was the night of that quasi-comic function, the ship's concert. Marjorie Wescott, five years old, was on the program and when the ship docked a few days later the press associations carried a ship news story that little Marjorie—her name was later contracted to Marcy—was "a second Galli-Curci."

Two years later, crossing on the Rochambeau a second time, she sang again and the elaborate predictions about her future were repeated.

The notices about their only child were read with gratification by Mr. and Mrs. S. Jay Wescott of Chicago. But they had no notion that Marjorie would sing professionally and even less that she would go on the stage. Behind her precocity was the fact that an aunt of Mrs. Wescott's, Mme. Hannah Butler, was a singing teacher. She had discovered, when the girl was about three, that Marjorie could reproduce a remarkable range of notes. So lessons began a year later.

The girl was excessively bright. She picked up French and German in short order. At seven or eight she was making frequent appearances at charity affairs in Chicago. Meanwhile the family went abroad frequently, principally due to the fact that Mr. Wescott is a civil engineer. The small girl studied with her great-aunt in Paris on these trips.

But as she grew older her life was that of the ordinary debutante. Her father urged her to do some kind of work. Business college, he suggested, would be an idea. Marcy had no taste for that. Although an excellent student, she did not want further academic training, either, so she gave her time to her voice. At this point—in the spring of 1938—a scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer heard her. He was impressed by her voice and her beauty. She was summoned to New York for a screen test and M-G-M was well enough pleased to take an option. But the inevitable delays followed. With her mother, Marcy hung around New York waiting for something to happen.

It was during this interval that Blau and Connelly were getting desperate over finding a girl for the part of Kate in Two Bouquets.

"I want somebody sweet, not a lug," was the way Mr. Blau put it.

After two weeks or so of this, somebody suggested that he telephone C. I. I. Altman of the M-G-M talent department. So Blau called him and described the girl he was looking for. Not a lug, he said.

Wants to Play Stage Roles

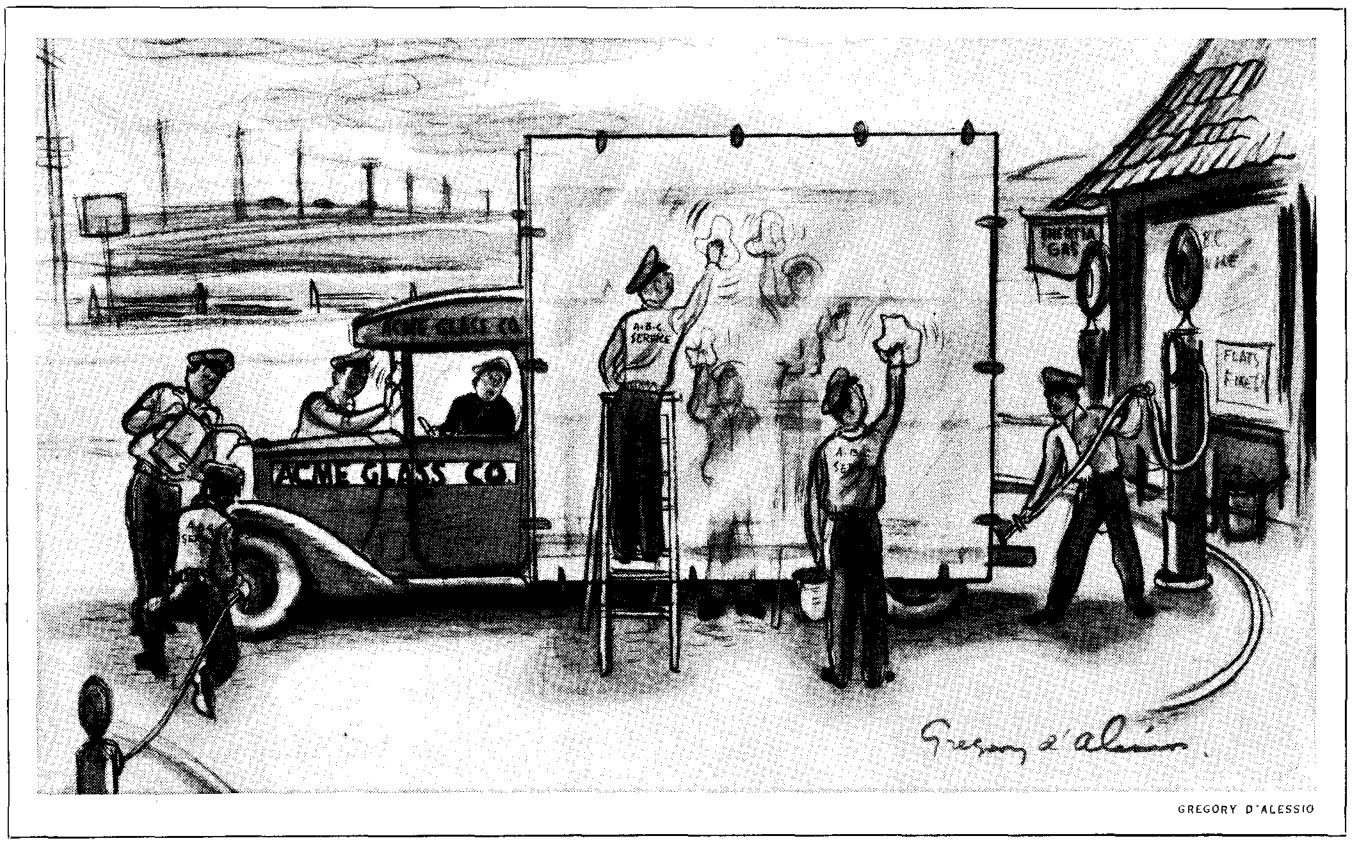
Then followed the session at the theater in which Mrs. Wescott, as well as her daughter, so enchanted Blau. Marcy, called upon to sing, showed not the slightest trace of nerves.

"I didn't believe any of it," was her subsequent explanation. "It all seemed a huge joke."

Blau told her that the part was hers—as long as Connelly approved. But could she act? Connelly gave her some lines to read and found that, although untrained, she was quick and intelligent.

The Wescott home is still in Chicago and Marcy, who hasn't changed very much, spends her summers there or on a farm in Michigan. Last summer she worked fairly hard with her singing. But lately she has become convinced that she wants to be an actress and play straight dramatic roles. First will come Hollywood, inevitably. Then she will return to New York, will study with some coach and get into a play if she can.

If Marcy Wescott were a man she would probably try to play Hamlet.



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There's a difference worth knowing

ALWAYS INSIST ON BACARDI—
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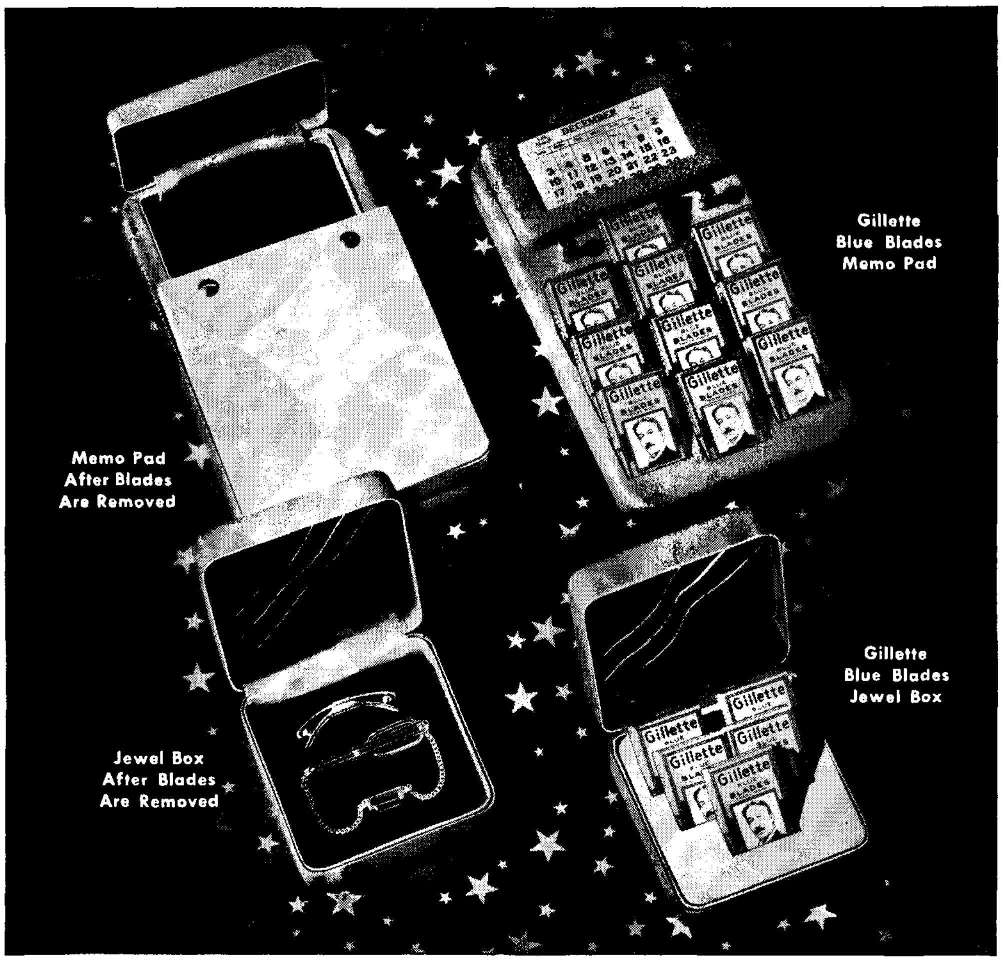
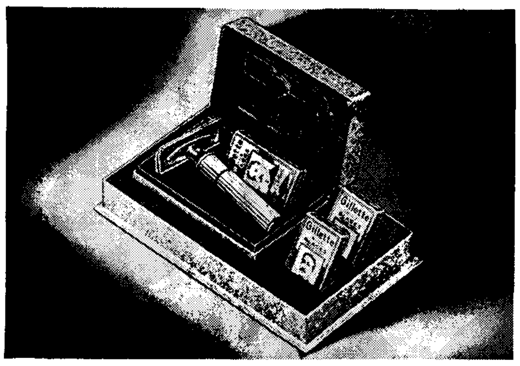

Gillette Blue Blades Memo Pad
Memo Pad After Blades Are Removed
Gillette Blue Blades Jewel Box
Jewel Box After Blades Are Removed

Let These Suggestions Guide The Children Too, In Their Christmas Buying For Dad Or Brother

SO YOU can't think of a single thing to give a man for Christmas! Well, don't wrack your brain another minute. Gillette offers seven sure ways to please any man . . . from Dad and Uncle Jim to the postman on your street. For here are gifts every man wants . . . and they're as personal or impersonal as "Merry Christmas" itself.

Prices start at only 98c, so these brilliantly styled gifts are within even a child's Christmas budget. The attractive and useful packages cost you nothing extra . . . you pay only the regular prices for the Gillette merchandise.

Pictured on this page are gift sets both with and without Gillette Razors. In making your selections, remember that every man enjoys owning an extra razor for home, office, traveling kit or locker room. Ask your dealer to show you all seven Gillette gift sets. He has them, or can get them for you quickly.

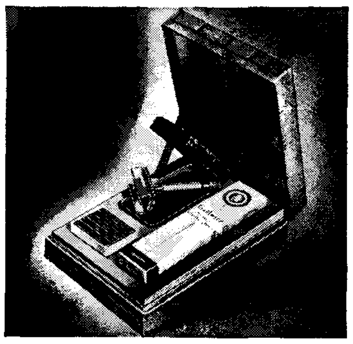


★ **GILLETTE MEMO PAD UNIT** containing 50 Gillette Blue Blades. Memo pad and calendar holder are of metal, covered with pigskin grained fabric. Perpetual calendar is adjustable to any year. Calendar top, when raised, reveals receptacle for stamps, clips, rubber bands, etc. Pad of memo paper included, $2.45.

★ **GILLETTE JEWEL BOX UNIT** containing 25 Gillette Blue Blades in attractive jewel box constructed of metal, covered with durable pigskin-grained fabric and lined with maroon velveteen. A novel and practical holiday item of year-round utility. The jewel box is free—you pay for the blades alone—$1.25.

★ **THE GILLETTE TECH.** Handsome, transparent casing contains 15 Gillette Blue Blades and nickel-plated Gillette Tech Razor. This razor has four big improvements. (1) Solid bar guard for comfort. (2) Non-skid tread to prevent nicks. (3) Rigid blade support—edges can't vibrate. (4) Non-clogging construction—cleans instantly. Only 98c.

★ **THE GILLETTE SENATOR.** Consisting of a nickel-plated one-piece razor and five Gillette Blue Blades. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blade. Fifteen additional Gillette Blue Blades included. Outstanding holiday value at only $1.39.



★ **THE GILLETTE SHERATON** includes one-piece, gold-plated Sheraton Razor and five Gillette Blue Blades all in a metal traveling case covered with leather-grained fabric. Also 25 additional Gillette Blue Blades and tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream, $2.48.

★ **THE GILLETTE ARISTOCRAT** set contains $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece, 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blue Blades. Also 20 additional Gillette Blue Blades in special container and a large tube Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream, $5.00.

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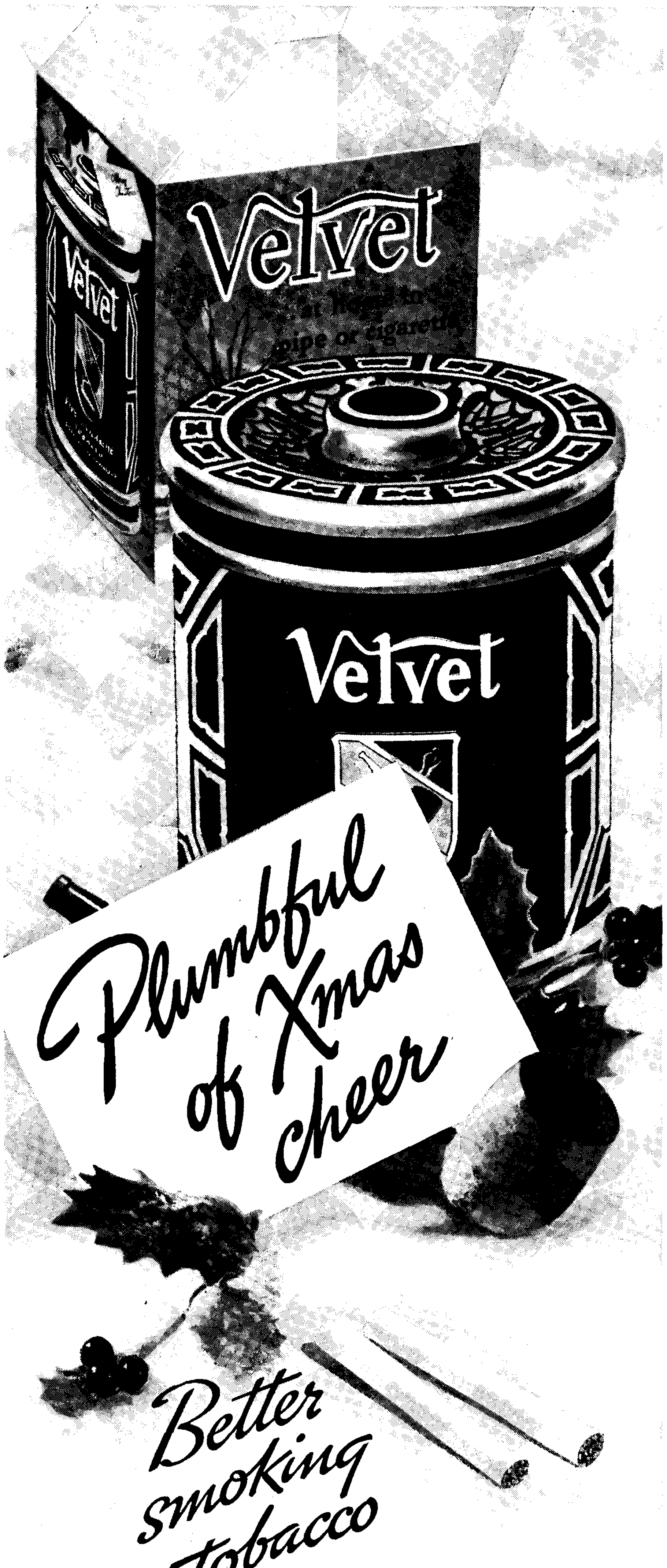

Velvet in the big
one pound tin . . . a happy
gift for any man

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Sad Cypress

Continued from page 20

and hesitated a minute by the doorway.

"You wanted to see me, Miss Elinor?" she said.

Elinor looked up. "Oh, yes, Mary. Come here and sit down, will you?"

Mary came and sat in the chair Elinor indicated.

Elinor held one hand shielding her face a little. Between the fingers she could watch the other girl's face.

She thought: "Is it possible to hate anyone so much, and not show it?"

Aloud she said, her voice cold and detached: "My aunt, if she had had time to make a will, would have wished, I know, to leave several legacies. Since she died without making a will, the responsibility of carrying out her wishes rests on me. She definitely wanted to make some provision for your future."

Mary said quietly: "That was very good of her."

Elinor said brusquely: "As soon as probate is granted I am arranging that two thousand pounds should be made over to you—that sum to be yours to do with absolutely as you please."

Mary's color rose. "Two thousand pounds? Oh, Miss Elinor, that *is* good of you! I don't know what to say."

Elinor said sharply: "It isn't particularly good of me, and please don't say anything."

Mary flushed. "You don't know what a difference it will make to me," she murmured.

Elinor said: "I'm glad."

She hesitated. She looked away from Mary to the other side of the room. She said with a slight effort: "I wonder—have you any plans?"

Mary said quickly: "Oh, yes. I shall train for something. Massage, perhaps. That's what Nurse Hopkins advises."

Elinor said: "That sounds like a very good idea. I will try to arrange with Mr. Seddon that some money shall be advanced to you as soon as possible—at once, if that is feasible."

"You're very *very* good, Miss Elinor," said Mary gratefully.

Elinor said curtly: "It was Aunt Laura's wish." She hesitated, then said, "Well, that's all, I think."

This time, the definite dismissal in the words pierced Mary's sensitive skin. She got up, said quietly, "Thank you very much, Miss Elinor," and left the room.

Elinor sat quite still, staring ahead of her. Her face was quite impassive. There was no clue in it as to what was going on in her mind. But she sat there, motionless, for a long time. . . .

ELINOR went at last in search of Roddy. She found him in the morning room. He was standing staring out of the window. He turned sharply as Elinor came in.

She said: "I've got through it all! Five hundred for Mrs. Bishop—she's been here such years. A hundred for the cook and fifty each for Milly and Olive. Five pounds each to the others. Twenty-five for Stephens, the head gardener—and there's old Gerrard, of course, at the lodge. I haven't done anything about him yet. It's awkward; he'll have to be pensioned off, I suppose."

She paused and then went on rather hurriedly:

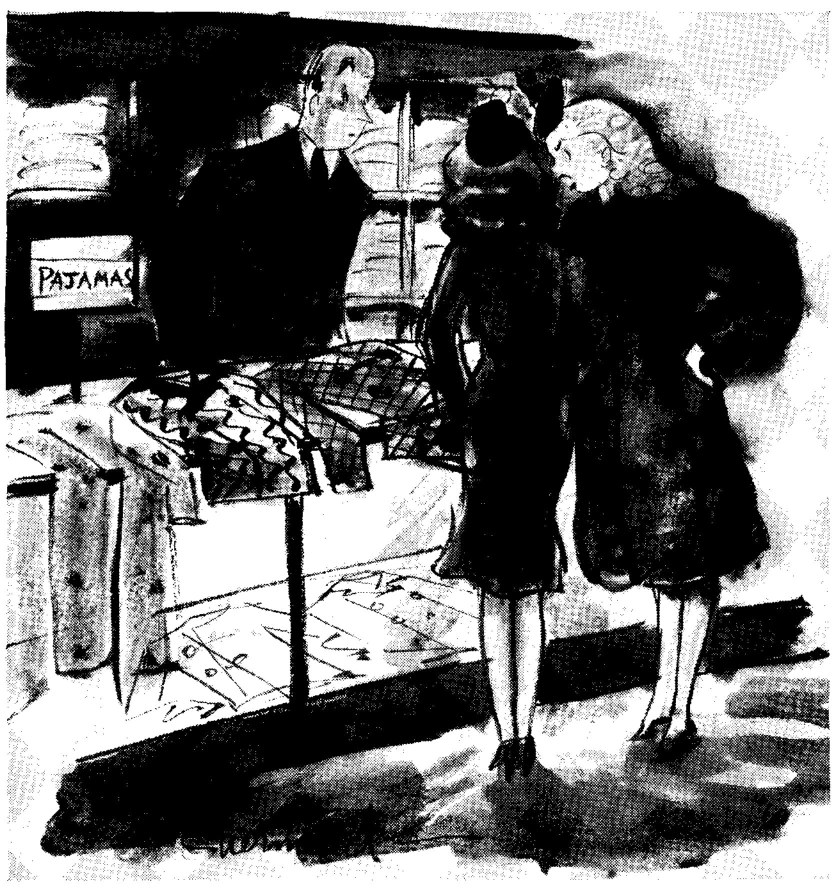
"I'm settling two thousand on Mary Gerrard. Do you think that's what Aunt Laura would have wished? It seemed to me about the right sum."

Roddy said without looking at her: "Yes—exactly right—you've always had excellent judgment, Elinor."

He turned to look out of the window again.

Elinor held her breath for a minute, then she began to speak with nervous haste, the words tumbling out incoherently: "There's something more—I want to—it's only right—I mean, *you've* got to have your proper share, Roddy."

As he wheeled around, anger on his



"What's a 'birthday suit'? I understand he sleeps in one"

BARBARA SHERMUND

face, she hurried on: "No, *listen,* Roddy. This is just bare justice! The money that was your uncle's—that he left to his wife—naturally he always assumed it would come to you—Aunt Laura meant it to, too. I know she did from lots of things she said. If *I* have *her* money, *you* should have the amount that was *his*—it's only right."

Roderick's long, sensitive face had gone dead-white.

He said: "Elinor, do you want to make me feel an utter cad? Do you think for one moment I could—could take this money from you?"

"I'm not *giving* it to you. It's just—fair."

Roddy cried out: "I don't want your money!"

"It isn't mine!"

"It's yours by law—and you're not going to do the Lady Bountiful to me!"

Elinor cried out: "Roddy!"

He had turned away again and was playing with the blind tassel of the window.

THERE was a silence. Elinor drew herself up; she flung back her head. Her voice when she spoke was suddenly compelling.

She said: "Roddy, I want you to listen to me carefully!"

He turned to her, slightly surprised. "Of course, Elinor."

"I want you, if you will, to follow my advice."

"And what is your advice?"

Elinor said calmly: "You are not particularly tied—you can always get a holiday, can't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then do—just that. Go abroad somewhere for—say, three months. Go by yourself. Make new friends and see new places. Let's speak quite frankly. At this moment you think you're in love with Mary Gerrard. Perhaps you are. But it isn't a moment for approaching her—you know that only too well. Our engagement is definitely broken off. Go abroad then, as a free man, and at the end of the three months, as a free man, make up your mind. You'll know then whether you—really love Mary or whether it was only a temporary infatuation. And if you are quite sure you *do* love her, well, then come back and go to her and tell her so and that you're quite sure about it, and perhaps then she'll listen."

Roddy came to her. He caught her hand in his. "Elinor, you're wonderful! So clearheaded! So marvelously impersonal! There's no trace of pettiness or meanness about you. I admire you more than I can ever say. I'll do exactly what you suggest. Go away, cut free from everything—and find out whether I've got the genuine disease or if I've just been making the most ghastly fool of myself. Oh, Elinor, my dear, you don't know how truly fond I am of you. I do realize you were always a thousand times too good for me. Bless you, dear, for all your goodness."

Quickly, impulsively, he kissed her cheek and went out of the room.

It was as well, perhaps, that he did not look back and see her face.

IT WAS a couple of days later that Mary acquainted Nurse Hopkins with her improved prospects.

That practical woman was warmly congratulatory. "That's a great piece of luck for you, Mary," she said. "The old lady may have meant well by you but unless a thing's down in black and white, intentions don't go for much! You might easily have got nothing at all."

"Miss Elinor said that the night Mrs. Welman died she told her to do something for me."

Nurse Hopkins snorted. "Maybe she did. But there's many would have forgotten conveniently afterward. Relations are like that. I've seen a few things, *I* can tell you! People dying and saying they know they can leave it to their dear son or daughter to carry out their wishes. Nine times out of ten, dear son and dear daughter find some very good reason to do nothing of the kind."

Mary said, with a slight frown creasing her forehead: "Nurse, what do you think I ought to do about Father? He thinks I ought to give some of this money to him."

"Don't you do anything of the kind," said Nurse Hopkins wrathfully. "Mrs. Welman never meant that money for him. It's my opinion he'd have lost his job years ago if it hadn't been for you. A lazier man never stepped!"

Mary said: "It seems funny, when she'd all that money, that she never made a will to say how it was to go."

Nurse Hopkins shook her head. "People are like that. You'd be surprised. Always putting it off."

Mary said: "It seems downright silly to me."

Nurse Hopkins said with a faint twinkle: "Made a will yourself, Mary?"

Mary stared at her. "Oh, no."

"And yet you're over twenty-one."

"But I—I haven't got anything to leave—but then I suppose I have now."

Nurse Hopkins said: "Of course you have. And a nice tidy little sum, too."

Mary said: "Oh, well, there's no hurry. . . ."

"There you go," said Nurse Hopkins dryly. "Just like everyone else. Because you're a healthy young girl isn't a reason why you shouldn't be smashed up in a bus, or run over in the street any minute."

Mary laughed. She said: "I don't even know how to make a will."

"Easy enough. You can get a form at the post office. Let's get one right away."

IN Nurse Hopkins' cottage, the form was spread out and the important matter discussed. Nurse Hopkins was enjoying herself thoroughly. A will, as she said, was next best to a death in her opinion.

Mary said: "Who'd get the money if I didn't make a will?"

Nurse Hopkins said rather doubtfully, "Your father, I suppose."

Mary said sharply: "He shan't have it. I'd rather leave it to my aunt in New Zealand."

Nurse Hopkins said cheerfully: "It wouldn't be much use leaving it to your father anyway—*he's* not long for this world, I should say."

Mary had heard Nurse Hopkins make this kind of pronouncement too often to be impressed by it.

"I can't remember my aunt's address. We've not heard from her for years."

"I don't suppose that matters," said Nurse Hopkins. "You know her Christian name?"

"Mary. Mary Riley."

"That's all right. Put down you leave everything to Mary Riley, sister of the late Eliza Gerrard of Hunterbury, Maidensford."

Mary bent over the form, writing. As she came to the end, she shivered suddenly. A shadow had come between her and the sun. She looked up to see Elinor Carlisle standing outside the window looking in.

Elinor said: "What are you doing so busily?"

Nurse Hopkins said with a laugh: "She's making her will."

"Making her will?" Suddenly Elinor laughed—a strange laugh—almost hysterical.

She said: "So you're making your will, Mary—*that's funny. That's very funny. . . .*"

Still laughing, she turned away and walked rapidly along the street.

Nurse Hopkins stared. "Did you ever! What's come to her?"

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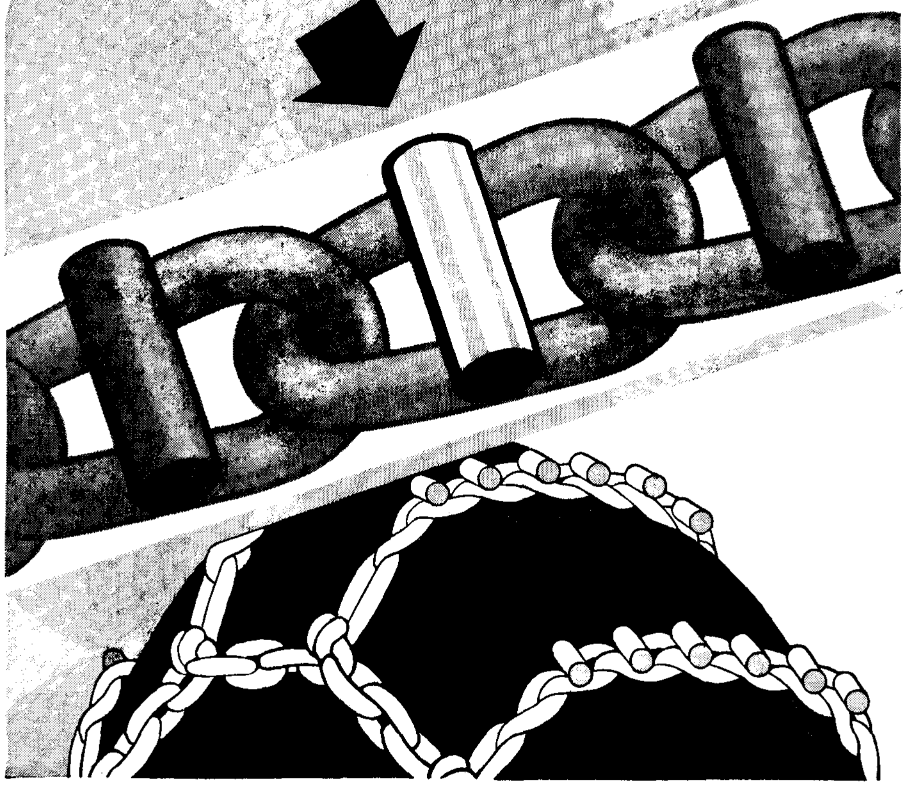
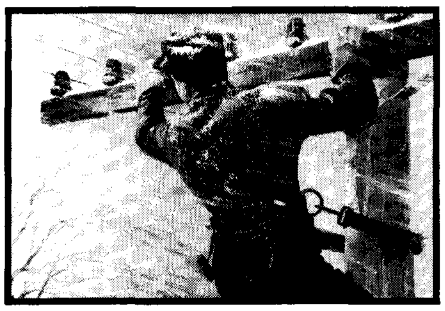


Chills signal danger!



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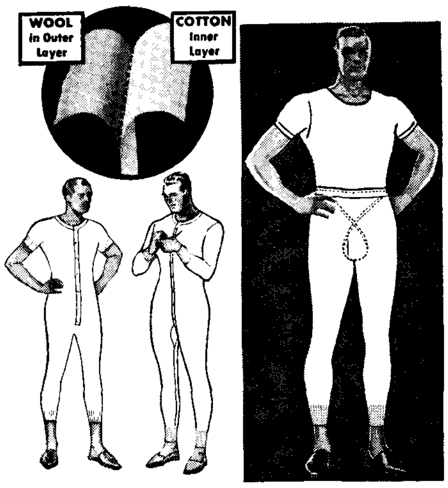

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Elinor had not taken more than half a dozen steps—she was still laughing—when a hand fell on her arm from behind. She stopped abruptly and turned.

Dr. Lord looked straight at her, his brow creased into a frown. He said peremptorily: "What were you laughing at?"

Elinor said: "Really—I don't know."

Peter Lord said: "That's rather a silly answer!"

Elinor flushed. She said: "I think I must be nervous—or something. I looked in at the district nurse's cottage and—and Mary Gerrard was writing out her will—it made me laugh—I don't know why!"

Lord said abruptly: *"Don't you?"*

Elinor said: "It was silly of me—I tell you—I'm nervous."

Peter Lord said: "I'll write you out a tonic."

Elinor said incisively: "How useful!"

He grinned disarmingly. "Quite useless, I agree. But it's the only thing one can do when people won't tell one what is the matter with them!"

Elinor said: "There's nothing the matter with me."

Peter Lord said calmly: "There's quite a lot the matter with you."

Elinor said: "I've had a certain amount of nervous strain, I suppose. . . ."

He said: "I expect you've had quite a lot. But that's not what I'm talking about." He paused. "Are you—are you staying down here much longer?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

"You won't—live down here?"

Elinor shook her head. "No—never. I think—I think—I shall sell the place if I can get a good offer."

Dr. Lord said rather flatly: "I see. . . ."

Elinor said: "I must be getting home now."

She held out her hand firmly. Peter Lord took it. He held it. He said very earnestly: "Miss Carlisle, will you please tell me what was in your mind when you laughed just now?"

She wrenched her hand away quickly and asked: "What should there be in my mind?"

Peter Lord said: "That's what I'd like to know."

His face was grave and a little unhappy.

Elinor said impatiently: "It just struck me as funny, that was all!"

"That Mary Gerrard was making a will? Why? Making a will is a perfectly sensible procedure. Saves a lot of trouble. Sometimes, of course, it *makes* trouble!"

Elinor said impatiently: "Of course—everyone should make a will. I didn't mean that."

Dr. Lord said: "Mrs. Welman ought to have made a will."

Elinor said with feeling: "Yes, indeed."

The color rose in her face.

Dr. Lord said unexpectedly: "What about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you said just now everyone should make a will! Have *you?*"

Elinor stared at him for a minute, then she laughed. "How extraordinary!" she said. "No, I haven't. I hadn't thought of it! I'm just like Aunt Laura. Do you know, Dr. Lord, I shall go home and write to Mr. Seddon about it at once."

Peter Lord said: "Very sensible."

In the library Elinor had just finished a letter.

Dear Mr. Seddon,

Will you draft a will for me to sign? Quite a simple one. I want to leave everything to Roderick Welman absolutely.

Yours sincerely,
Elinor Carlisle.

She glanced at the clock. The post would be going in a few minutes.

She opened the drawer of the desk, then remembered she had used the last stamp that morning.

There were some in her bedroom, though, she was almost sure.

She went upstairs. When she reentered the library with the stamp in her hand, Roddy was standing by the window.

He said: "So we leave here tomorrow. Good old Hunterbury. We've had some good times here."

Elinor said: "Do you mind its being sold?"

"Oh! no, no! I quite see it's the best thing to be done."

There was a silence. Elinor picked up her letter, glanced through it to see if it was all right. Then she sealed and stamped it.

LETTER from Nurse O'Brien to Nurse Hopkins, July 14th:

Laborough Court

Dear Hopkins:

Have been meaning to write to you for some days now. This is a lovely house and the pictures, I believe, quite famous. But I can't say it's as comfortable as Hunterbury was if you know what I mean. Being in the dead country it's difficult to get maids and the girls they have got are a raw lot and some of them not too obliging and though I'm sure I'm never one to give trouble meals sent up on a tray should at least be hot, and no facilities for boiling a kettle, and the tea *not* always made with boiling water! Still all that's neither here nor there. The patient's a nice quiet gentleman—double pneumonia but the crisis is past and doctor says going on well.

What I've got to tell you that will really interest you is the very queerest coincidence you ever knew. In the drawing room, on the grand piano, there's a photograph in a big silver frame and would you believe it, it's the same photograph that I told you about—the one signed *Lewis* that old Mrs. Welman asked for. Well, of course, I *was* intrigued—and who wouldn't be? And I asked the butler who it was, which he answered at once saying it was Lady Rattery's brother—Sir Lewis Rycroft. He lived, it seems, not far from here and he was killed in the War. Very sad, wasn't it?

I asked casual-like was he married, and the butler said yes, but that Lady Rycroft went into a lunatic asylum, poor thing, soon after the marriage. She was still alive, he said. Now, isn't that interesting? And we were quite wrong, you see, in all our ideas. They must have been very fond of each other, he and Mrs. W., and unable to marry because of the wife being in an asylum. Just like the pictures, isn't it? And her remembering all those years and looking at his photograph just before she died. He was killed in 1917 the butler said. Quite a romance, that's what *I* feel.

Have you seen that new picture with Myrna Loy? I saw it was coming to Maidensford this week. No cinema anywhere near here! Oh! it's awful to be buried in the country. No wonder they can't get decent maids!

Well, goodby for the present, dear, write and tell me *all* the news.

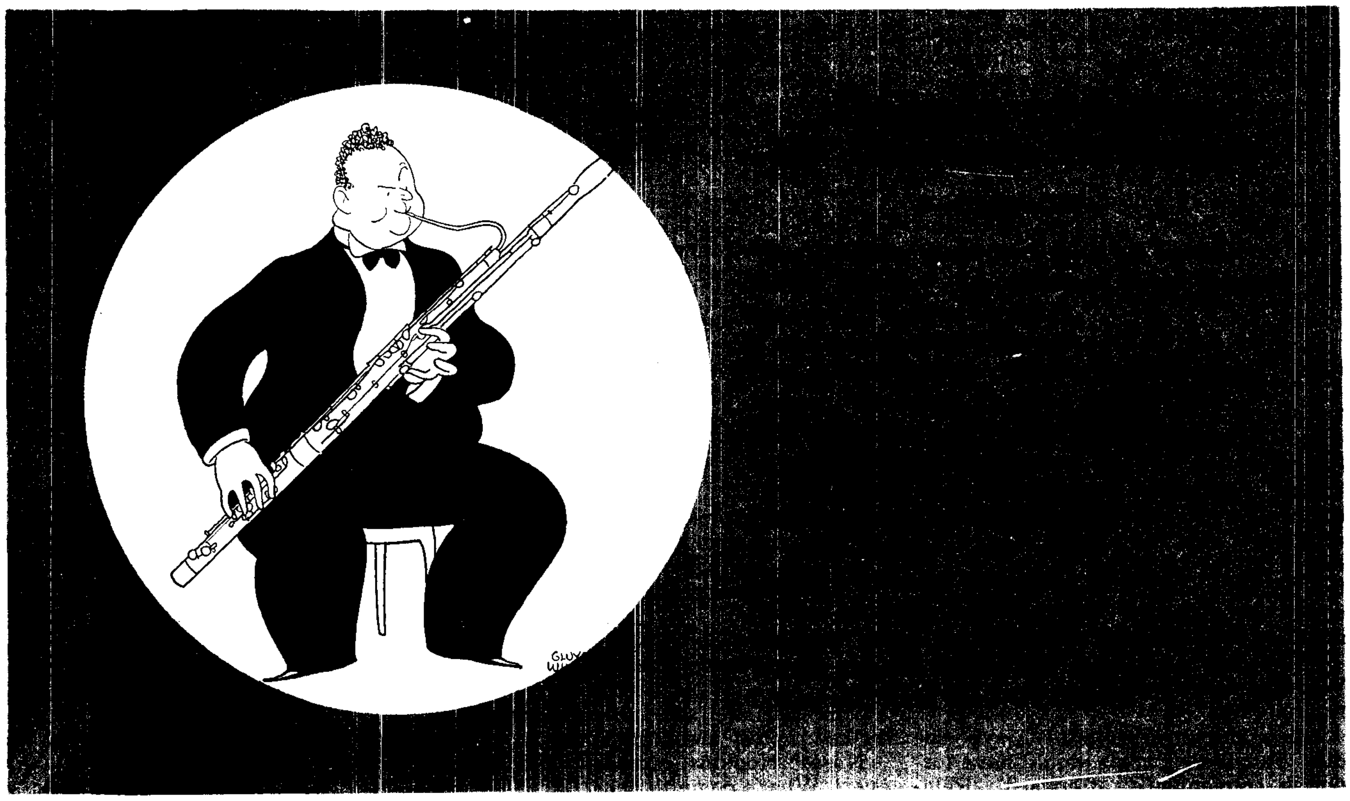
Yours sincerely,
Eileen O'Brien.

Letter from Nurse Hopkins to Nurse O'Brien, July 14th:

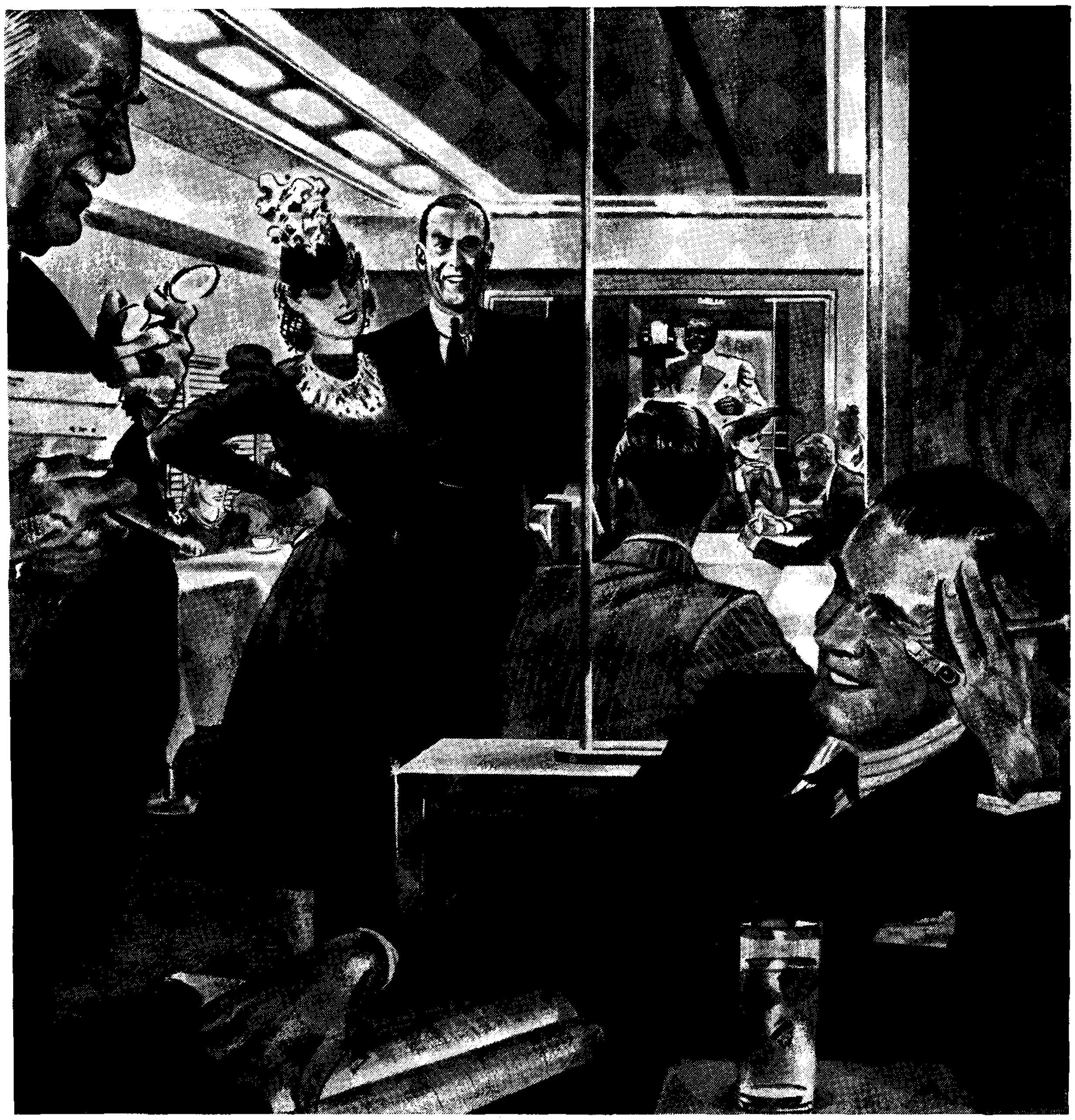
Rose Cottage

Dear Miss O'Brien:

Everything goes on here much as usual. Hunterbury is deserted—all the servants gone and a sign up For Sale. I saw Mrs. Bishop the other day, she is staying with her sister who lives about



How busy people enjoy a *"Night Off"* on the Century!



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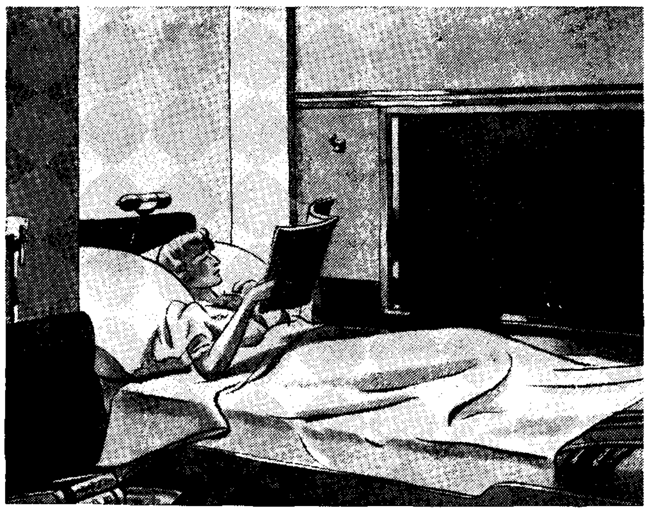

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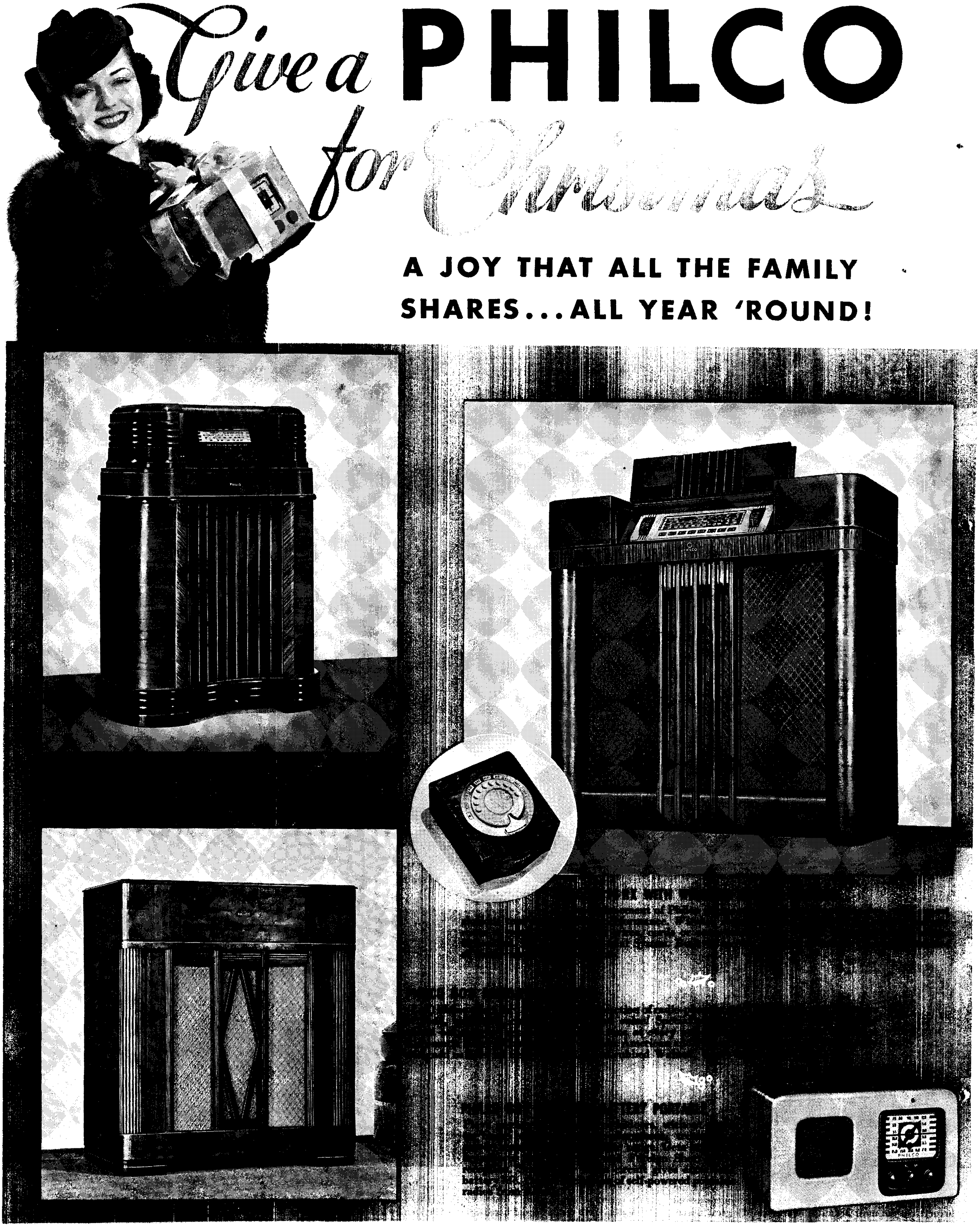
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PT-[illegible] [illegible] The "Jewel Case"—exquisite cabinet [illegible] wood and figured [illegible] Aerial.

PT-[illegible] [illegible] Combination radio with [illegible] Electric Clock. Built-in Loop Aerial. [illegible] Walnut cabinet.

PT-42 (above) [illegible]

Many other [illegible] Transitones [illegible]

"You'd be a Riot on the Radio!"

1 What a laugh riot! Mac, my wooden-face pal, was the hit of the evening at our annual lodge show. And why not? I'd been practicing ventriloquism for six months!

2 "More! More!" yelled the audience, when Mac sang "How Dry I Am." And then came the pay-off! "Don't be so tight," says Mac. "Let's Double the Enjoyment of the boys with some of that swell TEN HIGH straight whiskey. After all, it only sets you back about a buck a pint!"

3 "You've a heart of oak, Mac! But tell me, how do you know so much about liquor?" I ask him. "Why," he says, "my grandpa is a whiskey barrel back in the distillery where they make TEN HIGH! That's how I know it has No Rough Edges!"

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a mile away. She was very upset, as you can imagine, at the place being sold. It seems she made sure Miss Carlisle would marry Mr. Welman and live there. Mrs. B. says that engagement is off! Miss Carlisle went away to London soon after you left. She was *very* peculiar in her manner once or twice.

I really didn't know what to make of her! Mary Gerrard has gone to London and is starting to train for a masseuse. Very sensible of her, I think. Miss Carlisle's going to settle two thousand pounds on her which I call very *handsome* and more than what many would do.

By the way, it's funny how things come about. Do you remember telling me something about a photograph signed *Lewis* that Mrs. Welman showed you? I was having a chat the other day with Mrs. Slattery (she was housekeeper to old Dr. Ransome who had the practice before Dr. Lord) and of course she's lived here all her life and knows a lot about the gentry round about. I just brought the subject up in a casual manner speaking of Christian names and saying that the name of Lewis was uncommon and amongst others she mentioned Sir Lewis Rycroft over at Forbes Park.

He served in the War in the 17th Lancers and was killed toward the end of the War. So I said *he was a great friend of Mrs. Welman's at Hunterbury, wasn't he?* And at once she gave me a *look* and she said, *Yes, very* close friends they'd been, and *some said more than friends* but that she herself wasn't one to *talk*—and why shouldn't they be friends? So I said but surely Mrs. Welman was a widow at the time and she said, oh, yes, she was a widow.

So, dear, I saw *at once* she meant something by *that,* so I said it was odd then that they'd never married, and she said at once, 'They couldn't marry. He'd got a *wife* in a *lunatic asylum!'*

So now, you see, we know *all* about it! Curious the way things come about, isn't it? Considering the easy way you get divorces nowadays it does seem *a shame that insanity shouldn't be a* ground for it.

Do you remember a good-looking young chap, Ted Bigland, who used to hang around after Mary Gerrard a lot? He's been at me for her address in London but I haven't given it to him. In my opinion Mary's cut above Ted Bigland. I don't know if you realized it, dear, but Mr. R— W— was very taken with her. A pity because it's made trouble. Mark my words, that's the reason for the engagement between him and Miss Carlisle being off. And if you ask me, it's hit her badly. I don't know what she saw in *him,* I'm sure—he wouldn't have been my cup of tea, but I hear from a reliable source that she's always been madly in love with him. It does seem a mix-up, doesn't it? And she's got all the money, too. I believe he was always led to expect his aunt would leave him something substantial.

Old Gerrard at the lodge is failing rapidly—has had several nasty dizzy spells. He's just as rude and cross-grained as ever. He actually said the other day that Mary wasn't his daughter. 'Well,' I said, 'I'd be *ashamed* to say a thing like that about your wife if I were you.' He just looked at me and said: 'You're nothing but a fool. You don't understand.' Polite, wasn't it? I took him up pretty sharply, I can tell you. His wife was lady's maid to Mrs. Welman before her marriage, I believe.

Yours ever,
Jessica Hopkins.

Postcard from Nurse Hopkins to Nurse O'Brien:

"Fancy our letters just crossing! Isn't this weather awful?"

Postcard from Nurse O'Brien to Nurse Hopkins:

"Got your letter this morning. What a *coincidence!"*

Letter from Roderick Welman to Elinor Carlisle, July 15th:

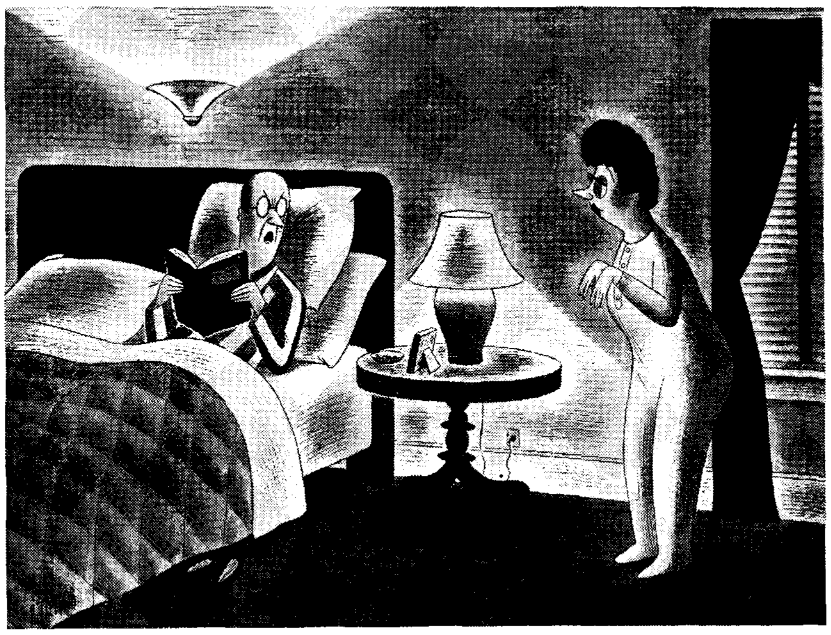
Venice

Dear Elinor:

Just got your letter. No, really, I have *no* feelings about Hunterbury being sold. Nice of you to consult me. I think you're doing the wisest thing if you don't fancy living there, which you obviously don't. You may have some difficulty in getting rid of it, though. It's a biggish place for present-day needs, though, of course, it's been modernized and is up to date with good servants' quarters and all that. Anyway, I hope you'll have luck!

The heat here is glorious. I spend hours in the sea. Rather a funny crowd of people but I don't mix much. You told me once that I wasn't a good mixer. I'm afraid it's true. I find most of the human race extraordinarily repulsive. They probably reciprocate this feeling.

I have long felt that you are one of the only really satisfactory representatives of humanity. Am thinking of wandering on to the Dalmatian coast in a week or two. Address % Thomas Cook, Du-



"Okay, you look like a little bunny-wunny! Now stop bothering me!"

RICHARD TAYLOR

brovnik, from the 22d onward. If there's anything I can do, let me know.

Yours with admiration and gratitude,
Roddy.

Letter from Mr. Seddon of Messrs. Seddon, Blatherwick & Seddon to Miss Elinor Carlisle, July 20th:

104 Bloomsbury Square

Dear Miss Carlisle:

I certainly think you should accept Major Somervell's offer of twelve thousand five hundred (£12,500) for Hunterbury. Large properties are extremely difficult to sell at the moment and the price offered seems to be most advantageous. The offer depends, however, on immediate possession and I know Major Somervell has been seeing other properties in the neighborhood so I would advise immediate acceptance.

Major Somervell is willing, I understand, to take the place furnished for three months by which time the legal formalities should be accomplished and the sale can go through.

As regards the lodgekeeper, Gerrard, and the question of pensioning him off, I hear from Dr. Lord that the old man is seriously ill and not expected to live.

Your aunt's estate is not yet admitted to probate but I have advanced one hundred pounds to Miss Mary Gerrard pending the settlement.

Yours sincerely,
Edmund Seddon.

Letter from Dr. Lord to Miss Elinor Carlisle, July 24th:

Dear Miss Carlisle:

Old Gerrard passed away today. Is there anything I can do for you in any way? I hear you have sold the house to our new M. P., Major Somervell.

Yours sincerely,
Peter Lord.

Letter from Elinor Carlisle to Mary Gerrard, July 25th:

Dear Mary:

I am so sorry to hear of your father's death.

I have had an offer for Hunterbury—from a Major Somervell. He is anxious to get in as soon as possible. I am going down there to go through my aunt's papers and clear up generally. Would it be possible for you to get your father's things moved out of the lodge as quickly as possible? I hope you are doing well and not finding your massage training too strenuous.

Yours very sincerely,
Elinor Carlisle.

Letter from Mary Gerrard to Nurse Hopkins, July 25th:

Dear Nurse Hopkins:

Thank you so much for writing me about Father. I'm glad he didn't suffer. Miss Elinor writes me that the house is sold and that she would like the lodge cleared out as soon as possible. Could you put me up if I came down tomorrow for the funeral?

Yours affectionately,
Mary Gerrard.

(To be continued next week)

Listen, Mrs. Legree

Continued from page 27

in doubt as to the fair wage for your particular job, consult your local council of household employment, or a reliable agency.

Living conditions. Of course, you aren't the kind of employer who gives her maid a cot in the living room so she can't go to bed until the last guest leaves, though, believe it or not, there are plenty in the city who do. And plenty in the country who put her over the garage and then turn back the thermostat. Anyone you expect to become an important addition to your household deserves a good bed, warm bedding, proper light and an easy chair. With access to a bath, of course. As a matter of fact, since you're in competition with store and factory employers, the best way to beat them at their own game is to emphasize privacy and comfortable quarters.

Notice. It's wise to start any engagement with a trial period of two weeks. The prospect of a fair trial and friendly parting, if things don't work out well, starts you off on the right foot. After that, you should give one week's notice or one week's wages if you dismiss an employee. She, in turn, owes you one week's notice if she leaves.

These are the rudiments of domestic fair play. But that isn't all. In addition to being a business pact, this is a ticklish relationship and it calls for expert knowledge and handling. In fact, those hated investigators say housekeepers need more training than houseworkers.

Dorcas Boardman, the Emily Post of the domestic-service problem, who has studied all angles of the business, maintains that if every employer had a thorough understanding of her job the problem would be solved.

First, of course, you should have a practical knowledge of the work itself in order to know what to expect of an average maid. Next, tackle the minor complications in the same open manner. Whether, for instance, the lady of the house honestly sticks to her part of the bargain and makes the beds—or skips off at nine more mornings than not, tossing a few extra orders over her shoulder. Whether her husband barges into the kitchen for ice cubes and soda at the crucial point of the chocolate soufflé. Whether the maid's meals are persistently interrupted by calls to the front of the house or by children trooping through the back. It's these minor annoyances, as often as the bigger matters of wages, hours and hard work, that break up our happy homes.

The other part of domestic technique is plain common sense and applied psychology. For instance, remember a good start means a lot to a new employee in any line of work, so begin—no matter how you've been disillusioned—with patience and good will. Take time before you decide she won't do. She may have worked in a lot of households and they differ more than you could guess. It may not be natural cussedness that makes her look like that when you ask her at 6:45 to put on another plate for dinner. It may be plain stage fright because she hasn't prepared enough.

After the ice is broken and even before you're old shipmates together, you'll be wise to keep the habit of discussing methods and schedule with her. Ask her honestly if she can work in the curtains this week—don't chuck them at her because her beau stayed so late last night. No worker respects an employer who's an easy mark, but she doesn't want to be one either.

No, the job of employer isn't easy. Anywhere. But if you're skillful, patient and above all fair—as an industrial employer means the word—you won't have to worry when the pickets start after the kitchen doors.

DAMON RUNYON

famous author writes facts (and fiction) in Schenley Exam!

SCHENLEY'S
"*LIGHT* IS *RIGHT*" EXAM

1. How are Schenley's light whiskies different from other whiskies?

They're "easier-going" — pass the throat without turning in an alarm. *Right!*

2. Does "light" mean short on flavor?

No. Has a light biscuit less flavor than a heavy one? *No—er—we mean Right! (Who's asking these questions!)*

3. Is a "light" whiskey light in strength? I guess so. *Wrong! Schenley's are full strength, 90 proof*

4. Is a "light" whiskey cheaper to make? Judging by Schenley's prices, maybe yes. *Wrong! It costs more to make a whiskey light — but huge demand permits those prices.*

ONE MORE: Do you think "light is right" in whiskey?

Sure — Old Man Experience taught me that long ago!

Damon Runyon
Signature

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Ask for Schenley's Red Label or Schenley's Black Label

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Mark the Merit in Schenley's premium tasting whiskey
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SCHENLEY'S
Light Whiskies

Schenley's Black Label 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley's Red Label 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both blended whiskey. Copr. 1939, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

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THE style leadership of General Motors designers was never more plainly demonstrated than in the handsome new General Motors cars for 1940 now brightening our streets with their beauty.

Lines are sleek, bonnets are graceful, colors are in the gayest and smartest shades. Interiors are rich with fine fabrics and finish—each detail of appointment and decoration is executed with sure, deft taste.

But even more satisfying than the knowledge that you make a fine appearance in these cars is the knowing that you have made a fine buy in any one of them.

Larger, abler, more restfully comfortable, they sparkle with improvements devised by one of the leading technical groups of the whole world—the richly experienced group of General Motors engineers.

Thus you will find bigger, roomier, stronger bodies, improved Knee-Action, Safety *Plate* Glass in all window openings, easier handling controls.

In several of the GM lines you will find an entirely different, ultra-smart, ultra-equipped new model that clearly reveals General Motors authority and leadership in design.

Go see the new General Motors cars for 1940—and look also at their prices, which are plainly shown on a "plainview" price tag on the steering wheel. For *price is necessarily a component of value, in everything you buy*—and you will find that your GM dealer's method of pricing makes clearer than ever before the greater *value* in these automobiles.

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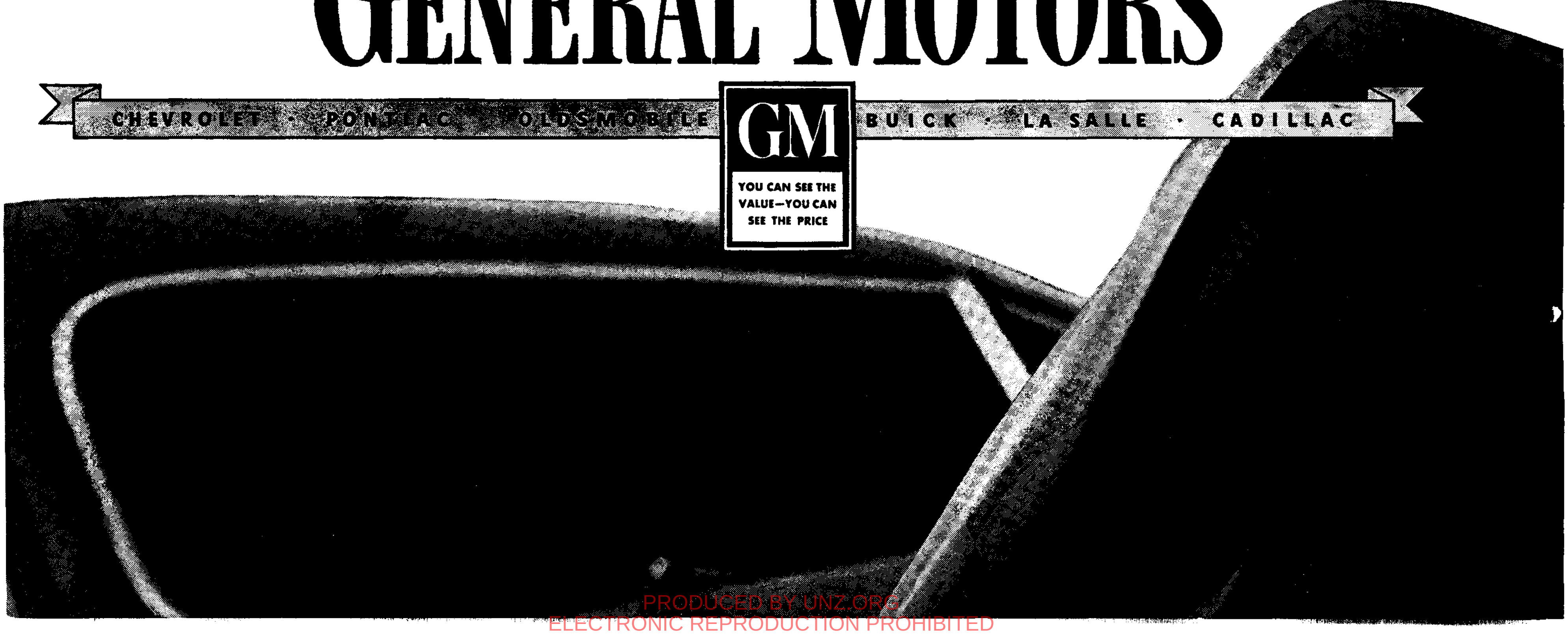
YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE—YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE



YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE..AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value.*

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge —"TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates—"OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

Muscle Man

Continued from page 15

Her eyes clouded briefly. "I'm afraid I'll be leaving then. We have to go to San Francisco."

"We?"

"Oh, yes," she said hurriedly. "My—my aunt and I."

"Oh," he said, wondering why he should resent a spinster he had never met.

It was suddenly midnight and Peggy was saying she would have to leave. She had promised to be in early. They went out to the car and found themselves alone in the deserted parking space.

Even through his glasses she could see the mild eyes were troubled. "I wish you would let me take you home, Peggy. I—I don't like your driving up the river road alone."

He looked so worried and concerned, so sort of big and helpless, that she almost forgot herself. "I'll be all right, David," she said softly.

He nodded awkwardly, looking down on that pert nose and the cute hair-do. Then, neither able to understand nor analyze the sudden tumult that took place within him, he kissed her. One small arm crept around his neck, brought his face even closer to hers. He had never believed that anything could be like that. Obviously shaken, they finally drew apart.

"Oh, Dave," she whispered, "I knew it would be like that."

He hadn't but that didn't matter now. He kissed her again. There was one lovely, receptive moment and then she was suddenly pulling away from him, twisting out of his arms.

"It's no use!" she said brokenly. "We just can't, Dave!"

Then Peggy was in the big car and roaring out of the camp as he stood there, staring stupidly after her.

HIS doctor's thesis was not merely ignored but completely forgotten in the three horrible days that ensued. Not once did Peggy return to their island. When he didn't see her and didn't see her and his upset state became more acute with each passing hour, he made one final, irrevocable discovery. He was in love. But Peggy?

Finally he could stand it no longer. He set out up the river, determined to find Miss Bigelow even if he had to explore every shack and cabin on the river sides.

It was well after three o'clock when he finally reached the bend. Peggy had said she lived around there. His search commenced in earnest.

It was brought to an abrupt halt when he ventured up a private road leading to a secluded cabin on a knoll. He was cautiously reconnoitering the grounds when a small, portly party wearing a derby suddenly appeared.

"It's about time!" he said bitterly. "The sports writers been waitin' an hour. Come on, lug!"

"Lug?" David said frostily. "Lug? Whom do you think you are addressing?"

"It don't matter," said the small party. "Any guy Louie sends is okay. Now will you get undressed, chum? And make it snappy!"

Utterly bereft of speech, Mr. Merrick found himself being herded up the road and into a small cabin. Several men, all smoking cigars, were loitering about a ring with a canvas floor that had been erected in the clearing. There was a larger cabin with a long porch beyond the ring.

"Just make it look good," said the small man, tossing David a pair of trunks. "The promoter sent these free-meal guys up here so they'd steam up the gate."

"If you will just listen a moment," David said firmly, having finally regained his voice. "I wish to make it clear—"

His voice faded suddenly as he beheld a panorama that was taking place through the cabin window. Mr. Samson Smith, the bearded wrestler, had appeared on the porch of the other cabin. Attired only in tights, he had his arm around a small young lady with a pert nose and her hair in a familiar up-do. David needed only one sick look at Peggy's face to realize dully that there was something between them. *This*, then, was why she had said it could never be! She lifted her face for a quick, bushy kiss and went back into the house.

Stricken by a numbness that was little short of paralysis, David vaguely knew that he was being divested of his clothing, shoved into shorts and then, propelled by the man in the derby, was entering the ring. Samson Smith was leaning over the ropes, talking to the sports writers.

"Here he is!" cried Mr. Smith's manager. "The Kokomo Kid!"

They all looked up and Samson came a step closer, peering at the huge, bespectacled young man.

"Why the glasses?" inquired one interested bystander. "Is this going to be a comedy act?"

The manager muttered some highly profane remark at his own forgetfulness and removed Mr. Merrick's glasses. The ring immediately became a blur and then David was aware that somewhere a bell rang and he was suddenly struck amidships and was on the canvas floor, practically suffocated by Samson's foliage. Mr. Smith was hissing in his ear:

"You're not going to get hurt, kid! Just relax. That dumb Jake mustta thought you were the guy they were sending up from Frisco!"

There was a busy, panting silence and then, darkly: "If those newspaper guys had ever smelled a phony—"

David was rolled briskly on his side and one of his legs seemed in dire danger of being torn off. "Mr. Smith!" he began indignantly.

"It's all right!" whispered Mr. Smith. "This will only take a minute, kid. You get your pants all right?"

Before David could answer he suddenly found himself released and Mr. Smith was in the far corner of the ring, preparing to launch his famous running broad jump in the general direction of his opponent. Somehow David staggered to his feet and, as a blurred image hurled itself at him, instinctively struck out. There was an appalling crunch and then the sound of a heavy object striking the floor.

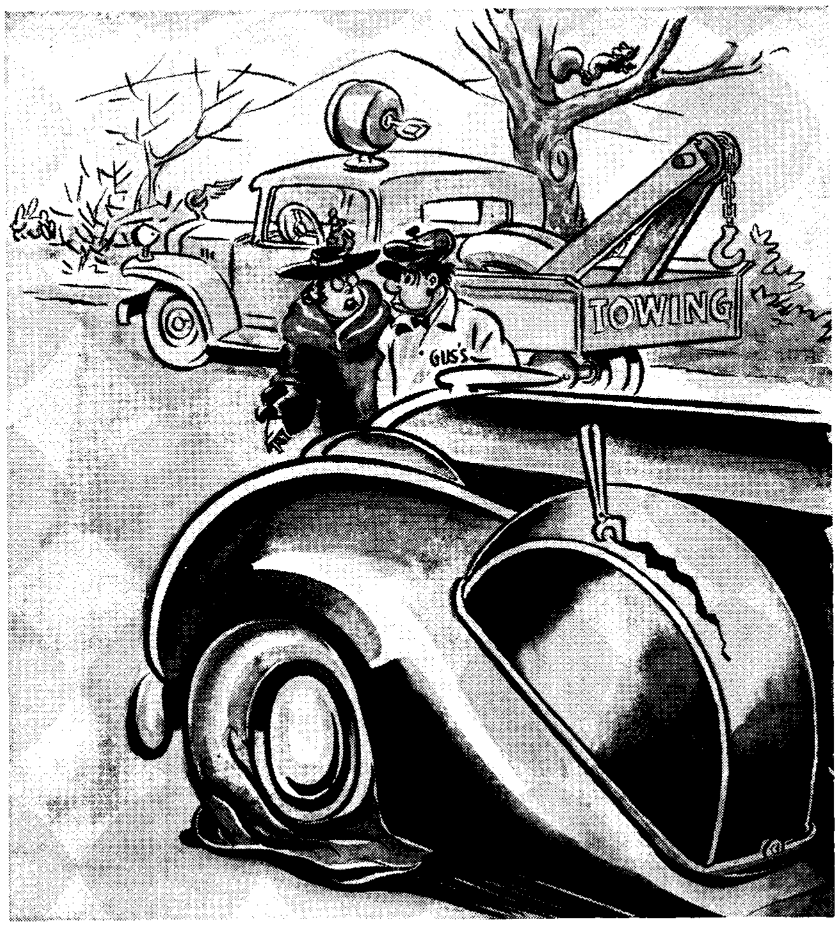
THERE was one moment of stark, stunned silence.

"Gee!" said an awed voice. "He knocked Samson out with one punch!"

David retrieved his glasses from the stricken manager and haughtily stalked out of the ring. He was dressing in a cold fury at both Miss Bigelow and her bearded friend when the press came surging into the room. Who was he? Did he realize how this would affect the gate of the forthcoming championship match in San Francisco? Who had he ever whipped?

"I have never bested anyone," he said icily, sliding into his coat. "I am an instructor in child psychology and wish only to be left alone. Any moron could have done what I did."

That merely increased the torrent of questions. He parried them as best he could until, as he was starting for the door, one reporter cornered him. "Do



"I couldn't get the spare tire off"

KAY KARAFFA

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A Practical GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Why not pool your family's Christmas funds for a tropic holiday in Miami this year? Miami's increasingly brilliant early season will be climaxed by the greatest 10-day carnival in the City's history — the gala Orange Festival, Dec. 27—Jan. 7—with scores of special features, free entertainment, a tropic "fiesta" in all its romantic splendor.

There'll be plenty of room for everyone [over $10,000,000 in NEW accommodations this year] and special rates in effect throughout the holidays.

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When a factory burns, the papers may say, "Loss $200,000, only partly covered by insurance". What doesn't get reported is the human tragedy that those cold figures hide.

What about employee Bill Jones? Will he find another job? Or will he look in vain, as he sees his slender savings melt away?

Multiply Bill Jones by many thousands, and you have a hint of the personal tragedy caused by fires in industry. It is tragedy that 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies seek to reduce. Through their regional and national organizations, including The National Board of Fire Underwriters, they study many thousands of fires throughout the country every year: try to learn the causes; work out ways to prevent repetitions of these tragedies. Their recommendations are free to every city and town for the benefit of every individual.

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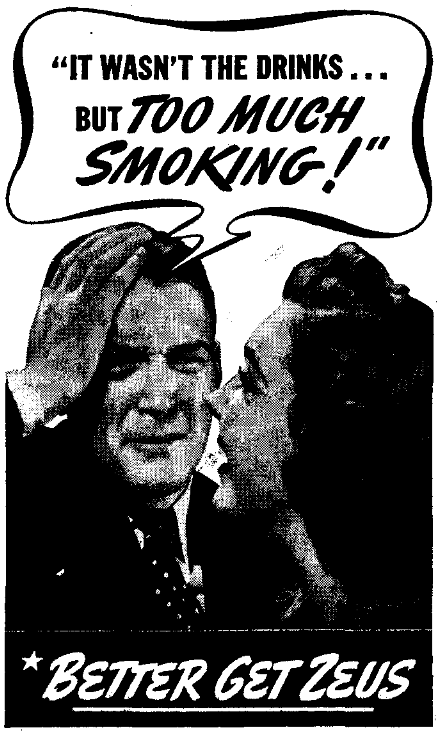
"IT WASN'T THE DRINKS . . . BUT TOO MUCH SMOKING!"
*BETTER GET ZEUS

Just try this the next time—*use your Zeus cigarette holder for every smoke—throughout the evening.* We'll guarantee two things:

1 The Zeus cigarette filter will positively trap 70% of the nicotine and tars (that might be doing the dirty work).

2 Your mouth and throat will feel a lot *cooler* at the end of the fracas.

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Zeus utilizes science's latest discovery that *tobacco,* itself, is the world's greatest absorbent of nicotine and tars.

Into Zeus' aluminum tube goes an extra cigarette as filter. All smoke travels completely *through* this 2¾" of extra tobacco.

A cigarette filter used for 20 or more smokes clearly demonstrates Zeus' amazing results. It's nearly black with tars. But what you can't see, for it's colorless, is the nicotine trapped. Zeus *proves* it eliminates 70% of the nicotine by certified laboratory records.

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Zeus cigarette holders are now available at leading tobacconist's throughout the world. $1 and $2.

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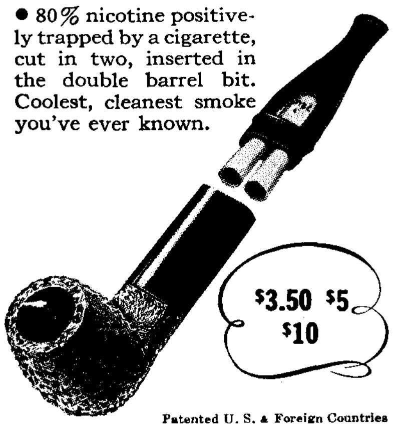
- 80% nicotine positively trapped by a cigarette, cut in two, inserted in the double barrel bit. Coolest, cleanest smoke you've ever known.



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BETTER GET Zeus TODAY

you think you could do it again, Doc?"

David looked down on him from frozen heights. "Why should I want to? Any moron with the usual number of muscles could do the same thing."

Then he was outside and Peggy was waiting for him. "David," she said painfully. "David, you have to listen to me—"

"Indeed?" he said, determined that she should never know the hurt he would carry to his grave. "I observed you kissing your—your bearded aunt. That should be sufficient."

The color flared in her cheeks and David stalked down the road.

NOT until the next morning did he realize that in one mad moment he had sacrificed, probably forever, any hopes of privacy. He was routed from his bed by news-service men dispatched from San Francisco and seeking follow-up details on what had become a page-one story. There were cameramen beseeching him to pose chopping down trees and holding bathing beauties, and by noon the clearing was thronged with candid-camera fiends who were vacationing in the vicinity.

There were wires seeking endorsements, wires offering wrestling engagements and screen tests, as well as a solitary telegram from his own campus. It was from the dean, suggesting that he tactfully deny everything.

The small boys bothered him most. They poked fingers at him, sought to feel his biceps, inquired his favorite holds. Finally, as dusk was falling, David was at last left alone. He stared about the littered grounds—some of the visitors had apparently brought their lunches—and at the confusion in what had once been a neat, orderly cabin. Wearily he started to straighten things as best he could, then stopped as he came upon a San Francisco newspaper. For the first time, he had an opportunity of meeting himself as the public knew him.

The banner line read: PROFESSOR KAYOS SAMSON SMITH!

Then, in a subhead: "Disclaims credit. Says any moron could do same!"

Somehow they had even secured pictures of him in his graduation gown and the fact that he had been the only *summa cum laude* in his class. On an inside page were pictures of Samson Smith in one of his championship matches. And an informal pose aboard ship with a young girl who had a pert nose and clear, casual eyes. It was, the caption said, his daughter Peggy, 20.

David let out a groan and sank down on his cot. He should, he told himself bitterly, have known better. Instead, witnessing a filial kiss, he had been consumed with jealousy and had immediately construed it in the worst possible manner.

A few miles away an indignant young lady was thinking the same thing. She was sitting out on the porch, vainly trying to ignore the harried voices of the frantic promoter of the forthcoming match and those of her father and Jake. They were discussing what, if anything, could be done to save the gate. When the voices grew louder and louder she got up and started aimlessly down the private road.

There was a moon, as there had been the night David kissed her, and she loathed herself for remembering it. For a second there were stinging tears in her eyes. You met someone who was all that you had ever wanted and then something like this had to happen! You met someone who felt the way you did about muscles and things and then muscles had to come in and ruin your life after all. And just when you had made up your mind to see him again and explain everything.

For the first time she was aware that she had reached the river road when a large figure suddenly detached itself from the shadows and loomed before her. It was David.

"Peggy," he said desperately, "Peggy, I—I just had to see you!"

She should have screamed or something but instead she could only stare at him and gasp: "David Merrick! I *must* say you have your nerve!"

David was fumbling for the right words: "I—I was hasty, Peggy. And now I—I mean, I understand about your not telling me who you were."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said frigidly. "I only know that you practically said father was a moron. That makes me one, too, you know."

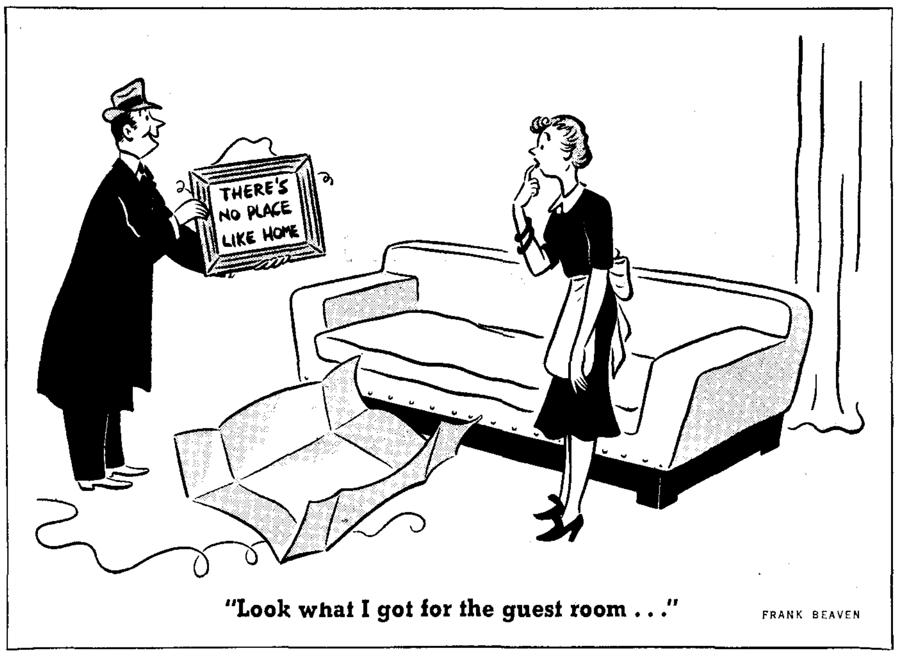
Confronted by this feminine logic, David was speechless. Finally, helplessly: "There's no need to be sensitive, Peggy. Just because—"

"Sensitive!" she exclaimed loudly. "About what?"

"Well," he said lamely, "the wrestling and all . . ."

It was so utterly true that she slapped his face. "The idea!" she cried. "I'm proud of daddy! He's a dear, sweet man and his real name's Sam Bigelow and he pays taxes back in Iowa just like everyone else! Just because we can't all be priggish professors—"

For one breathless moment she thought he was going to strike her back. She almost wished he would.


THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

"Look what I got for the guest room . . ."

FRANK BEAVEN

"Priggish?" he said finally. "I'm afraid there's been a mistake all around, Miss Bigelow. Good night."

He was gone in the shadows then and if she hadn't hated him so much she would have cried.

DAVID was packing when the delegation arrived. There were Jake, wearing the derby that was apparently the uniform of his office, the pudgy promoter from San Francisco, several reporters and some of the men from the resort.

The promoter, a coarse individual wearing a plaid suit, took the cigar from his mouth. "Listen, kid," he said broadly, "we gotta proposition. We—"

"I am uninterested in any propositions," David said. "Good day, gentlemen."

The promoter smiled. "You got us wrong, chum. This is just a friendly visit. All we ask is that you listen a minute."

David hesitated, trying to avoid the appearance of churlishness, and the delegation was immediately in full cry. In all fairness, said the press, he should give Samson Smith a chance to regain his prestige. Before, chorused Jake and the promoter, the gate was ruined for keeps. And, said the men from the resort, he could meet Samson in a regular match at the community campfire on the following evening. The hat would be passed to supply the resort's lifeguards with a new launch, a truly worthy charity.

David resumed his packing. "The answer," he said over his shoulder, "is no."

The delegation sighed, exchanging hopeless glances and it was then that Jake came up with his hole card. As a proficient manager, he made it his duty to know all concerning the Samson Smiths.

"I knew it was no use," he said loudly. "The girl said he'd be scared."

DAVID straightened slowly above his packing and one of the reporters said eagerly: "Girl?"

"Sure," said Jake. "Peggy, Samson's daughter. This guy was giving her the business and she gave him the air."

"How about it, Doc?" asked the reporter, looking curiously at David.

The tormented Mr. Merrick was conscious that he was growing red under their very gaze. "It's a lie!" he said heatedly, ignoring the status of his romance with Miss Bigelow. "I—I fear no man!" Then, reckless, as he realized the reporter would only question him further, he blurted: "Rather than have such an impression prevail, you may tell Mr. Smith that I will meet him tomorrow night!"

Somehow he got through the tortured night and day that followed. For the first time he had let his personal emotions outweigh his reasoning and the result was chaos. It was, he told himself bitterly, precisely what he had deserved. An emotional girl and the academic mind never mixed. As a result of his ill-chosen venture into romance, he had mired himself in a dilemma from which, without loss of honor, there could be no escape.

Strangely enough, he experienced little fear at the thought of the physical disabilities that the bout would surely bring. He could not possibly hope to cope with Mr. Smith nor to escape maltreatment by that bushy party. But he could, as long as the flesh was willing, take his medicine in stoic silence. No pert parties would ever again be free to assume that he was craven.

When he arrived at the resort grounds, the seats surrounding the ring were already at a premium. David undressed in a bath house. Garbed in shorts and tennis shoes, he was under the casual surveillance of several reporters who were serving as self-appointed seconds.

There was a knock at the door and Jake thrust his head in. "We're on now,"

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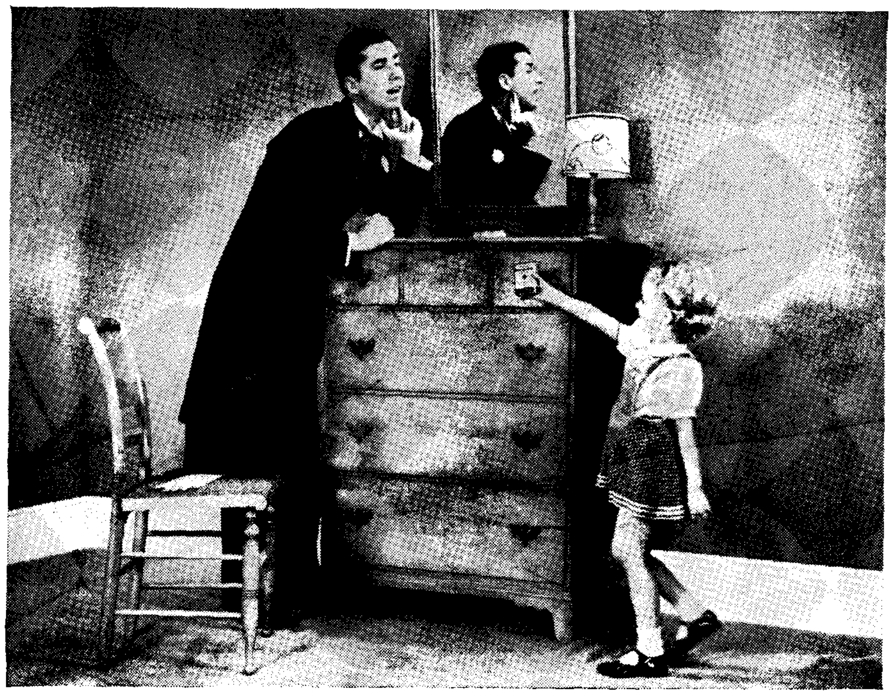

GIRL SAVES BEST MAN! Yes, that's a nasty looking pimple, Joe. But kid sister has brought Band-Aid, that neat, ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. Useful for covering skin blemishes . . . after proper treatment. So easy to stick on! . . . it *stays put*. Be sure you get the *genuine Band-Aid*. It's made only by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the Red Cross on the box.

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"Could you fix me up with a stack of Arrow Ties?"

• When you give ties this Christmas, give *Arrow* Ties. They have patterns that all men like. They're cut to tie into perfect knots. They have a resilient lining that resists wrinkles. Get these fine ties at a nearby Arrow dealer's. Splendid values at **$1.00** and $1.50

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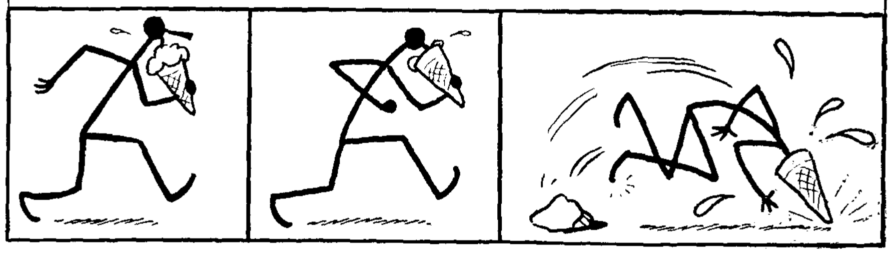


ALAN FOSTER

he said. "I hope nothing serious happens to you, chum."

David ignored this crude attempt at detrimental psychology. He pulled on his robe and, followed by the press, made his way through that sea of faces. He climbed through the ropes and one of the reporters made him go over and rub his shoes in the resin box. Staring out over the audience, he beheld Peggy seated in the second row. She colored and, turning away under his gaze, bit her lips.

There was nothing a girl could do now.

DAVID heard the sudden roar from the crowd and turned to observe Mr. Samson Smith, wearing a resplendent red robe, climbing into the ring. He was accompanied by Jake and the promoter. One of the lifeguards had volunteered to act as the referee and now he called the principals together in the center of the ring.

"Keep it clean," he said tersely. "There's been a lot of bets and we don't want anything to happen."

Samson had never taken his eyes off David. There was a glint in them that Jake had observed only when Samson was really leveling on someone. Now he nodded his great shaggy head at the instructions. "Okay," he said. And to David: "You asked for it, kid."

Back in his corner David carefully removed his glasses and handed them to one of his seconds. "I won't be needing these," he said, thinking that perhaps a blurred image would spare him some of the more painful realities.

David was on his feet when the bell rang. He had anticipated Samson's mad, opening rush and now he sprang aside and Mr. Smith hurtled past him and into the ropes. Stunned by his own force, he was sprawled there for a moment. In the center of the ring David cautiously awaited his next move. A hoarse cry went up from the seats when they saw that Mr. Merrick was not going to seize this golden opportunity.

Then Mr. Smith was off the ropes and stalking David about the ring, bellowing in his most professional manner, his great, brawny arms dangling at his sides. There was a sudden feint and, as David prepared to defend his stomach, a smashing explosion around his knees. Capsized by the fury of this unexpected attack, David found himself on the floor with Mr. Smith astride him.

Peggy closed her eyes at that. She reopened them when a shout went up and found that her erstwhile soul mate had, in a moment of inspiration, seized her father's whiskers and was tugging for dear life. Samson let out a loud, piercing cry, never before heard in his repertoire, and struggled to his feet with David still clinging to that precious foliage.

Samson raised one knee and sent Mr. Merrick sprawling across the ring under the impetus of his kick. A blind fury seized David at this unsportsmanlike trick but he was unable to capitalize on his rage. Samson had hurled himself after him and had now achieved a sitting posture aboard David's neck and one arm was slowly leaving its socket.

"Upset my daughter, will you?" Mr. Smith demanded bitterly. "Make a fool out of me, will you?" The last was accompanied by an extra twist. "That's for calling me a moron!"

Somehow in the midst of his blind agony David had crawled under the ropes and the referee broke them. After this discovery of a refuge Mr. Merrick used it on every possible occasion. It was all too evident that Samson had no immediate intentions of pinning his shoulders to the mat. Instead, he was giving his opponent a good going over.

Peggy couldn't help herself finally. A girl could stand just so much and then she found herself on her feet, crying because she had found out that she loved a man and there was nothing she could do to help him.

David, dazed by an airplane spin, was groggily attempting to rise from the mat as, in the far corner of the ring, Mr. Smith prepared to take off on his running broad jump, that famous *coup de grace,* when Peggy, the tears streaming down her face, sprang to her feet.

"Don't, Dad!" she wailed. "Not to David, Dad!"

Stunned, Mr. Smith turned and stared stupidly at the girl in the second row. "Hunh?" he asked vaguely.

Then he saw those tears and the sight of them made something sag within him. She had already shown all the other telltale symptoms of being in love. It was just like it had been with her mother, he thought wearily. Every time they had a lovers' quarrel she had cried and it had upset his appetite for days. And now his daughter had started the same thing, all over that stricken young party in the center of the ring.

Mr. Smith looked gloomily at David then, his bushy eyebrows drawing together. His own prestige, the gate of the forthcoming match, were worries far removed. Instead Mr. Smith could only visualize a soggy future, surrounded by the tears of a love that could never be.

MR. MERRICK was before him, tugging feebly at his shoulders and Samson made a momentous, paternal as well as peace-saving decision. He did something then that he had never done for less than three thousand dollars, cash in advance. His arms flew in a wild arc and he toppled heavily on his back with Mr. Merrick aboard him. He lay there, spread-eagled, determined that his daughter should at least get herself a hero, as the dumfounded referee satisfied himself that both shoulders were flat against the mat.

David was vaguely aware that someone was holding up his arm and there was a terrible din from the crowd and then he was in his corner and, miraculously, Peggy was beside him.

"Oh, David," she sobbed. "Are you all right, David?"

"I—I think so," he said weakly. She kissed him and his eyes opened slowly and he was almost positive that he was all right.

"I love you so," she said.

"I love you, too," said David. There was a brief, aching silence and then he was suddenly terrified lest his victory had made her expect him to continue his mat career. That would be too much and he said so, feebly but firmly.

"Oh, no!" cried Peggy. "Not that! Never any more muscles, David!"

The Darkest Continent

Continued from page 13

luggage down the miserable cater-cornered steps that make European trains difficult enough to get off of in daylight, impossible in jet darkness. There are no lights or porters; only bumping into the passers-by tells you how the tide runs. Far away you see a blanched cavern. Sweating toward it, you find the *Ausgang*.

Within the station the stairs are ghost-lighted but once you pass into the outer limbo, existence for a forlorn and tongueless stranger becomes formidable. You are one of an amorphous horde bellowing "Taxi" and there are no taxis. Ghastly, luminescent caterpillars crawl by: trolley cars. Incandescent mausoleums roll from anywhere into nowhere: busses. Once every ten minutes something identifiable as a taxi seen by a pair of hang-over eyes zigzags up and becomes instantly the core of a riot in which language if not temperament unfits you for success. Bruised and breathless, even gory, you fear, you sit on your baggage and possess yourself of Yankee guile. Two marks to the paper vender and the night is won. He takes you to one side. "*Bleiben sie hier.*" He vanishes. A few minutes later a taxi sneaks past the crowd and halts beside you. The paper boy jumps off the running board, hurls you and your bags in and slams the door. The taxi is off just in advance of the outraged mob that charges down, clutching windows, fenders and tires with wrathful fingers.

You are in Berlin.

The Dangers of Darkness

You have experienced national travel under conditions of black-out, now you can observe intimate life, for this is how you will have to learn to live—play, work, visit and get about if the flames of modern war ever breathe close to the United States.

The first important factor in a black-out is the police regulations. You have probably read these. They are much the same in Berlin as elsewhere: fines if you fail to darken doors and windows so that not a chink of light shows, etc., etc.

You wonder, when such a complete black-out is necessary, why a master switch couldn't be thrown at the approach of raiding airplanes. There are good reasons for not doing this. If a city proceeding normally were flicked into complete darkness, indescribable traffic chaos would ensue. Such stoppage of the electric current would snuff out indoor lights, too, of course, and would probably cause household accidents and perhaps fires from the lighting of hundreds of thousands of matches by frightened gropers. Surgeons might be operating and there would be endless hazards. Whereas, the method practiced exempts the indoors and disciplines the outdoors.

Gothenburg, Sweden, experimented with such a wholesale, instantaneous black-out recently. Three people fell into the canal and half the city's trams were wrecked in collisions. Such howling clamor arose, there were such faintings and hysterics, that the lights were flicked on again immediately and the test was postponed.

As to crime, on the remotest and loneliest streets of Germany tonight your chief danger is not enemies overhead or criminals roundabout. It will be underfoot. Taking advantage of the black-out has been made strictly unprofitable for criminals. One big naughty deed and off pops your head. As for offenses that would be considered minor in daylight—well, a fellow snatched a woman's purse in Munich the other night and got ten years at hard labor.

The second major influence of the black-out is on economics. A darkened Europe is a blessing in disguise to financially pressed nations. There are virtually no private cars in use, while only a thousand taxis are operating in Berlin and perhaps less than ten per cent of those at night. In gasoline, therefore, the most precious commodity of the fighting powers, vital savings are being made.

Comparative figures for similar months under normal lighting are not yet available, but municipal authorities calculate that the reduction in current output and, consequently, in the fuel which produces it is enormous. The corresponding savings in bulbs are militarily important. You can buy flashlamps readily enough but cannot replace the bulbs. This situation has produced the Gluehwuermchen industry. Moreover, it caused an increased sale of cigarettes. Everybody smokes furiously and continuously. In situations of impending collision they wave the red end as a signal. Curtain and paint manufacturers are in clover; the necessity of blotting out windows caused householders to employ both these methods.

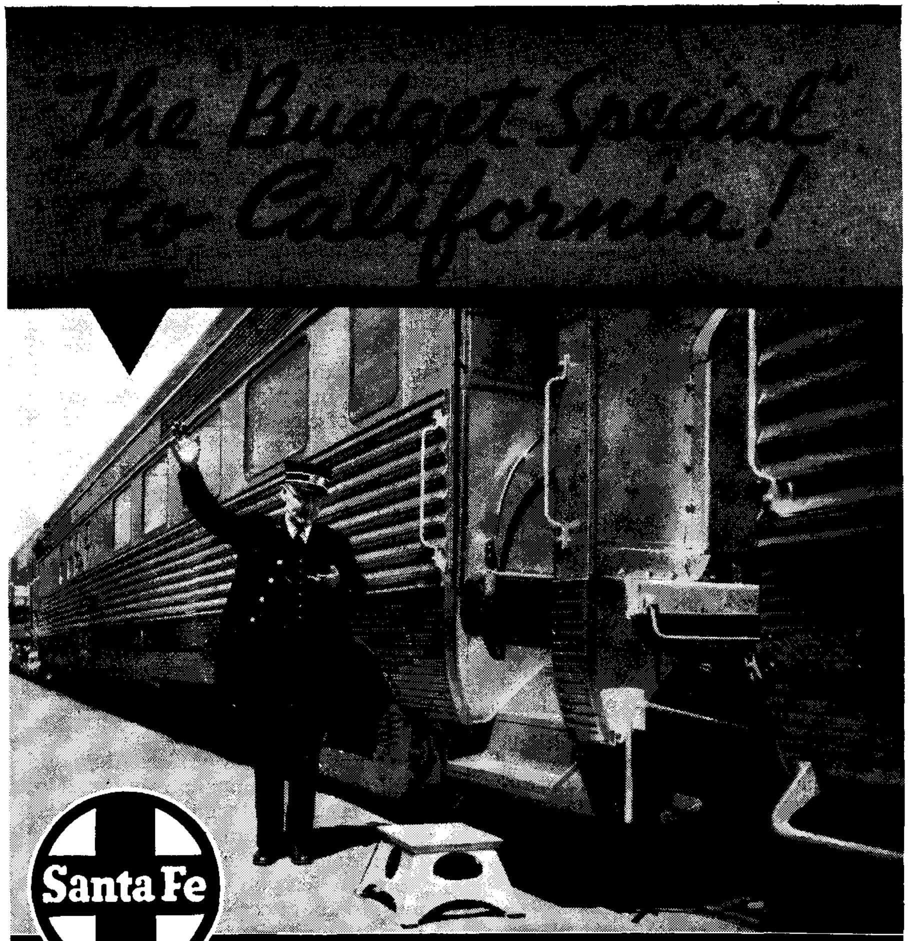
For the pretty lassies who promenade Unter den Linden, Friederich Strasse and the Kurfuerstendamm, however, the black-out is sad. Some of the most charming, well-mannered, attractive and genteel young dears are allowed to sit without escorts in the lobbies of fashionable hotels, where they pout upon the decline in gallantry of gentlemen who are afraid to go out in the dark. In the city at large there has been a wholesale return to less romantic labor.

The third major result of the black-out is the health problems it has brought. "I bumped into a post or a door," that ancient excuse for a black eye, has at length been validated. Many signs of flurry and such trivial mishaps as black eyes and sprains give Berlin by day the appearance of a population devoted to pugilism. Nosy old grandpa busybodies, afraid that they are missing something, come tottering out on their canes at night and have been one great source of trouble, running into bicycles and falling into trash barrels.

Psychology of Darkness

But more serious matters are involved. Doctors and psychoanalysts are already talking about the "psychology of the black-out" and are puzzled by new symptoms in their patients for which precedents are lacking. The medical fraternity definitely scents a coming depression phobia. In more than one country among the belligerents the suicides have been in excess of those normally attributable to wartime nerves. The black-out has replaced and enlarged the phenomenon of that melancholy song of a few years ago, Gloomy Sunday. There is a general restlessness and also longer convalescences. The psychological effects of years of black-out are incalculable and terrifying, and make a good reason for quick peace.

From the newsreels and news accounts you have come to accept the wailing siren as a signal for air raids. My guess is that if an authentic air raid ever comes to one of these great capitals no siren will announce it. Instead, there will be a quiet tip to beat it to the cellar from the janitor or the hotel staff. The manager will be notified by telephone from police headquarters. The reason for this is that when the large cities of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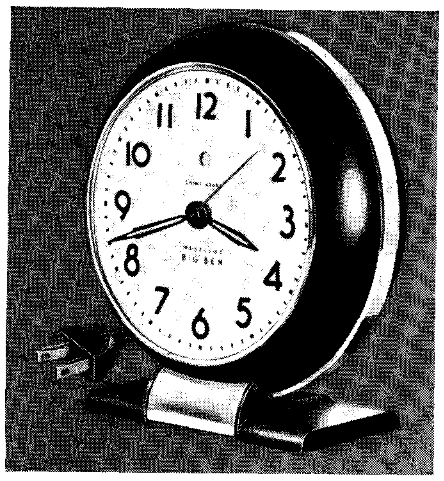

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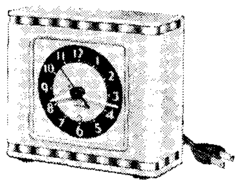
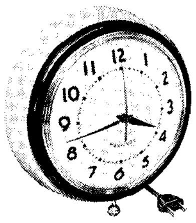


BACHELOR Self-starting. The electric alarm with the masculine name and big feminine following! In ivory finish with luminous dial, $4.95. In blue or black finish, plain dial . . $3.95



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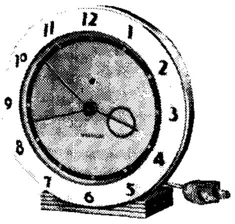

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These are just a few of the many Westclox electrics . . . there's one for every room—alarm models, time clocks, wall clocks. Some have plain dials, others have luminous dials. Westclox electric prices range from $2.50 to $6.95.

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Europe practiced alarms on the first night of the war the casualty list from such accidents as falling downstairs, heart attacks, etc., was probably larger than would have resulted from an actual, unheralded air raid.

The fourth major phase of black-out influence deals with your personal life and activities and the ways and means by which you try to cheat it as a threat to the business as well as the fun of living.

Imagine trying to find your way in Times Square, The Loop, down Market, Peachtree or Charles Street, across Fountain Square, Wilshire Boulevard, the Hub or just plain Main Street, in the blackness of a cold furnace. Then trying to find an address ten blocks away up a side street or journeying home to the suburbs with no light on the trains and only a few dim ones within the stations and subways. That is what faces you here when you push aside the heavy double drapes of your hotel lobby. By the simple act of walking from indoors to outdoors in Europe tonight, you step back four centuries.

Patience—and Politeness

You stand a full minute irresolute and baffled, facing an impenetrable wall of feelable, cuttable blackness. Your eyes presently adjust themselves slightly and you can make out the outlines of building tops. When you were a boy in New Hampshire, old northland guides taught you to follow trails through the woods without light by reading the alley outlined by treetops. That stunt proves helpful here. There is no use in looking at your feet; you haven't any. The black-out has disembodied you. Starlight may help walkers in the open countryside but not in the deeply canyoned city streets. You walk unwarned into people and posts, unless the former have Gluehwuermchen, the latter a daub of whitewash. Nights of full moon are much less difficult.

You had heard that it was part of black-out psychology for people to talk in whispers. That may be true elsewhere but not here. The Berliner is a lusty fellow who likes his politicians, humor and encounters to be noisy. Not for nothing is Berlin called the Chicago of Europe. You are impressed by the good nature with which he meets the inconveniences of the black-out, his patience and politeness in the face of its persistent annoyances, his growing stock of jokes about it.

Still this does not alter the startlingly dreamlike effect of shrouded avenues. It is like a new version of the old museum tale of statues and pictures coming to life after the place has been locked up at night. Berlin is like a city in which the proper living have gone to bed while the departed have issued from their graves to wander deserted streets. There is no reality in the life outdoors in Europe after nightfall.

Taxis and other vehicles have lamps sufficient to show you when they are near but not enough to be reflected from the pavement and help them on their ways; trolley cars have a subdued reddish glow inside; busses are blue. German planes proved that the permitted lighting is invisible even at low altitudes. It certainly does not relieve the gloom on the ground. Moreover, in case of a raid even these would be snapped off.

The stately procession of Gluehwuermchen, like smoldering moths on strings, has variations at the hands of the town's cutups. If you emerge late from the gay interior brightness of the Haus Vaterland or places on the Kurfuerstendamm, Berlin's Broadway, like the Zigeuner Keller, a huge underground cabaret where there is a Hungarian gypsy orchestra and a waiter named Louis who used to work in a Hempstead, Long Island, speak-easy, you are apt to see uses of the Gluehwuermchen inspired by long sessions over beer or wine that might cause you to sign the pledge.

The variation you see most often, however, particularly away from the main avenues, and the one that puzzles you most until you know about it, is a pair of Gluehwuermchens bouncing along the sidewalk like illuminated Mexican jumping beans. You discover it is a great fad with kids to pin a Gluehwuermchen on the toe of each shoe.

Already the black-out has proved a beneficial influence on home life. Family people do not venture out much except perhaps to the neighborhood cinema. Mothers come to know their children better with maids and governesses impossible to get because of war industry needs. Berlin mothers of the better class are raising and tutoring their own children these long evenings when the outdoor world is a strange place, shut away. Husbands and wives visit out less. Thus families of all classes are thrown inward for company and there are predictions of a lower divorce rate.

Meanwhile the Tiergarten, that spacious, touchingly beautiful green heart of Berlin, is each night a velvety black dovecote; with a gentle, audible murmuring, the muted voices of universal love rising to whisper like a night zephyr in the park's ancient beeches, lindens and chestnuts. Now, for the stranger, a stroll in the blacked-out Tiergarten is a tender and delightful experience—provided you don't break your neck falling over somebody's legs.

Every Berliner has his favorite tale of black-out mix-ups. The blind date, familiar to American college sororities and fraternities, has actuality here. There was the fellow who met his fiancée at a dark corner without taking the trouble to pencil identification on her Gluehwuermchen. When he got her into a lighted café it was the wrong girl but he liked her better and married her.

And there was the married couple that came into the lobby of a famous hotel bickering and with long faces. It seems that in the darkness some passing woman heard his voice and called, "Walter, is that you?" Strangely enough, his name was Walter and he replied honestly. "Oh, darling," said the unseen charmer, "I left a package on the table for you." It was difficult for him to make his wife believe that it must have been some other Walter.

Still all is not comedy on these black streets. While you are enjoying the spirit of lark, adventure and romance that animates people in Berlin tonight, you are sometimes poignantly reminded that, after all, this is war.

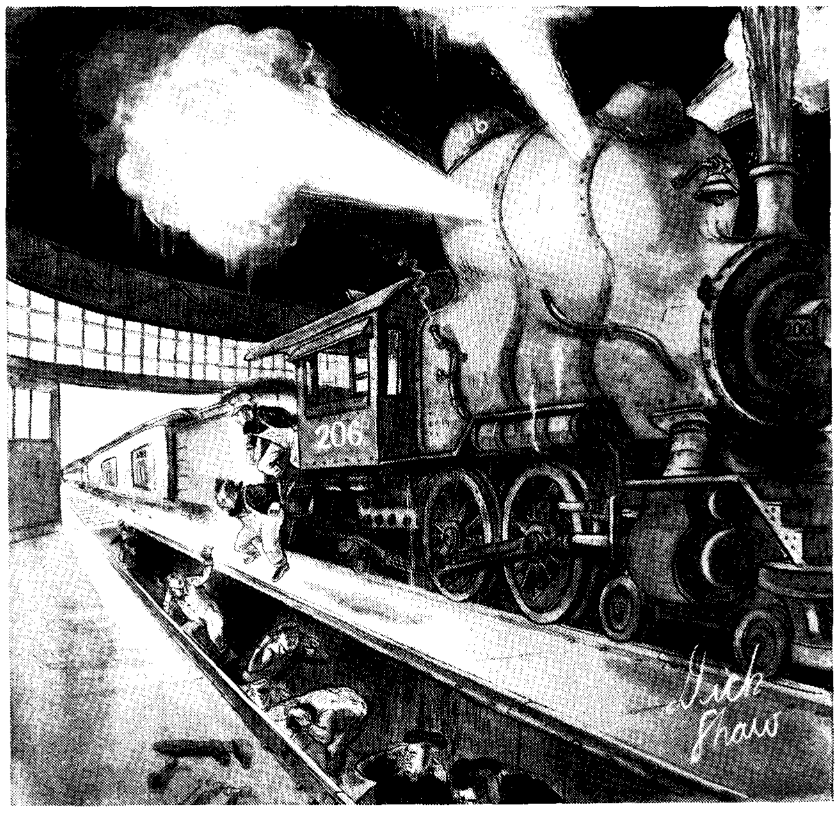
New War—New Agony

As tonight, when you go down Unter den Linden to the Staatsoperhaus, the Rosencavalier is being sung, but you are late and the house is sold out. Under the marquee one faint blue lamp gives the hurrying operagoers the ghastly appearance of truant corpses. You cross the wide avenue, the handsome Via Triumphalis of Berlin, toward where the Doric columns of the Ehrenmal, the war memorial, shield a grotto bathed in an unearthly flush. As you pass in reverently, a woman is coming out. She is in deep widow's mourning. You accept her presence unthinkingly as in past years you have accepted all such women at such memorials, as the bereaved of the last war.

Then suddenly with a jarring shock, you become aware that she is a young woman. The dew of fresh agony lies on cheeks that have not known twenty summers; her tears under this sepulchral light glisten like a mist of crumbled sapphires. This is her war, *now, today*. This war, not the last war.

You are glad to hurry nervously back to your hotel.

Otto is waiting there. "Say," he whoops, "I've got a humdinger for you. We're going to Remscheid tomorrow night. That's a little town in Westphalia. Listen, what fun! What a story for you! Art defeats black-out. The town orchestra of Remscheid hasn't been making a go of it because the Nervous Nellys and Anxious Andrews won't venture out at night. So, beginning tomorrow, the orchestra has offered to parade-march through the streets every night after the concert, playing jolly old tunes and taking all the way home each and every customer who has registered with the cashier in advance."



"You guys always put off bringing in your troubles until the *last minute!*"

DICK SHAW

What *Modern* life insurance plan has been designed particularly for *Fathers of Young Children?*

THE NEED

Nearly every father of young children would agree that he faces a *real* life insurance problem. How can he, within his limited budget, provide *adequate* 'income protection' for his family at least until his children are grown? If anything *should* 'happen,' he wants his wife to be entirely free to watch over the home; for he knows that the greatest gift that any father can leave his children is their mother's time and care. Also, he wants permanent protection for his wife to continue after their children are grown.

But when he thinks of his expenses and all the things he wants to do for his family, he wonders, 'How can I afford all this insurance protection now, when I need it most?'

THE POLICY

Here is the way this problem has already been solved by thousands of fathers of moderate means. For example, a young father takes a New York Life 'Family Income Policy' of $10,000 (face amount) with a '20-year period.' If he dies at any time during the '20-year period,' the New York Life will pay an income of $100 a month for the remainder of the 'period' . . . and then, at the end of the 'period,' will in addition pay $10,000. To illustrate the maximum of guaranteed payments that might be made: If the father died immediately after the policy was issued, the income payments of $100 a month would run for the full 20 years; so the total income payments of $24,000 plus the $10,000 payable at the end of the period would amount to $34,000. If he outlives the '20-year period,' the sum payable in event of his death would be the face amount, $10,000. Of course, if he lives to retirement age, as so many do, he can obtain, through his policy, a life income for his later years.

And the premium? You will probably be surprised to learn that during the '20-year period' the rate is not much higher than for Ordinary Life. After the 20th year it is exactly the same as the Ordinary Life rate. In short, the premium is very attractive in view of the amount and kind of protection offered. This policy, of course, is also issued for larger and smaller amounts than $10,000, but $2,000 is the minimum. Policies with ten, fifteen or twenty-year periods are available according to the age of the father.

As you can see, this policy fills a real need for a great many fathers. Ask a New York Life representative to tell you about it . . . or write to the Home Office at the address below for our Family Income booklet.

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The New York Life aims to provide life insurance at the lowest cost consistent with the ample margins of safety which the Company feels it should always maintain. A policyholder's premium rate cannot be increased above that stated in the policy, but annual dividends, as declared, may be used to reduce the premium payments. Dividends are derived from earnings of the Company in excess of the amount deemed necessary to keep it in a sound financial condition. Policyholders get their insurance at cost. The Company pays dividends to policyholders only. The New York Life is, and has always been, a mutual company.

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SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

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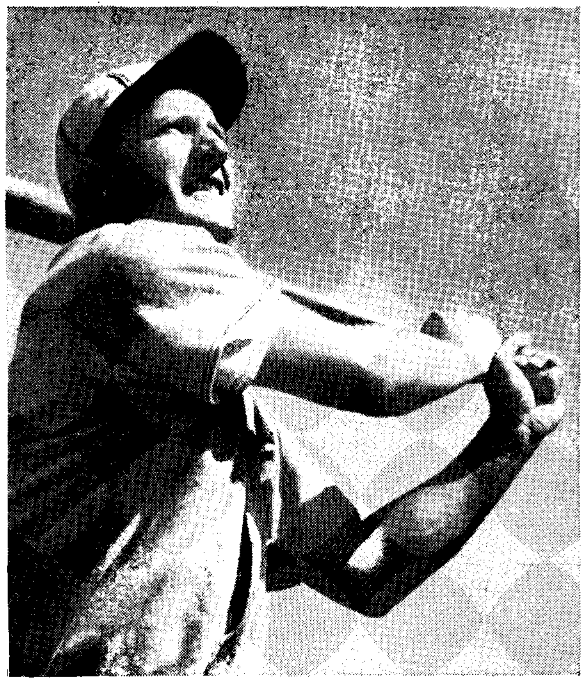

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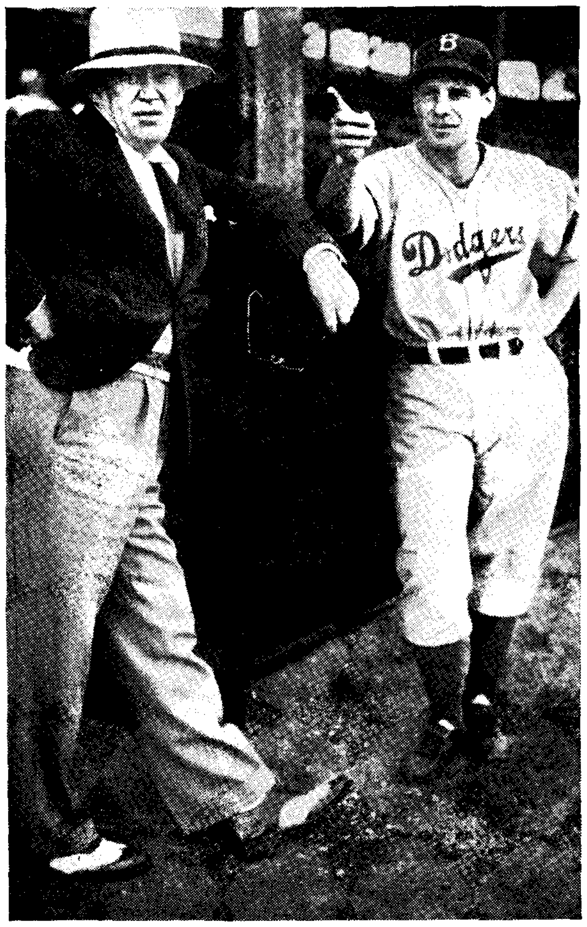


ACME

Dodger Boss MacPhail with Manager Durocher

INTERNATIONAL

[redacted]

THE temper of the Cleveland customers being what it is, this story should be suppressed on the grounds that it will lead to extensive disorder which will be expressed in the hanging in effigy, at least, of Mr. Alva Bradley, who owns the ball club. There will be hell and the piper to pay when the clients in Cleveland learn that a trade for Lou Gehrig was rejected when the Iron Horse was in his prime and Bradley ostensibly was in his right mind.

This happened five winters ago, soon after Gehrig indicated to the Yankees that he wanted money, mostly in bills of large denominations, for having led the American League in hitting, homers, runs batted in, total bases and, as Lefty Gomez remarked, everything but stolen sweaters. Now the Yankees dearly love gents who belabor the bejabbers out of opposing pitchers, but they want no particular truck with sweaty slaves who are economic royalists at heart. What did Gehrig think Colonel Ruppert was: a millionaire?

A long-distance phone call was put through to Cleveland. The Yankees offered to give Gehrig to the Indians for Mel Harder, a fine curve-ball pitcher who had just won twenty games, and Hal Trosky, a vigorous youth who had belted a boisterous .330 in his sophomore year in the majors.

Although Bradley was empowered to close the deal immediately, he felt that a trade of such magnitude should be discussed with his board of directors. The brass hats debated the transaction from every angle and decided finally to turn it down—for the most whimsical reason ever advanced; no wonder the story never has seen the light of day in print before this. Cleveland declined the Yankee proposal because the park was too small to accommodate the ecstatic mobs Gehrig would have attracted!

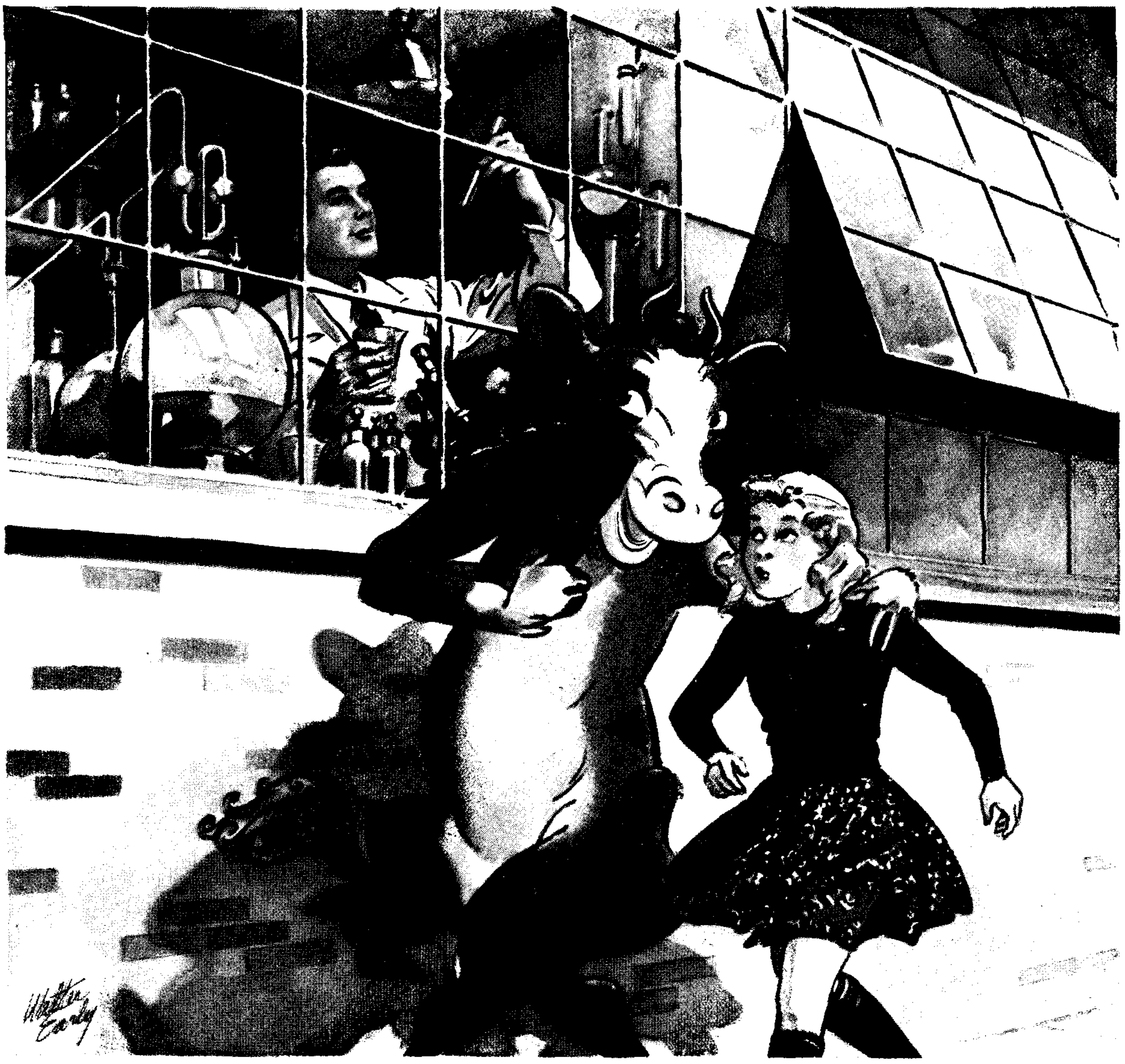
Imagine what the passing of Gehrig to Cleveland would have meant to the entire baseball setup! With Gehrig good for four more pretty tremendous seasons, it is conceivable that the Indians, and not the Yankees, would be dominating the business today. As early as 1933 and as late as 1936 the experts regularly picked Cleveland to win the pennant, and just as regularly the Indians fell flat on their faces through inability to win the tough ones. With Gehrig—the most resourceful citizen in the clutch who ever lived—on their side, the Indians could have won in '35, might have forestalled the launching of the Yankee dynasty in '36 and, with fresh money in the bank, might have founded an organization to compare with the Yankees', which is the secret of their monopolistic success.

But they never made the deal and so Cleveland, which had its last winner in 1920, may wait twenty years more for another. It wasn't the first time a pennant was lost months before the first batter or bleat was thrown out, nor will it be the last.

The pay-off comes in October but the first installment on pennant insurance is made during these two weeks when the managers and magnates gather round the trading post for the nefarious purpose of pulling a fast one on their colleagues. Everyone is bursting with bright ideas for the improvement of his own and the other party's team; one and all are properly suspicious. Ear-bending is rampant, rumors are rife and the place practically crawls with stirring avowals of integrity of intent. In the confusion, deals are accepted or rejected and in either event pennants for years to come tremble on the shake of a head or a shake of the hand.

This last baseball season, which was as dull after the All-Star game as pre-World War burlesque, would have been more so if two deals had been consummated. The big bang in the National League was the furious stretch drive of the Cardinals, who kept alive interest in the pennant race until the last three days. Curt Davis, a 22-game winner who went into the trenches practically every third day, was the meat of the Gashouse Gang's rousing finish. Without him the Cards would have wound up away down yonder in the cornfield. Pittsburgh tried to pull a sly piece of larceny in offering Cy Blanton for Davis. Blanton was befouled by a sore arm and won the grand total of two games, a difference of twenty games which meant second place and money in the bank.

The deadly perfection of the Yankees was relieved slightly in midseason by the emergence of Charley Keller as a full-fledged regular and a coming star of purest hue. Last winter the *(Continued on page 72)*



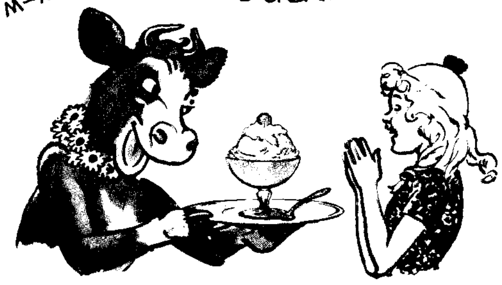
"CRAZY about *you*, Elsie?" said the Little Girl doubtfully. "He looks more to me as if he were in love with all those tubes and bottles and things."

"Oh, that's just *his* way of caring for me," mooed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You see, he's one of Borden's many scientists. So instead of sending me flowers or poems, he makes wonderful tests and fills out heaps of reports—all about *me!*"

"I see," puzzled the Little Girl. "And is that what people call being *romantic?*"

"Perhaps not," admitted Elsie. "But it certainly keeps a girl *healthy*. And by keeping me in the pink, he helps me give better milk and cream—which in turn make better things to eat, like *Borden's Ice Cream.*"

"M-M-M BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"



"Golly, that *is* better!" cried the Little Girl. "Better than anything else I can think of!"

"Lots of *other* good things to eat," explained Elsie, "also owe their goodness to the attention Borden experts are forever showering on me and mine. Look at the whole delightful family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses!*"

"*My* favorite cheese-food of all is *Borden's Chateau,*" put in the Little Girl.

"It's such a great favorite with everyone," nodded Elsie, "that lots of people have tried to copy its wonderful flavor. They can't, though—for only Borden knows how to give it that flavor with fine, costly, aged cheese. By the way, do you believe in *magic?*"

"BORDEN'S CHEESES ARE DELICIOUS!"

Borden's Chateau

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC MILK
SWEETENED CONDENSED

"Why—is *he* going to *do* some?" the Little Girl gasped, looking in again at the Borden Scientist.

"He's doing some all the time," Elsie replied. "And he helps your mother do another kind of magic right in your kitchen—with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* That helps her make perfectly scrumptious cookies, candies, and cake frostings—*in almost no time* . . . I'll bet your mother makes nice cream soups and mashed potatoes, too . . ."

"Sure she does," the Little Girl answered positively: "she makes them better than anybody in the world!"

"Then I know she makes them with *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk,*" smiled Elsie, "for that has a particularly fresh, natural flavor—a special goodness it owes to Borden's scientific watchfulness and care.

"FRESH, NATURAL TASTING BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"

Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

It's this very special Borden care that has always persuaded your mother and daddy to choose *Borden's Milk* for you to drink!"

"If that's what makes it taste so good," said the Little Girl, "then I'm sorry it's only milk and things made from milk that get cared for by you Borden people."

Elsie looked pleased. "It isn't only those," she confessed. "There are some Borden things that have nothing to do with my milk—but they're just as good as they can be, too. *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* for instance. Mmm—you never tasted spicier, juicier,

"WONDERFUL PIES WITH BORDEN'S NONE-SUCH MINCE MEAT!"

Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

grander mince pies than that makes! So you see, it's really Borden's extra carefulness and skill with *any* food bearing their name that makes the big difference . . . that makes folks confident whenever they buy any food that—'if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!' "

Borden uses milk from more than 100,000 dairy farms . . . more than 27,500 Borden employees work in partnership with 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

if it's
Borden's
it's got to be good

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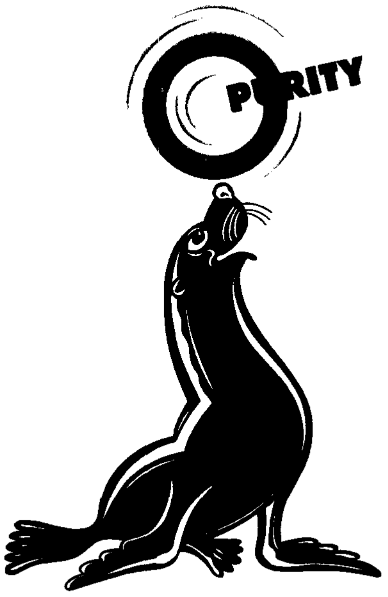


PURITY
BODY

PURITY
BODY
FLAVOR
BA

IS ALE YOUR FAVORITE DRINK? Many a man who thought not has decided *it is*—since meeting Ballantine's!

Test this ale as Peter Ballantine did in 1840—his standards of excellence became America's own. He took one drink to judge the PURITY of his ale . . . a second for BODY . . . a third for FLAVOR. The 3 moisture rings left by his glass on the table, as he made the test, became his famous trademark.

Three rings remind you—*more people get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other . . .*

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE

Copr., 1939, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

BALLANTINE'S ALE

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

3 RINGS_GET IT?

The Man Who Made Noses

Continued from page 23

rumor that London Bridge Is Falling Down will be made with an all-British cast and by Oxford Films is without foundation. Walter Pockinberry stated yesterday that the film will be produced here in Hollywood, with an all-Hollywood cast. He ought to know, as he owns the rights."

Sliding quietly into Hollywood, Mr. Pinkham went directly to his rooms in the hotel and to bed, having acquired the flu and a moderate temperature of 101. Grief over failure, sadness over the collapse of his art and the regular spring influenza all laid him low.

The doctor gave him pills and ordered him not to move from bed, lest he perish. Claude didn't care. He felt rather serene about dying, for if an acknowledged nose man cannot make a nose, and especially a nose for Cyrano, then he may as well cash in his chips. The sharp-eyed ferrets of the press observed that he stuck to his hotel and so it said in the paper: "Claude Pinkham is back in town, having planed in from New York and London. . . . He may not return to Lavender and declines to discuss his plans."

SURE, he declined to discuss his plans. He even declined to get well. He felt abysmally bad and hopeless about the future, with not the slightest desire to return to Lavender's art department and resume the making of minor chins, cheekbones, eyebrows and noses, for these things had become distasteful in the light of his colossal flop. So he sprawled on his bed and sulked. When Vic Ellis phoned from the studio, Claude replied that he was still sick, which was the truth. The flu left him, but the black disappointment did not. Over in England, the Pall Mall people postponed the making of Cyrano de Bergerac, not because of Claude and his nose failure, but thinking to make a picture of the Crimean War and go back to Cyrano later on.

All the while, Claude's pay check had ceased rolling, a matter of small concern, as he had his savings in the corner bank. When he was able to sit up, he gave thought to the evil spirit that had kept him from making the nose they wanted, and this led to his puttering around in his rooms, fashioning noses, studying them, building and tearing down one proboscis after another, big ones and small ones, long ones and blobby ones, pointed beezers and beaks of the utmost fantasy, and one afternoon he bumped spang into the right idea.

He hit it. He saw in a blinding flash that which previously had eluded him. He had the right nose and knew it, a most wonderful nose, with all the character needed for that heroic comedy. Now he could see why Asbury had vetoed his earlier attempts and Asbury was right.

Claude smiled actually for the first time in many days, rubbed his hands gleefully together, pranced about his rooms, even sang a short snatch of song and sent a cable to Pall Mall Films in London. It said: "I have just created a magnificent and triumphant nose for your Cyrano de Bergerac and I am bringing it over to you, paying my own expenses, for such is my great enthusiasm and love for my art."

That's how seriously stirred up was the young man. Over in London, Cyrano was looking up again and Mr. Asbury was preparing to resume filming, still shy a nose. He cabled Claude: "Come ahead, but at your own expense and no misunderstanding."

The ticket agency on the boulevard arranged his bookings on plane and steamer and it was a new Claude who faced the world. He was going over to do it properly and hang the expense. Vic Ellis phoned again from the studio to see how the invalid fared.

"I can't come back for a while," Claude explained. "Matter of fact, I'm returning to England, leaving here next Saturday."

"You're what?"

"Leaving for London and will be back as soon as possible. As I am not on salary at Lavender, I assume it will be all right."

"Oh, sure," said Ellis. "Things are dull, anyhow."

Naturally, it was Mr. Ellis who mentioned to the news gatherers at the studio that Claude was popping out again for Great Britain and apparently on a matter of moment, for if it is not important business, a man doesn't bound back and forth from California to England like a restless buffalo bug. That started it all over again. The Reporter said: "Claude Pinkham, just back from Merrie England, has been called to London suddenly and will plane out this week."

Daily Variety said: "Claude Pinkham heading again for London to confer with Pall Mall. We understand that London Bridge Is Falling Down may be made in England after all." Variety, with its usual economy: "L. A. to N. Y. . . . Claude Pinkham."

The less technical journals and papers not so smartly informed indulged in all sorts of surmises, many of them far out of line, for the newspapers well know that no matter what you say about the movies, it may come true some day.

They said that Claude was skedded to ink a contract or close a deal with Oxford Films, and not Pall Mall, with Hyde Park Films and not Oxford, with Piccadilly Films and not Hyde Park; that he was to produce London Bridge Is Falling Down in Paris and not in London, that Lavender and Oxford were about to merge, with Claude Pinkham in charge of the London office and that Lavender-Oxford, having merged, were about to coalesce with Paris Films, with Claude in command of the Paris office and that Lavender-Oxford-Paris, having merged, were about to start making pictures in London, Paris and Hollywood. . . . From all this, you can easily perceive that Claude was really getting a steady press.

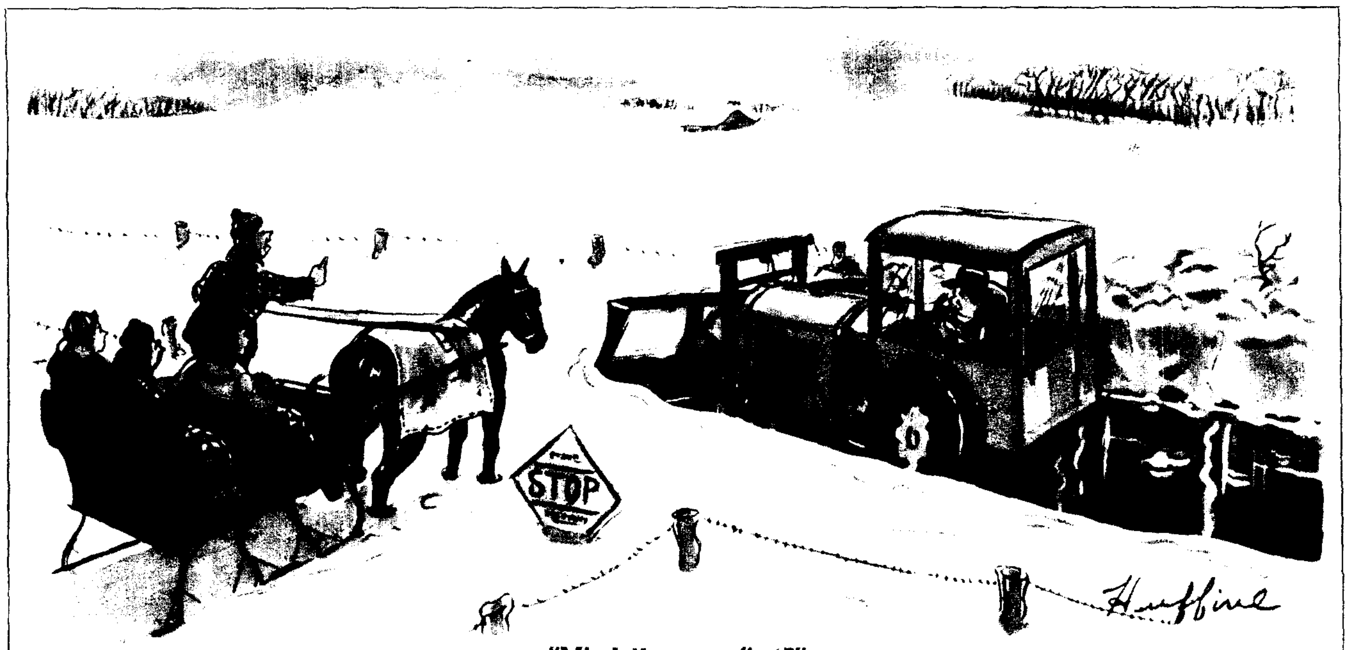
HIS telephone rang in the modest Hollywood hotel and it was Miss Smith, secretary for the well-known director, Woodford Bopp, who was about to give a monstrous cocktail party in his home.

When a prominent movie director tosses a cocktail party, his secretary first calls up persons of social or business importance, many of whom may be known personally to the director. It was the first time anybody had ever invited Claude to a cocktail party.

"Can you come, Mr. Pinkham?" asked the secretary, her voice indicating restrained ecstasy.

"I'll be delighted," Claude replied, and he was delighted and no mistake. He had several days before his plane planed out to New York, where his steamer would then steamer out to England and meantime he was happy and exhilarated over the turn of events. He went to the party, where the famous Mr. Bopp shook him warmly by the hand, put his arm around Claude's shoulder, led him into the fascinating barroom and introduced him to twenty-seven notable persons, many of them beautiful and some of them sober.

One of these was Miss Arabella Arab, the sprightly young actress, who re-



"Mind if we go first?"

D. HUFFINE

SO I GAVE THE PILOT A LIFT
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

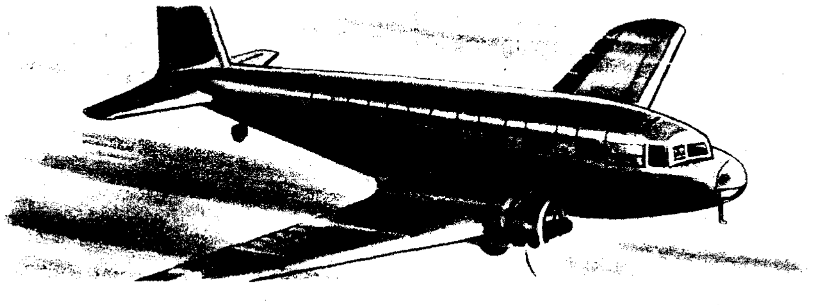
"Fun to fly high? Humph!" grumped the Pilot. "Not when I'm feelin' low." So I held out my package of Beeman's. "Make a discovery. Try that for a flavor that's tops in fresh deliciousness."

"Beeman's—say! That's no discovery. It's been the favorite with my clan for years. Just the right blend of smooth, mellow taste and cool tang. It's always fresh and so long lasting—never lets you down. Lady, the next flight's on the house but be sure you bring Beeman's."

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

WHAT GIVES A PLANE A "FIGHTING HEART"?

Airplane engines take terrific punishment. The addition of only about 3% of alloys to the steel in gears, pistons and other parts gives amazing toughness and resistance to wear and stress.



But for this vitally important 3% modern high speed motors and dependable planes would not be possible. Aviation would be back to the days of the free balloon.

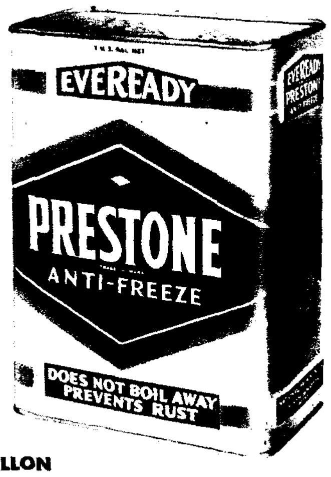
WHAT MAKES AN ANTI-FREEZE ABLE TO "TAKE IT"?

Highly refined and purified ethylene glycol is the base of "Prestone" anti-freeze. But *alone* ethylene glycol is *far* from enough. To it must be added *vital* ingredients that constitute but 3% of the perfect product—"Prestone" brand anti-freeze.

Without this specially developed 3% the world's finest anti-freeze would never have been born. True, you may be able to get other anti-freezes made with varying amounts of ethylene glycol—BUT in "Prestone" anti-freeze you get the vital 3% that spells *absolute security!*

There is no other product like "Prestone" anti-freeze. For the *exclusive* ingredients that fortify ethylene glycol to make "Prestone" anti-freeze were developed after years of laboratory research... after millions of miles of the toughest test driving an anti-freeze can undergo.

"Prestone" brand anti-freeze contains NO alcohol... NO glycerine. One filling lasts all winter long. There's no boil-away... foaming... rust clogging... or leaking. NO dangerous fumes... or fire hazard. *Guaranteed in writing.* See your dealer today.



NEW LOW PRICE $2.65 PER GALLON

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks and identify products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

cently crashed into a movie job at four hundred a week and is the talk of the town. The best minds in Hollywood have marked her as a comer in films.

"So you're Claude Pinkham," she said, showing genuine interest in the man who planed in and out of town with every issue of the Reporter. "I thought you lived in England. I also thought you were an elderly gentleman."

"I am very glad to meet you," Claude replied with a smile. "You are even more charming and gracious than your pictures. You have lovely eyes and your complexion makes the English girls look like invalids."

"I'm glad you're not in England merging all those film companies," said Arabella and, after that, observers say it was one of the swiftest and most amazing romances in all the blazing chronicles of the town. Arabella and Claude clicked from the first cocktail. The plumper among the column chatterers said: "Unless I am very much mistaken, Arabella Arab and Claude Pinkham are on fire."

A commentator in the evening paper said: "I understand that Claude Pinkham returns to London this week to seal the deal with Pall Mall Films and that Arabella Arab may appear in his first British production."

Saturday afternoon, Claude planed out again for New York, and over at the port Arabella moved about in her lovely costume, dark trousers and no hat, and was photographed sixteen times without Claude and three times with.

The Reporter said in the morning: "Claude Pinkham may make a picture for Pall Mall before returning to America." Daily Variety said that London Bridge Is Falling Down would start shooting within three weeks and that Walter Pockinberry said there was no chance of its being made in London.

MR. PINKHAM whirred across the United States on shining wings, rolled over to London again, met the newsmen at various stops and was uniformly courteous and reticent, saying he could throw no light on the jumbled movie situation. He arrived in London on schedule, hastened to the film plant, saw Director Asbury and went at his gelatinous task, now sure of hand and calm, like any true master of his craft. In one single hour, he knocked out the inspired nose and showed it to Asbury.

"Splendid!" cried the director.

"Top-hole," agreed Cheltenham Chumley.

"That's the nose I had in mind from the start," Asbury added. "Let me congratulate you, Mr. Pinkham."

Pall Mall was so delighted with the job that Chumley ordered the auditor to make out a check for ten pounds, or fifty American fish, and hand it to Claude, a sheer bonus, for he had been paid the first trip over. As he could use ten pounds, he took the money and returned to his hotel with the feeling of hearty well-being that comes to any man who has clicked at his job. He was so pleased with the outcome that he spent the evening in mild celebration, sat up at the bar in his hotel, drank four glasses of bitter ale, ate two dried herrings and went to bed pleasantly dizzy.

In the morning, it seemed as if telephones were ringing all over London, and presently the excitement centered on Claude, who was still in bed. It was Hollywood calling—three dollars a minute. It was Mr. Walter Pockinberry, the well-known financier. He was seeking to contact Claude Pinkham, who could still taste fish and ale.

"Is this Claude Pinkham?"

Claude said it was.

"This is Pockinberry. Have you made any definite commitments in England as yet?"

Claude reflected for several seconds. He was not precisely sure what a commitment was, except that as he remembered it followed when the police gave you a ticket for speeding. He replied confidently that he had made no definite commitments.

"Nobody owns London Bridge Is Falling Down except me," Mr. Pockinberry declared, "and it's going to be made in Hollywood and not England. What I want to know is whether you're in a position to come back here and produce the picture."

"What's that?" Claude asked.

"Can you produce London Bridge? I can pay you anything they'll pay in Europe and that goes for anybody."

IT TOOK some time. Slowly it filtered into Claude's intelligence that he was being offered honest employment in a studio, employment of a serious and important character. He was being offered a post as producer of motion pictures and would naturally receive large sums of money.

"I am leaving for America in a few days," he informed Pockinberry, "and will go direct to Hollywood, where I shall be happy to confer with you."

"Then it's a deal?" Pock asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Claude, "a deal."

Variety said: "N. Y. to L. A. . . . Claude Pinkham." Film Daily said: "Latest is that Claude Pinkham has abandoned plans for European production and is tied up with Walter Pockinberry." The Reporter said: "Claude Pinkham planed in from New York yesterday and was met at the port by Arabella Arab, who may star in his first production for Pockinberry."

Two weeks later, Claude was sitting in a large office, with a desk and push buttons, a producer of cinematic entertainment. He said very little to anybody. He decided to keep his mouth shut, listen to those about him and refrain from casual suggestions, for he realized that if a man has a good director and a good staff and clever writers and capable actors, and if they all do their jobs up to the handle, they can readily make a satisfactory motion picture, and so can he, for he will be the producer thereof.

London Bridge began to roll into the cameras. Director George Southland took hold, his staff waded in, the script people delivered handsomely and everything went along like a dream. Pockinberry was visibly gratified.

In the second week, Mr. Pinkham wandered into the make-up department, where there had occurred a slight hitch. Director Southland had been fussing about a certain actor and was arguing with his make-up man and Claude listened. It was a simple matter concerning the actor's eyebrows. Claude put in his oar.

"Maybe this would be the idea, Mr. Southland," he said casually, and taking the eyebrow material and some putty from the astonished make-up man, he fashioned a quick little masterpiece.

"That's what I wanted," said Southland. "That's just it."

PRODUCER and director strolled out together and later on the incident was recalled and several mentioned that Pinkham seemed a capable fellow. "In these days," one man said, "a producer ought to know everything about the business, and Pinkham evidently has the goods. Imagine the head man knowing such a trifling detail as an actor's eyebrows."

Walter Winchell said: "Claude Pinkham, the new producer for Walter Pockinberry, is winding up his first picture ahead of schedule. Pinkham, who is now making eyes at Arabella Arab, used to make noses."

The First Fifty Years

Continued from page 19

was a great football player for over thirty years.

Just back of big Pudge we find Cannon of Notre Dame and Pennock of Harvard. Pennock was the steadier but Cannon was a ball of fire.

The Tackles

The greatest of all tackles, according to old-timers who still remember, was Fats Henry of Washington and Jefferson. He was a human rubber ball at two hundred and twenty-five pounds. There is little to choose between Fincher of Georgia Tech and Weir of Nebraska. The margin here is extremely thin. West of Colgate was another great tackle on this long list. So were Ham Fish and Cutts of Harvard and Hogan of Yale.

The Ends

The competition grows even keener at the ends. Brick Muller of California was certainly one of the greatest. Fesler of Ohio State was just as good. Hewitt of Michigan was probably the best all-around star of the lot, but Hewitt played too many roles. Oosterbaan of Michigan is around the top—a fine end and a great pass receiver. Tack Hardwick of Harvard was also one of the greatest ends.

Quarterbacks

Walter Eckersall of Chicago was the star quarterback under the old regime before the pass came along. Eckie never had his chance to show what he could do with the new game. Bennie Friedman of Michigan was a brilliant passer, a fine blocker and a smart field general. But Red Grange at quarter and at half was a three-year sensation before he turned toward the professional pay roll, where he still holds the attendance record in New York—above 60,000 for his first appearance in the East. Grange was a star ball carrier. He was a good passer. And he was more than merely smart. You can add Sammy Baugh to this list.

The Halfbacks

It is the halfback posts that leave the jitters in their wake. Look them over—Heston, Thorpe, Mahan, Strong, Harley, Thorne, Feathers, Dodd, Pinckert, Grayson, Berwanger (one of the best on a weak team), Wilson, Clint Frank of Yale—a truly great back whatever the duty assigned, on and on. But I'll have to travel with Jim Thorpe and Ken Strong. Thorpe could do everything exceptionally well. So could Ken Strong. After the Carnegie Tech game Judge Walter Steffen, the Tartan coach, told me that in his opinion Strong was by far the best back he ever saw—ball carrier, blocker, passer and kicker supreme.

It is difficult to leave off such stars as Eddie Mahan of Harvard and a great many others. But there isn't room for all.

At Fullback

Pop Warner always rated Ernie Nevers on a par with Jim Thorpe. Ted Coy of Yale was a great running, plunging and kicking back. Bronko Nagurski was named as a tackle in place of a fullback. Joesting was rated as the star Minnesota line breaker.

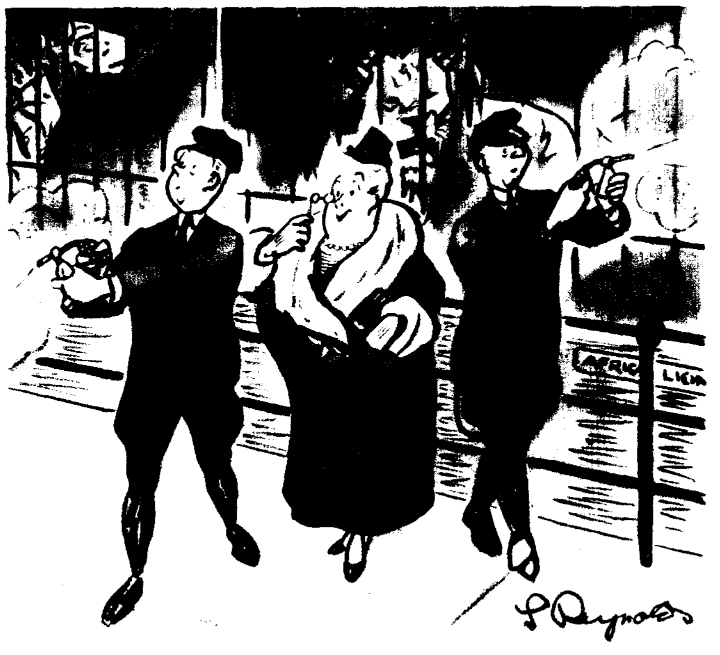
But Nevers had everything a great fullback needs. He was also a brilliant defensive back. It seems strange to have an all-star backfield that doesn't include Mahan, Heston, Eckersall or Coy—just as it seems strange to name all-star ends without including Hinkey and Shevlin. But too many of these played before the forward pass was added to offensive play.

When Walter Camp picked his first team for Collier's so long ago, no imagination could have been vivid enough to foresee the football panorama of 1939. Next week Collier's will name its 50th All-America from an unusual number of strong, fast, ably coached teams that have been checked closely since the first games of late September—on through October and November.

It may be that some outstanding stars will be considered overlooked. But, after all, there are only eleven places to fill and each passing year the competition gets keener and closer.

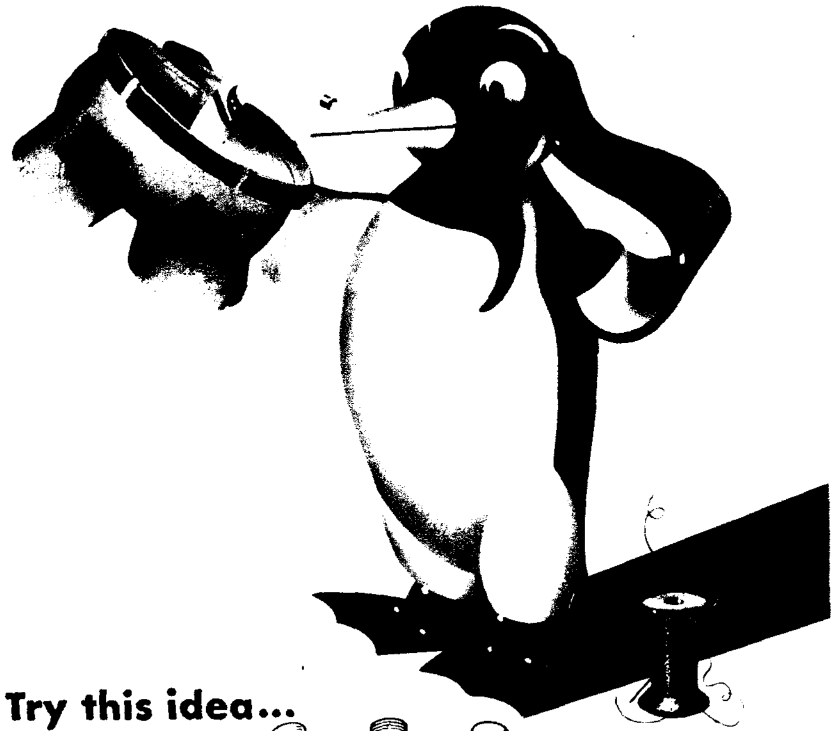
From all reports to date the All-America of 1939 will be on a par with the best of them all.

Of more than 12,000 early-autumn starters, the survivors on our 50th anniversary All-America can look back through half a century and know they belong with the pick of the pack.



"How's the perfume holding out, boys? Have I enough to visit the monkey house, too?" LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

IS YOUR SMOKE TASTE WORN OUT?



Try this idea...

In between the others...

SMOKE A KOOL

1. It gives your throat a welcome change.
2. The mild menthol is definitely refreshing.
3. You'll enjoy all your smoking more.

P. S. KOOLS are so much easier on your throat, lots of folks smoke 'em all the time.

TUNE IN — "Paul Sullivan Reviews the News"—CBS — every night except Sat.
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
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UNION MADE

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK...FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of worthwhile premiums like these

Men's Club Kit. Brush, comb, file, Gillette razor, cream, etc. 325 coupons.

FREE. Write for illustrated new edition B & W premium booklet, No. 17. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

Sunkist Juice Extractor, 110-volt AC only. Easily cleaned . . . 600 coupons.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

This time I win

My last day in Hawaii—the tire goes wham! It gave me an hour more with Mary and then she was laughing and the long cool drinks of Dole Pineapple Juice she'd brought along were swell.

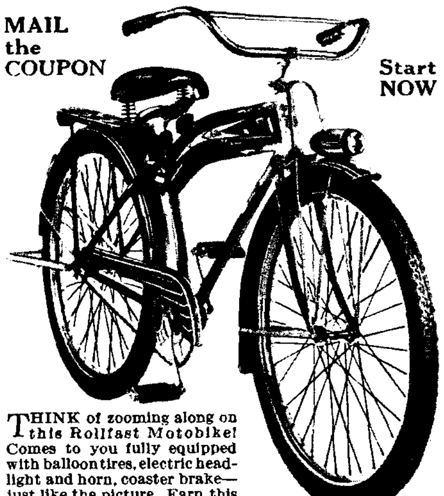
Before I knew it, the tire was on and she was saying, "I guess I could manage to live away from Hawaii with you. And anyway, lamb, we can get Dole Pineapple Juice *front* Hawaii *on* the Mainland. It'll sort of remind us you won the argument when changing the tire."

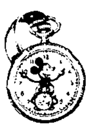
WHERE'LL WE STAY IN ST. LOUIS?
Hotel Lennox
DOWNTOWN, GOOD PARKING, REAL FOOD AND SERVICE.
PRIVATE BATH— RADIO RECEPTION

BIKES for BOYS

MAIL the COUPON

Start NOW





THINK of zooming along on this Rollfast Motobike! Comes to you fully equipped with balloon tires, electric headlight and horn, coaster brake—just like the picture. Earn this or any of 300 other big prizes, including movie machine, footballs, typewriter, Scout equipment, watches, knives. It's fun to earn these prizes and make MONEY at the same time. Just deliver our magazines to customers you obtain in your neighborhood. Some boys earn a prize such as a Boeing model airplane kit or a compo-pearl knife the very first day. You can, too, if you hustle. To start earning MONEY and PRIZES send your name, age, and address, on a penny postal card *today*. Mail to: Jim Thayer, Dept. C-317, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

The World is Like That

Continued from page 24

Sunday before last Thanksgiving, and then it all came to me. He couldn't have done it, Phil. He found her murdered, just as he said. The doctors said it had been done somewhere between five and six, and he was on the other side of the bay then."

"You can't be sure of that," Philip said slowly. She could see that he was deeply disturbed. "You don't want to mix yourself into this, Jocelyn. It wouldn't do any good, and it would—after all, you were over there that night with Dunham, and Dunham killed himself—we'd have people—"

"*You,* Jotsy!" Norma said, aghast.

"You see, there wasn't anyone else there that night," Philip was going on, "and it would start a lot of talk, naturally. They'd tie it up with his coming down to our house and killing himself—"

"But Phil," she said, very white, "if it's his life?"

"It isn't his life. They'll get him off. And it would be damnably unpleasant for both of us."

THEY had all three been riding in the roomy front seat of his car; they were at the docks now, and Norma, according to prearranged plan, crawled into the back seat and effaced herself. Philip and Jocelyn got out and began to walk slowly to and fro on the rough plank flooring of the dock. The great Matsonia was nosing for her place; her tremendous bulk shut off the sky at the end of the pier. A confusion of catcalls and shouts and whistles started in the quiet, foggy air.

"Hello, Phil!" said some man passing him with a wave of the hand. "What you doing here?"

"Meeting my daughter," Phil called back.

"'Sat so?" The man went on, and Philip said urgently:

"Jocelyn, don't worry about this. I promise you I'll follow it up later. But don't get us mixed into this now. Think what it means to you, dear. It'd give Mother and Janet such a hold over you! It wasn't—I know how innocent it was. But it sounds so bad. They'd have it all out of you. That you'd cared for each other, that you'd followed him there, that you'd gotten scared—as many a girl does—and run away in the night. That your car broke down—don't you see how fishy it all sounds?"

"But it's all *true,* Phil."

"I know it's all true. I know it was the purest coincidence that I happened along and picked you up, and you came to live with us, and Dunham came down there and shot himself. But it's the strangest string of coincidences that ever got together, and all it would do is mark you, and not help him. I'd deny it. I'll not get into it!"

THEY were making fast the Matsonia now and he was watching them nervously. Stevedores, dock hands, officials went about; water churned among the piles; a gangplank came down. Men and women who had come down to welcome the ship milled in a joyous confusion about the light fence that shut off the passenger lane.

"You'd deny it!"

"I certainly would."

"Philip, if it meant his life!"

"It wouldn't mean his life! Don't get so excited about it, Jocelyn, it's all in the day's work. They'll dig out something else that frees him, you'll see."

"Phil, I don't want to, but I have to!"

"I ask you not to," Philip said sharply.

"I know. But I'd never forgive myself—"

"Jocelyn, don't count on me to back you in this!"

Her heart was beating hard.

"You'd have to back me if I had them—whatever they do—call on you as a witness!"

"Listen," said Philip fiercely, "I *ask* you to let this rest for the time being. I *ask* you to! You don't know what you're letting yourself into. We'd all be in it. It might mean postponing our wedding—"

"If it did—?" she whispered, breathing hard; her eyes were steady on his own. "If it meant the end of everything, Phil. If it meant that I'm not going to let you go on and marry me, while you feel this way—"

"It *will* mean that," he said hotly, as she paused, unable to go on. "I've had enough! If you've no trust in me, no respect for my feelings or my mother's—"

They looked at each other for a long minute. Then Philip turned and went toward the parked car. Norma got out quietly on the sheltered side and joined him, and in another moment they were a part of the confused and noisy crowd; laughing, being greeted, threading their way about among the arrivals, the friends who had come to meet them, customs and dock officials, taxi men, baggage men, waiters carrying trays of coffee, stewardesses and pursers and cabin boys.

Jocelyn, dizzy and shocked, turned the other way, found a taxi, was at the city hall again. She was too stunned to be conscious of any particular emotion of grief or fear; she went without hesitation to the courtroom and at the door was writing a note to Scudder's lawyer when recess was called, and Napthaly and everyone else streamed out into the halls and chambers. Jocelyn saw the prisoner again, immediately saw Napthaly speaking to two scribbling newspapermen, and spoke to him:

"Mr. Napthaly, could I see you on a question of importance?"

"Well, not today. If you'd telephone my office—"

"This has to do with this case today."

"Representing a newspaper?"

"Oh, no." They were a little out of the current now. "Will you give me three minutes?" she said.

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Britton. Jocelyn Britton. But I don't think you know my name."

"Aren't you going to marry Phil Fordyce?"

She hesitated over "I was going to," substituted a simple affirmative.

"I think," she said, gulping with a dry throat, "I have an alibi for Scudder. Could I see Scudder?"

He looked at her for a long minute; his expression changed.

"Sure you could see Scudder," he said. "Come this way."

They went through a barred door, into the bareness of iron and painted brick, of unadorned walls and uncovered floors, of a smell of carbolic acid and sweat.

SCUDDER, still guarded, looking wearier and more dejected than ever, was seated at a long table. There were several policemen in the room, but it was a large room, and when Jocelyn sat down near the prisoner they gave her only a curious glance, and the man sitting with the prisoner, at a nod from Napthaly, moved away. They could talk now without being overheard.

"Mr. Scudder," Jocelyn said earnestly, as his faded eyes met hers without interest, "do you remember that it had been raining hard the Saturday night that your wife was murdered?"

"Sure I remember," he said, after a silence and a dull stare.

"Do you remember you'd been over to see a man named Boston?"

The vague eyes came up with a sudden interest.

"Zat so?" the man asked, with an awakening something in his voice.

"You remember that?" Napthaly asked her sharply.

"I do remember it. Because my car had broken down, and I was walking, thinking I could telephone from the nearest gas station. And this man—Scudder, gave me a lift."

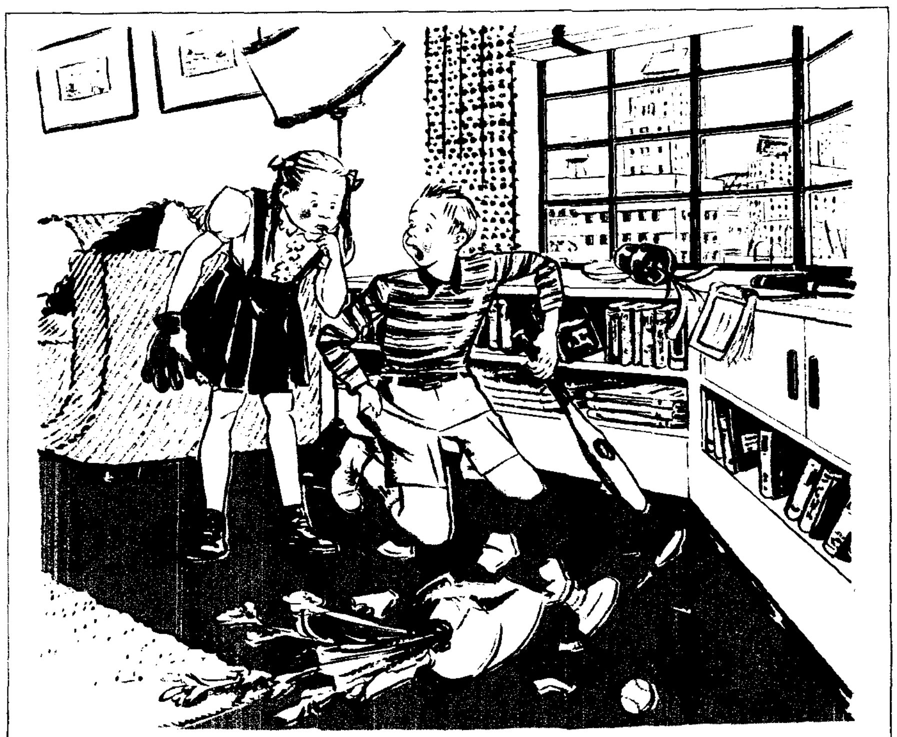
"This was—what time?"

"This was half past five o'clock in the morning." Color came into her white face. He was believing her!

"You were driving home; someone with you?"

"No; I was alone."

"But the folks you'd been with would



"I hope Mom stops for a cocktail before she comes home!"

DOROTHY MCKAY

Another Million Motorists

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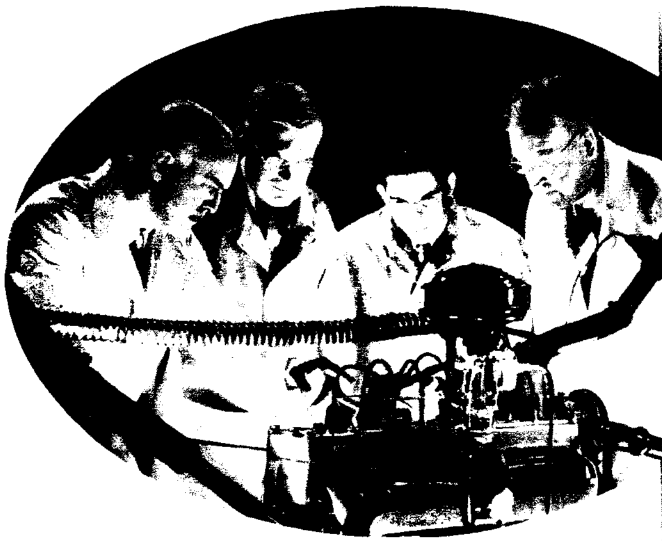

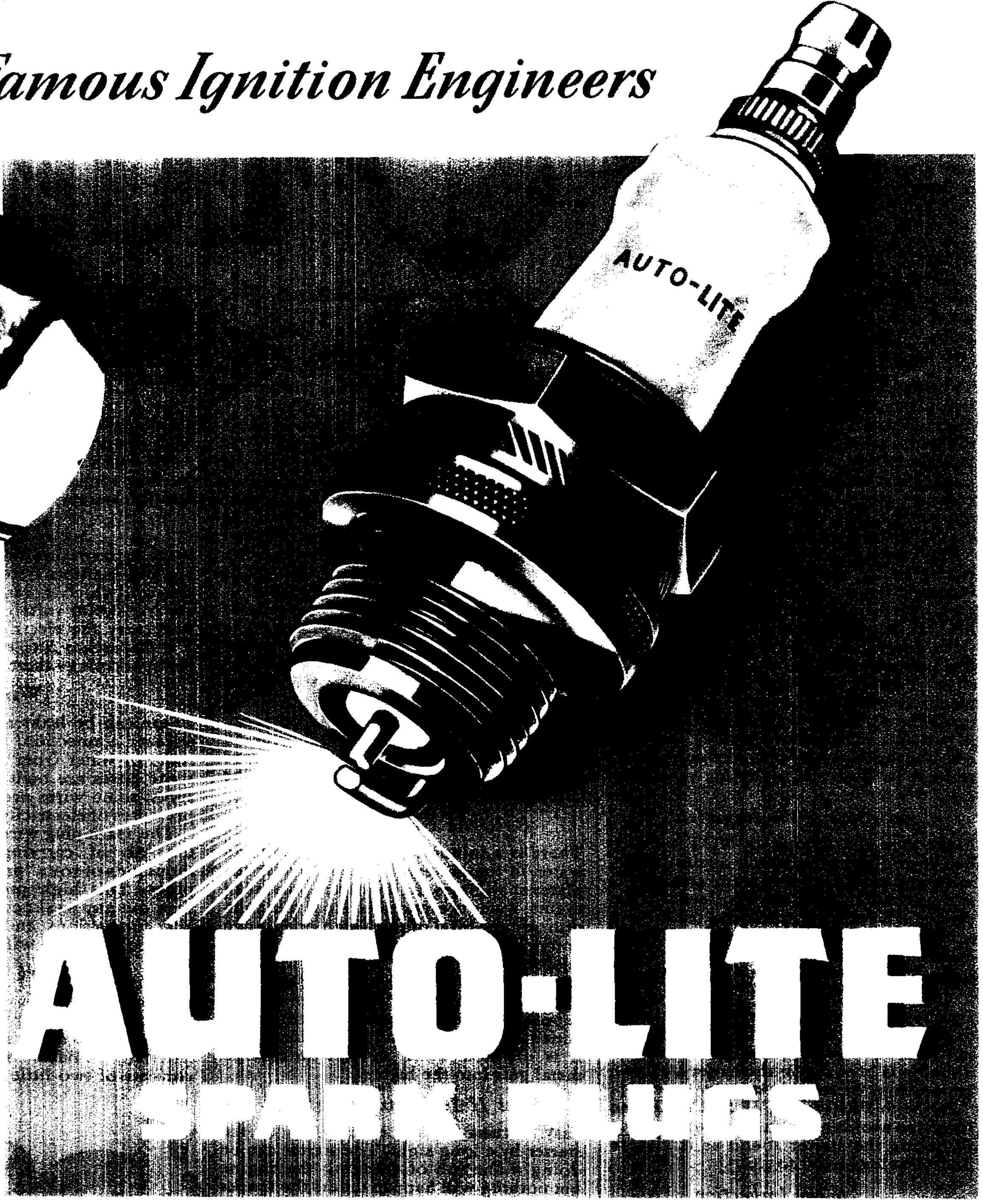

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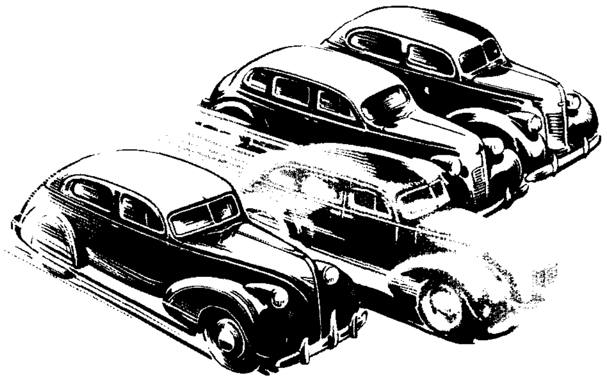

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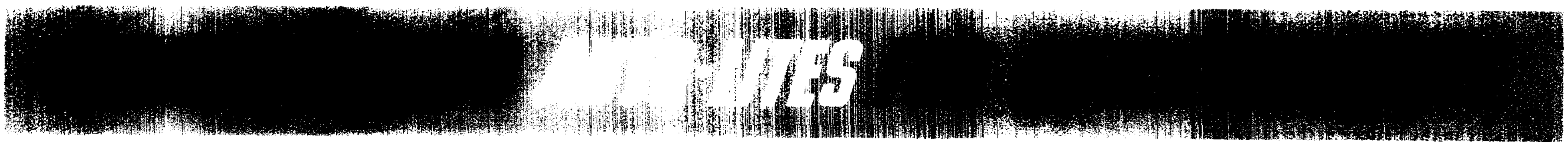


The story thus far:—

The first installment on Preventive Service appeared in the November 4th issue. It said in part: "Motorists of America spend billions of dollars a year to maintain and operate their automobiles. So that you—COLLIER'S reader—may secure trouble-free motoring, COLLIER'S sponsors these pages, offering at regular intervals authentic suggestions for the car-owner."

P.S. Preventive Service

There is no better example of the value of preventive methods than the comfort, beauty and economy achieved by preventive dentistry.

In like manner, Preventive Service for the automobile makes a tremendous contribution to the comfort, economy and safety of motoring.

So, in keeping with its up-to-the-minute policy of action, COLLIER'S sponsors this department on PREVENTIVE SERVICE for the benefit of its millions of car-owners.

STARTING *and* STOPPING

IN the winter-time, *particularly,* you want your car to be "on its toes" in the starting and stopping departments. Hard starting is hard on the car and the disposition. And poor stopping is apt to be disastrous.

As with so many situations in life, the way to avoid trouble is to be ahead of it. All large things have small beginnings.

So, with PREVENTIVE SERVICE in mind, let's go through the car and see what makes it tick—and what makes it stop.

Let's Start with the Starter

The starter is a marvelous device—only it isn't a starter. It is, in fact, a "cranker." It does electrically what car-owners of old did with a crank handle—no more, no less.

When you press the starter, it makes a *connection between your battery and the* compact electrical starting motor under the hood. This motor does the job of cranking the engine.

The method of doing the job is simplicity itself. The fly-wheel, which is an integral part of the engine, furnished an ideal place for the starting motor to hook on. All that was needed was to put gear teeth on the rim of the fly-wheel and gear teeth on the end of the starting motor shaft. Presto! Press the starter and the electric motor starts to turn the gear that *turns the fly-wheel that turns the engine.* When the engine starts firing, and you release the button, the starting motor retracts its gear and waits for your next call.

An Aside to the Impatient

Make sure the engine is NOT turning before you press the starter again. Otherwise, you might press in haste and repent at the repair shop. If the gear teeth on the starter are forced against the teeth on a *spinning* fly-wheel, something has to give—and it might be a tooth.

Check the Starter

If, when you press the starter, things seem to move very slowly, it's the signal that all is not well with the starting mechanism. Trouble is brewing in the battery, cables, connections or starting motor!

But with PREVENTIVE SERVICE, the idea is to avoid that disturbing experience of having the starter sound as if it were on its last legs—and so . . .

. . . to the Inspection

If the battery is fully charged, then all that is needed is to see that the cables and cable connections carrying the electricity to the starting motor are all right and that the starting motor itself is clean and in good condition.

Any electrical motor needs inspection and attention occasionally. When so much of your comfort and convenience rests upon the starting motor, it should certainly receive PREVENTIVE SERVICE.

Was There a Question?

At this point, it might be well to answer the person who suddenly realizes that the present family car doesn't even have a crank handle. The reason for this is that very few people have the strength to crank a modern car. Electrical cranking made possible the present high-compression motor.

Have You Enough Electricity on Board?

In the winter-time, particularly, it is good to think about whether you have enough electricity in the battery in the same spirit that you check to see whether you have enough gas in the tank.

There is no better reminder of the importance of a well-charged battery for winter starting than the realization of the amount of electricity that is needed to operate the starter.

Quantity of electricity is measured in amperes. The pressure of electricity is measured in volts. So, when you blow the horn, or light the lights or press the starter, you "draw out" so many units of electricity. When the car is running, the generator functions and piles up electricity, and stores it in the battery for future use.

The ammeter on the dash gives you, as captain of the car, an idea of the difference between the number of amperes going out and the number coming in. The starter takes so many that it isn't hooked in on the ammeter.

The headlights "draw" 10 amperes. The spark plugs "draw" 2 amperes. But *the starter "draws" 200 to 300 amperes.* No wonder the battery should come in for its share of inspection when you give your car PREVENTIVE SERVICE for the cold weather.

Batteries Get Thirsty, Too

There is a solution of sulphuric acid and water in the battery. It should cover the plates at all times. In the natural course of events, water is evaporated from this solution and the level of the liquid goes down and down. So, every week or every month (depending upon the weather and how much driving you do), unscrew the caps of each cell and look in. If the plates are exposed, have enough distilled water added to cover them about ¼ inch. Be sure it is distilled water so that no foreign metal gets into the battery.

What If It Doesn't "Catch"?

Easy starting is not entirely up to the starter by a long sight. The starter can be doing a fine job of cranking the engine but nothing will happen unless the sparks at the spark plugs are right and the vaporized gasoline is ready to be exploded.

So, PREVENTIVE SERVICE for easy starting includes a simple check of the ignition system and the fuel system.

Ignition

If the battery is well charged, then checking the ignition system means checking the coil (which increases the voltage from six to 10,000 volts or more), the wires that carry the electricity, the distributor that dispatches it to the spark plugs, and the spark plugs themselves.

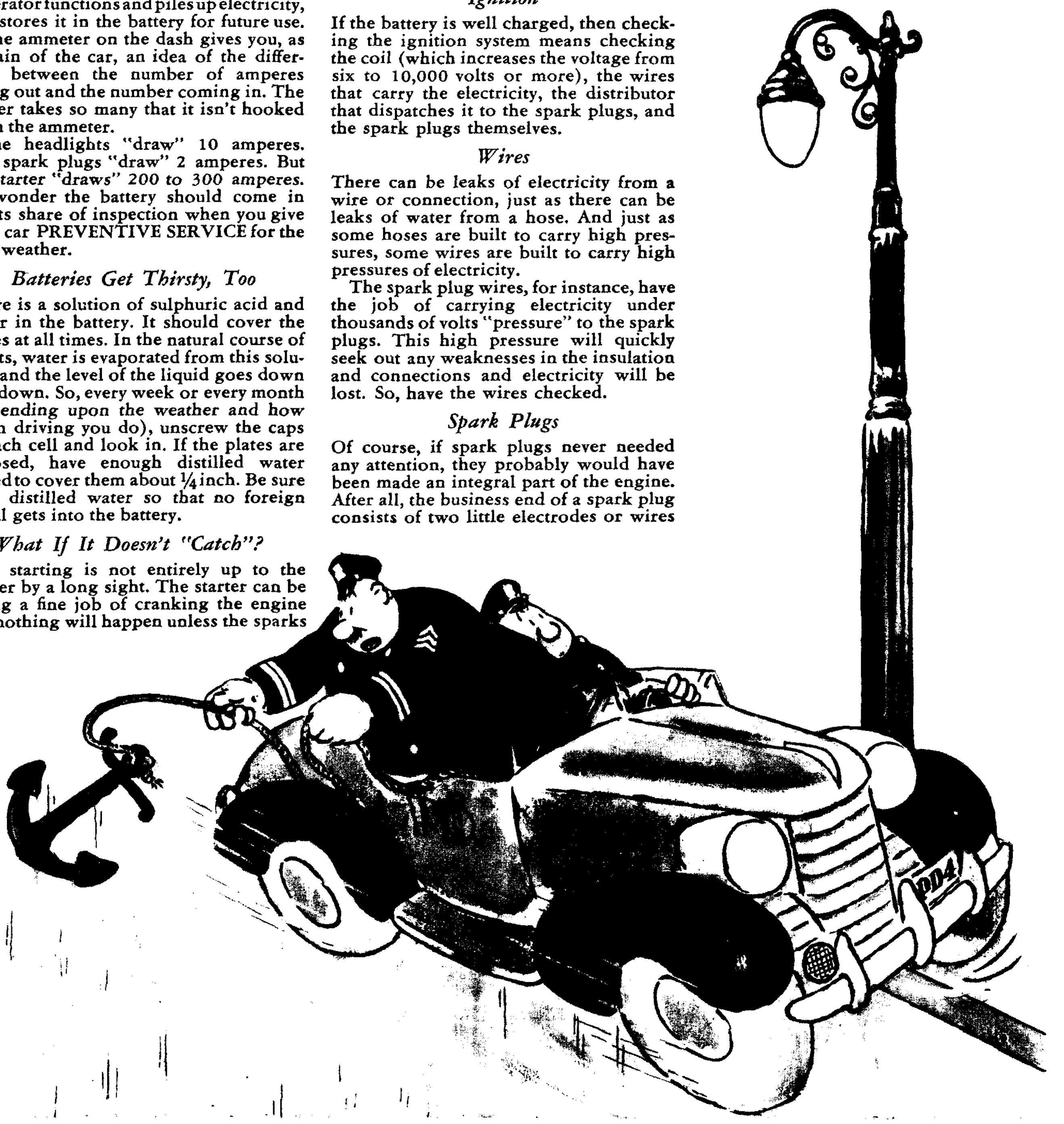
Wires

There can be leaks of electricity from a wire or connection, just as there can be leaks of water from a hose. And just as some hoses are built to carry high pressures, some wires are built to carry high pressures of electricity.

The spark plug wires, for instance, have the job of carrying electricity under thousands of volts "pressure" to the spark plugs. This high pressure will quickly seek out any weaknesses in the insulation and connections and electricity will be lost. So, have the wires checked.

Spark Plugs

Of course, if spark plugs never needed any attention, they probably would have been made an integral part of the engine. After all, the business end of a spark plug consists of two little electrodes or wires



YOUR CAR IN WINTER

between which about 12,000 sparks jump every minute. All the rest of the spark plug is physical strength and insulation for the electricity-carrying elements.

With so many electric arcs jumping across from one electrode to the other, it is only natural that the little electrode will wear by burning off or getting forced out of position. Therefore, it is good PREVENTIVE SERVICE to have the spark plugs inspected regularly to see whether they need cleaning, adjusting or replacing.

At the same time, distributor points and the coil should be checked.

And Now the Fuel System

The fuel system starts with the gasoline tank and ends with the vaporized gas in the cylinders.

The fuel pump on the car pumps the liquid gasoline from the tank up to the carbureter, as needed. It should be checked.

The Carbureter

It is the carbureter's job to help produce the proper vaporized mixture of gasoline and air.

We say "give it the gas" when in reality, by pressing down the accelerator, we merely open a valve to let more air in.

The accelerator controls an air valve. As the valve is opened, more air is allowed to be pulled in from the outside by the suction from the cylinders. As this air rushes through the carbureter, it picks up drops of gasoline and with the heat from the motor, it produces a mixture of air and gas that will give the best explosion in the cylinder when the spark plug ignites it.

It is easy to see that cold weather produces a different set of conditions from that produced by warm weather. The air that is taken in is colder. At the time of starting, the manifold or "mixing chamber" is colder. In order to compensate for these differences, the gasoline producers vary the type of gasoline as the seasons change. The other needed compensation requires action on your part. The action consists of having your carbureter adjusted to get the best mixture for your locality.

The Exhaust System

Just as houses and factories have chimneys to carry off the disagreeable and dangerous exhaust gases, so the automobile has a "chimney"—only it's called the exhaust system. Leaks in the automobile "chimney" are especially bad because they permit carbon monoxide to escape into the car instead of out back where it will be dissipated in the air. So check your exhaust system—muffler, pipes and connections.

The Choke

Whether your car has an automatic choke or a manually operated choke, the purpose of this device is to reduce the proportion of air going into the mixture, thereby increasing the amount of gasoline. This richer mixture helps get the engine started.

Air Filter

Of course, the car engineers put a device on your car to clean the air which is drawn in to be used in making the vapor. (If you have lifted the hood lately and wondered what that gallon-size container was—the secret is now out: it is the air filter!) Here the air is drawn through an oil-soaked filter which traps the dirt and dust. Naturally, this filter should be cleaned occasionally and the oil renewed.

Making it Easy for the Starter with the Right Oil

If the engine is hard to turn, it makes hard work for the starter. Here is where good winter oil and lubes make an important contribution to easy starting. Winter oils stay fluid at low temperatures, while summer grades may get thick and hard—like butter in the refrigerator. If the starter had to pull the moving parts of the engine through a tub of ice-cold butter, you can imagine the extra effort needed. You get a sample of the resistance of stiff lubricants when you try to move the gear lever after the car has been sitting out in the cold for a long time. Lubricants that are not especially prepared for cold weather not only cause hard starting but may leave the metal parts bare during the starting period and thereby cause permanent damage.

So, winter oil in the crankcase and winter lubricants in the transmission and differential are important winter protection.

Piston Rings

Before leaving the subject of starting, the all-important subject of piston rings should be touched upon. Fitted around the sides of each piston, there is a series of piston rings. The top piston rings have the job of keeping the cylinder air-tight so that the vaporized gas can be compressed in the cylinder as the piston goes up. The bottom piston rings have the job of keeping the oil from splashing up past the pistons into the explosion chamber. Naturally, if the piston rings are worn or the cylinder walls are out of shape, the vaporized gasoline leaks past them and dilutes the oil in the crankcase. And going the other way, the oil splashes up past the rings into the explosion chamber and there forms carbon or is blown out and lost through the exhaust.

When rings are worn or cylinder walls are out of shape, difficult starting is encountered because of the loss of compression.

Stopping

Starting is important in its place. Stopping is even more important in ITS place.

Winter-time brings with it additional hazards. PREVENTIVE SERVICE that will contribute to good stopping is worth its weight in safety as well as comfort.

Included in the departments that make for good stopping are brakes, wheel alignment, tires, chains and good driving.

Brakes

When you put on the brakes, you press your foot on the brake pedal. You exert a pressure of from between 20 to 60 lbs., depending on the kind of stop you are making—which is a pretty good indication that you have a lot of leverage in your leg.

For an emergency stop, your foot pressure runs about 60 lbs. Through levers and hydraulics, this pressure is built up to about 220 lbs. at the brake drums.

Every time you apply the brakes, the brake-lining is pressed hard against the drum on the wheel. Each application of the brakes means that the brake lining will be worn down an infinitesimal amount. From this standpoint, it is amazing that brake linings can last as long as they do. But there comes a time when the lining is used up. It is important to have the brakes relined before the lining is worn down to the rivets which hold it. The way to check the condition of the linings is to have the wheels taken off and look at the lining. It is not a difficult job and does not take long. It is an excellent piece of PREVENTIVE SERVICE.

With hydraulic brakes, it is also important to check the brake fluid. In hydraulic brakes, there is a fluid which transmits the pressure from the pedal to the brakes. Accidental leaks might cause you to lose some of this fluid. So, even though it seldom needs attention, there is considerable peace of mind in knowing that the brake fluid has been checked recently.

Of course, brakes should be adjusted quite frequently. Due to driving conditions, the brake lining at one wheel frequently receives greater wear than the linings at the other wheels. Simple adjustments bring all the brakes into balance—and balance is essential to keep the car from swerving when stopped suddenly.

Wheel Alignment

Sometimes one or two tires will be worn unevenly. This is frequently due to wheels out of alignment. In your travels, the wheels get a lot of hard bumps and it is not surprising that occasionally they are found out of their true position. This is usually discovered by noticing that the tires are wearing unevenly—in much the same manner as a bad walking fault will show in runover heels.

Wheels out of alignment cause hard steering, "wheel wobble" and a real loss in tire mileage. So, for good stopping, among other good reasons, see that the wheels are in alignment.

Tires

Last month, we discussed the importance of checking tires when preparing the car for winter driving. It bears repeating that traction is vital for bad weather starting and stopping. The tread on the tires has the sole responsibility of supplying the traction.

Brakes can be in perfect condition; you can be the fastest person in the world in getting your foot to the brake pedal, *but,* the condition of your four tires is going to bring you to a safe stop or scare you to death—to say the least.

If a smooth surface or "tread" on a ski allows a skier to *slide* over the snow at sixty miles an hour, you don't want anything to do with smooth tires on your car.

So make your tire inspection a non-skid tread inspection.

Chains

When bad weather makes roads dangerous, it is important to step up the traction of your tires by putting on skid chains. Don't let the trouble of putting on chains encourage you to run the risk of greater trouble on the road. When it is "chain weather," put on chains.

Avoid Sudden Stops and Save Yourself

At 45 miles an hour, it requires 200 ft. in which to stop the average car. Be sure your seeing distance is *much more* than your stopping distance. For night driving, that means your lights are your first line of defense against sudden stops. Don't wait for a bulb to burn out before giving your headlights and taillights inspection and attention.

It's ten to one that the light bulbs in your home get a dusting at least once a week, yet all too often the lenses and reflectors in the cars' headlights go for months without cleaning. Remember this amazing fact: dirty lenses and dirty reflectors often cut 50,000-beam candle-power headlights down to 20,000-beam candle-power.

In bad weather, vision is reduced and the possibility of skidding is increased. To offset low visibility, "adverse-weather" lights are a valuable accessory.

Drive Smoothly

There are times when a skid cannot be avoided. Keeping cool and handling the car carefully at such a time can in most cases avoid danger and damage.

At such times, you want the wheels to keep rolling — *not sliding.* Therefore, don't push in the clutch pedal unless it is absolutely necessary. While the car is in gear, the wheels are kept turning forward.

In handling the brakes, put them on and take them off . . . put them on and take them off . . . so that the car is brought to a stop without locking the wheels and causing them to slide.

Remember how the trolley-car motorman brings his car to a stop by applying the air brakes, then releasing them and then applying them again, all to avoid having the wheels lock and slide along the track?

In handling the steering wheel, the best system is to follow the old rule "steer in the direction of the skid." To put the rule in practice means that if the rear wheels, for instance, skid toward the curb, steer the *front wheels* toward the curb.

To see how this works, place a pencil on a table to represent the car and hold it lightly at the middle. Move the back of the pencil to the side as if it skidded. Now push the front *in the direction of the skid* and see how it puts the pencil back in its original direction.

And Last But Not Least

As a reminder that it is better and safer to use the brakes more often than the horn, you can make a mental note that it takes 21 amperes to blow the horn and only 2 to light the stop light.

A Lot for a Little

The automobile is a marvelous device. The service facilities that have been built up to meet the car-owner's needs are fitting companions.

Practically all places that service automobiles have ingenious testing equipment and are prepared to render the services mentioned at a reasonable price. See your service man for PREVENTIVE SERVICE and be prepared to ride through the winter with pleasure and satisfaction from your automobile.

P.S.

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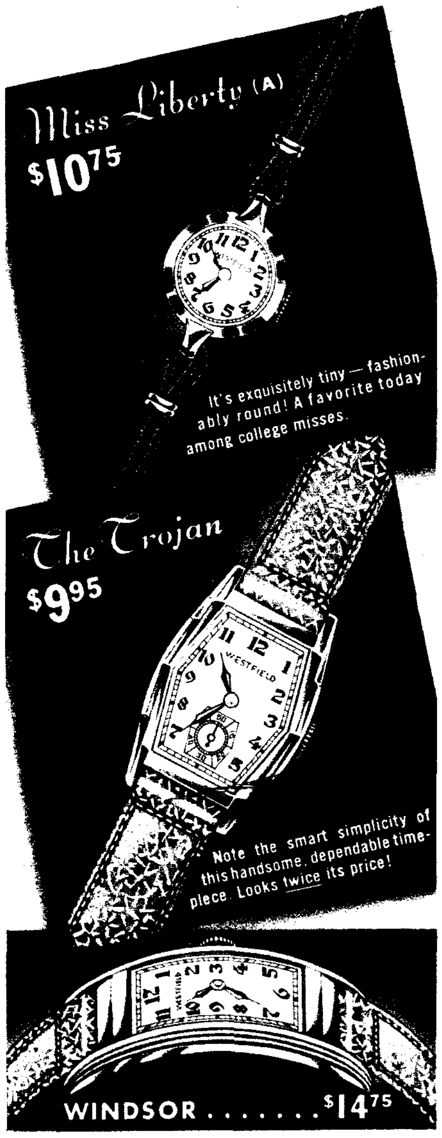
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remember your leaving 'em," the attorney stated rather than asked.

"No; because he's—the friend I was visiting is dead. He died a few weeks ago. But I can prove it, I can prove it," Jocelyn said anxiously, forestalling his interruption. "The men in the garage who went to get my car out of the mud, they'd remember. They'd have a record of it. It was about half past five o'clock on the morning of the Sunday before Thanksgiving, and Mr. Scudder here was driving back to the city, and he gave me a lift. And you told me, Scudder, don't you remember?—that you had a little boy named—I can't remember his name, but that your little girl named Florence had died—"

"Yes, sir; we lost our little girl," Scudder said suddenly, his weak eyes filling with tears as he fixed them pathetically upon Jocelyn. "She wasn't nothing but a baby when we lost her."

"He told you this?" Napthaly asked Jocelyn.

"While he was driving me down to the station."

"Think he was drunk?"

"I knew he'd been drinking."

"And how's it happen you've got this date fixed in your mind, Miss Britton?"

"Because—well, I have every reason to remember it. It was an important date to me. I was going to my aunt's for Thanksgiving dinner, and I went over that afternoon to her house."

"Tell her about it?"

"No."

"Didn't tell her you'd started home at five o'clock in the morning and your car had broken down?"

"No."

"Didn't tell anyone?"

"Yes; I did. I told Mr. Philip Fordyce. The man I am going to marry."

"Say, weren't you going to be married today?" the attorney asked, diverted by sudden curiosity.

"Yes, we were. But of course—if I can do anything to help Mr. Scudder—"

She felt a sudden forlornness and loneliness as she said it. She was burning her bridges behind her. Tears came into her eyes.

THE attorney looked down at some penciled notes he had made.

"Know a man named Boston, Scudder?" he asked.

"Bridgie Boston, yes, sir; I do," the little man answered, pitifully eager and bewildered by uncomprehending hope.

"You said you'd won a turkey and he had it," Jocelyn prompted eagerly.

"That's right; that went clean out of my head," Scudder agreed, light breaking at last into his weary eyes. "That's right. He had my turkey, and I thought maybe if I got it and brought it home to Eda, maybe she'd get over her mad. That's right. But I never seen Bridgie that night—" he added, puzzled again.

"You said you couldn't find the house. But surely he'd remember about the turkey," Jocelyn said.

"Where's he?" Napthaly asked. "By George, we may have this case broken!" he added, half aloud.

"He and his folks have gone to Las Vegas. He's workin' on the Boulder Dam."

"You could get him?"

"Oh, sure; I guess so."

"Isn't it a funny thing that you remembered Boston's name all this time?" the attorney asked Jocelyn.

"I don't think so. My own name is Britton, and Boston being another place name, I remember it made a sort of impression. And I remembered the little girl's name because of a friend of mine whose own little girl is named Florence."

"Well, excuse me," Napthaly said, "I'll be right back."

He went away, and Scudder and Jocelyn sat on together.

"You ran away," Jocelyn said then, as simply as she might have spoken to a child.

"Yes'm. I was frightened. I'd tried to pick Eda up," the man said. "She was moaning, and she got me all over blood. The lady from upstairs was there. I got Eda onto the bed and she sort of rolled up her eyes and groaned and I thought she was gone. They was screaming and yelling, the Garneys, and Mrs. Garney said, 'You done it!' We didn't have no telephone, and they told me to run out and thought I'd find an all-night drugstore maybe and call a doctor. But then I seen my hands all red—"

He put one of these weak, freckled hands over his eyes and began to sob.

"I knew you didn't do it," said Jocelyn.

"I says I di'n't do it, but I was scared!" he said. "So I took all the money we had—we kep' it in a little shell box that said 'Souvenir of Atlantic City,' and I got some clothes, and I got out. I drove on and on, and I was always thinkin' I'd give myself up, but nobody bothered me none, and this barber in Carson City had more work than he could do, and I was a barber before I was in the token and button works, so I begun to help him, and I stayed there."

"How do they know what time it happened?"

"Well, they know 'twas 'round five, becuz she called downstairs to Lizzie Hebbit at four. 'Lizzie,' she says, 'you've locked your dog out, and he keeps whinin' and scratchin' in the hall.' So Lizzie let the dog in, and she says to her mother, 'The poor feller has been tryin' to get in all this time and here 'tis four o'clock.' That's how they fixed it that someone went for poor Eda somewhere 'round half past five. I got there about half past six, cuz I know it was seven when I stopped the car and changed my clothes in the back and washed up as good as I could.

"I hope that what you say about Bridgie and all that is goin' to make some difference," the little man concluded feverishly, "for I never raised my hand to hurt a fly, and I cert'ny would feel real bad bein' taken to San Quentin and put in one of them death cells. Mr. Phillips," he added respectfully, of the district attorney, "cert'ny seems to have it in for me. 'The bedroom snake,' he called me yesterday, and he says that nothin' so atrocious as this has ever happened before. He says the lethal chamber is too good for me. But I don't feel that's much more humane than the old way of hangin'."

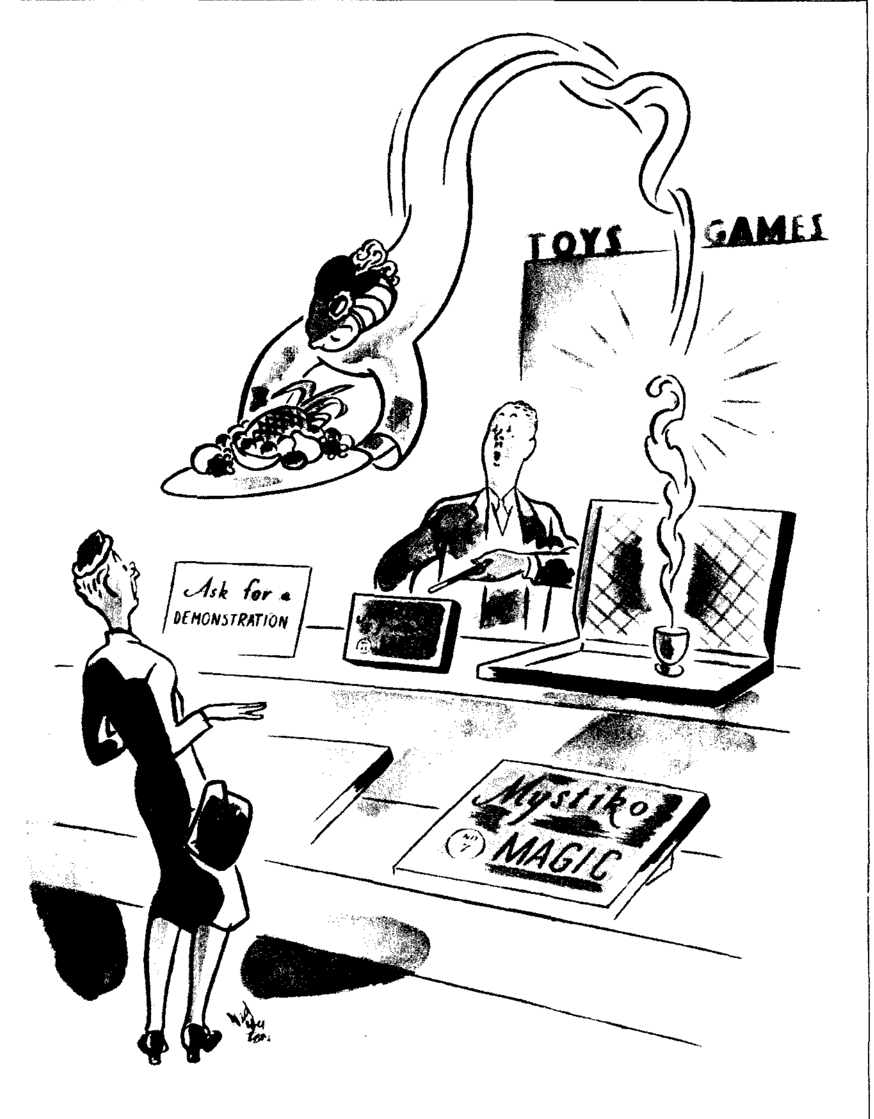
"I don't think you need be afraid of either." Suddenly a great calm and a great courage possessed Jocelyn. She felt exhausted with emotion, yet strangely, gloriously at peace. Her life lay in wreckage behind her; she did not care. Very probably she would not marry Philip now; she would go alone into the future, finding work, finding friends, beginning all over again. It didn't matter. What mattered was that she had not failed this miserable little fellow creature in his hour of need. When he had thought everything lost she had saved him.

"I hope you are right, Miss," said Scudder.

NAPTHALY came back; he had two other men with him. One of them was Phillips, the district attorney; the other a stenographer.

"Is the recess over?" Jocelyn asked. "Are they going back into court?" She had begun to feel frightened again.

"Court has adjourned. We have been dismissed until next Wednesday," said Napthaly. He looked excited. The district attorney sat down and asked Jocelyn questions; the other man made notes. She told them all she could. But she was showing the effect of the reac-



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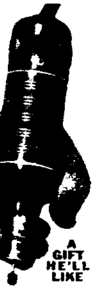

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(SEE PAGES 58 AND 71)

tion already; her eyes blazed in a pale face; she answered sometimes nervously, sometimes after hesitation.

"I had dined with a friend, a man friend, in Mr. Covington Keble's studio in Piedmont. I had thought that other friends were to be there. Yes; it was raining hard. I started home about ten o'clock, but my car slipped on a bank in the mud and I couldn't start it."

"Your friend went for help?"

"No. No; he wasn't with me. I had left him at the cabin."

"And started to drive home alone? He didn't offer to come with you?"

"No. I didn't tell him I was going. I just—left."

"But that was at half past ten," said Phillips. "Scudder here, you say, picked you up at half past five. Where were you all that time?"

"I was in my car. I had a rug."

"You didn't go back to the—" He glanced at the notes. "—the Keble cabin?" he asked.

"No. I couldn't have found it. It was pitch-dark and raining. And I was miles away."

"About how many miles? Guess at it. Three? Five?"

"The garage people could tell you that."

OH, THIS was awful. This was cross-examination. No wonder Phil hadn't wanted her to face it! Her cheeks were on fire; her head ached. This was all shame and fear and humiliation. She hated this room, where a few minutes ago she had felt so confident and so strong!

"So you spent the night in the car, Miss Britton?"

"I couldn't do anything else."

"Ah, but that wasn't what I asked you. You did, you say, spend this cold, rainy winter night in a car?"

"I had a rug."

"You had a rug, of course. And Scudder here—" He always mentioned the cringing little prisoner with a sort of easy contempt, "told you about his girl and boy, did he?"

"The girl, the child who died, was never mentioned in the case before, Matt," said Napthaly. The other man looked at him thoughtfully, nodded his head slowly.

"I know, I know; that's a point," he conceded. "Now! What was the name of the man with whom you dined that night?" he demanded suddenly. "I see in Mr. Napthaly's notes here that he has since died."

"Yes; he died some weeks ago."

"And that was—?"

Jocelyn swallowed with a dry throat. "That was Mr. Kent Dunham."

"Mr. Kent Dunham." The district attorney looked up with a sudden light in his eyes. "Didn't he—wasn't that the fellow who killed himself down on some place in Burlingame—down on the Fordyce place," he said. Long before he had finished his question he had answered it himself; he set the note down with a satisfied nod. "I see—I see—" he said ruminatively. "Well, Scudder," he added, "I think you're sitting pretty. If you were over in Piedmont on that Sunday morning at half past five, then you hadn't anything to do with that affair in San José Avenue. We'll see what we can do about getting hold of this man Boston—"

"He'd get a letter Monday," Napthaly said.

"Telephone him," the district attorney said briefly and magnificently. "We can't waste the People's time and money on letters. Yep. We'll wire him, and get him on the telephone this afternoon. Now, Miss Britton, where can we get hold of you if we need you, and where can we locate Mr. Fordyce?"

"Mr. Fordyce—" she was beginning uncertainly, when the door opened and Philip came in. Jocelyn felt the panic terror of a child caught red-handed in mischief; then her heart returned gloriously to a normal beat and she managed a smile that was close to tears.

Philip, magnificent and browned and confident, was handsomer than ever among these homely, ordinary men. He came in like a great clearing breeze; he came over to Jocelyn at the table and sat down beside her and clasped her hand with his big warm hand.

He had given her only a friendly glance, but that was all she wanted! Now he was greeting the other men:

"Hello, Matt, got my girl in jail, did you? Hello, Sidney. How's all this going, Jocelyn?"

Joy flooded back into her soul; he wasn't angry. He was going to shoulder the whole thing, to save them all. That was all that mattered. The world came back into sunshine and safety with a great, heart-shaking revolution; Jocelyn clung to Philip's hand, and drank deep of life's most intoxicating wine: sudden relief from fear and pain.

"What do you think of this, Matt?" he asked conversationally. "Doesn't this give this fellow a pretty good break?"

"Well, it does, Mr. Fordyce; it does, Phil," said the district attorney cautiously. "That is, if we can check on these dates. I wish you'd come in with this evidence before. We've got our jury and everything. This would have made a difference. This would have made a big difference. We've got the time of that murder fixed at five o'clock. Now you and Miss Britton say you met while she was waiting for the six-o'clock train. How d'you happen to remember the time?"

"I remember the time I took my car out of the garage at the Wahneta Club. And I suppose the garage would have that down, wouldn't they, Matt?"

"The man bringing the book from the other garage is here now. I'll call the Wahneta."

"Someone said the trial would be put over until Wednesday."

"Why, hell," Matt said pathetically, with great simplicity, "there won't be any trial now. We've got to go at this from another angle. We've got to take the whole thing from another angle. I'll get right onto this and see how soon we can turn Scudder loose. I hope you get that, Mr. Scudder? You can thank this lady for saving your life; do you get that? She came through with what you needed just when you needed it."

THE prisoner was far from grasping the situation. But he knew that matters were turning in his favor, and he cleared his throat preparatory to speech:

"I don't know that there's any way I can thank you, Miss. I don't clearly remember that it was you I gave a lift to that morning, but it comes back to me that I did see a lady walking along in the mud, and I appreciate that you felt like you wanted to be so loyal."

These were not exactly the words Jocelyn would have chosen in his place, but she looked at him seriously and said that she was happy to be of service to him.

"You understand, Matt," Philip said, "that it was the merest accident that Miss Britton and I came into Judge Troward's court yesterday. I was turning over the guardianship of young Leslie Baker; his father made Judge Troward coguardian with me, you know, and Miss Britton came into the court with me to wait until I could speak to the judge. Something that was said made her remember what had happened last November; otherwise she never would have known of Scudder's trial at all! So we'll be here now if you want us. You have her statement? You'll want one from me. It's just to the effect that

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I happened to pass the Piedmont station at six o'clock that Sunday morning, picked her up and heard from her the same story she's told here."

"That's all you'll have to say, Phil."

"We're being married at four o'clock today, and we'll go off somewhere near—Del Monte, probably. I'll keep in touch with you. I'd have been here with Miss Britton," said Philip, "but I had to meet my daughter. She just got in on the Matsonia."

"I hope I can do something for you folks some day!" Scudder, by degrees assimilating the meaning of all this, said with sudden passion. Jocelyn, standing now, with Philip beside her, laughed with tears in her eyes. "I hope you'll never know what it is to stand in the shadow of death," added the little prisoner feelingly.

"I hope I won't," Jocelyn said. She looked at Philip. "I hope I'm not standing there now," she said significantly. Philip laughed, and she laughed back. Wherever she stood, he was beside her now. Nothing could go very wrong while they two were together.

"I'll bet you folks were going away on a honeymoon," said the district attorney, with compunction. "Seems a shame to keep you here. I'll tell you, you wait here a minute, Phil. Step over to court and wait, until I see if I can get in touch with Mahoney. Lynch," he said to one of the officers, "I think very probably this prisoner will be discharged this afternoon, if I can get in touch with Judge Mahoney. If not they'll probably let him go on Monday. I'll be back in half an hour."

He went away, and Jocelyn said shyly to Scudder:

"Where is your little boy now?"

"He's with my sister in Chico, Miss. I didn't want for him to see his father in any of this mess. I cert'ny," said Scudder, with his characteristic little nervous clearing of the throat, "will be pleased to see him again."

"I wish you luck!" she said cordially, extending her hand.

SHE and Philip went back into the courtroom and took two of the round-backed coffeehouse chairs. The place was empty now, except for two men cleaning; they both looked like Scudder, Jocelyn thought. She wondered if he would go back to Carson City and his barber's chair; she wondered what the little boy would think of this story some day when his father told it.

"I know how he feels," she said.

"You!" Philip had lighted a cigarette; she knew that he was happy.

"I knew, the minute you opened that door, Phil, how poor Scudder felt. It was salvation when I thought I was drowning alone in a big, cold sea. To have you come in, so easy, so sure of yourself—but then you're always that!"

"I don't remember being so decent, down on the wharf, Jocelyn."

"You had reason, then. And believe me, I wasn't enjoying it," Jocelyn said. "I think, as I came up here in a taxi, I would have given my life to get out of what I had to do. My life! That wouldn't have worried me. But one's life never counts in those times. I had to go on and drag myself down and drag you down, and Norma, and give your mother and Sandy and Janet just the weapons they've been wanting. I had to lower myself to Norma," Jocelyn went on, very close to him, one hand holding to a button of his overcoat, her beautiful eyes raised to his own. "I was to be the influence in her life that was going to steady and protect her, poor Norma, and now she'll know that I am pointed at myself, that I did just what we've always warned her not to do!"

"But you came up here," he said, with his slow smile, "you faced the music. You don't know how I loved you for it, how my heart went to you when I saw you walking away. I knew I was wrong when I said we'd wait and see how the case went. We couldn't have waited. We had to see him through. Coming just when Norma's news came, coming the very day of our wedding, it upset me. I've had lots to worry about, Jocelyn; things sprung on me make me nervous. Did you think that they'll tie all this in with Dunham's death?"

"That was the first thing I thought of."

"And that was the first thing I thought of. But we'll face 'em together, darling, and they'll whip us through the marketplace and tear every rag of clothing off us, and we'll live through it. And then we'll get Norma away and get her business over, and live through that too. And then you'll be Mrs. Philip Fordyce of Burlingame, raising a family of kids, liking a few families and being bored by most of 'em, going to New York with me, deciding to dash off to Europe, giving dinners and thumbing your little nose—that is your nose that I just kissed, isn't it?—at the whole crowd."

"Oh, Phil," she said breathlessly, "if you feel that way, I'd *rather* have it start like this! I'd *rather* let them know that we aren't afraid. It was only when I thought I might lose you—I thought you were angry at me—"

"You're never going to lose me."

"Then I don't care!" His arm was about her now; they were in one chair. Jocelyn looked dreamily at the empty bench and the empty jury box, the portrait of a pompous-looking old man and the flag that hung above it, and thought that justice was a wonderful thing, that when the atmosphere of a court was not hideous and menacing, it was a substantial and protective air to breathe.

The district attorney came back with another, older man, and Philip stood talking with them for a few minutes in a low tone. Jocelyn watched; was relieved to hear Philip presently laugh. Then all three turned to her.

"I wish you all the luck in the world, Miss Britton," Phillips said. "I've known this boy since he was in law college, and you certainly are getting one prince of a husband."

"Thank you," said Jocelyn, radiant.

"They think they won't need us any more," Philip said. "Matt here says that we can make for the Canadian backwoods this afternoon without being followed by a posse, which is always nice on a honeymoon. And that's that, Jocelyn," Philip added, when they had come out into a world miraculously bright and friendly and safe, and were in his car going to Sausalito, "that's all, I believe, we'll ever hear of that. They'll put it on the record; they'll throw the charge against Scudder out, and we'll be in Banff, the happiest people in the world. Of course, some day," he went on, "someone may dig up the story, some woman may ask you how well you knew Dunham and if you didn't testify in the Scudder trial—"

"And all I'll have to do is laugh," Jocelyn said, resting against his arm in complete content.

"Exactly."

"PHIL, I am so glad I did it! I hadn't any idea it would be so important, but I knew I had to do it."

"I knew it, too, as soon as you were gone. I only waited until a few people had seen me welcoming Norma, and the press had taken some pictures of me welcoming Norma, and then I turned her over to Mother and beat it after you."

"Your mother was there?"

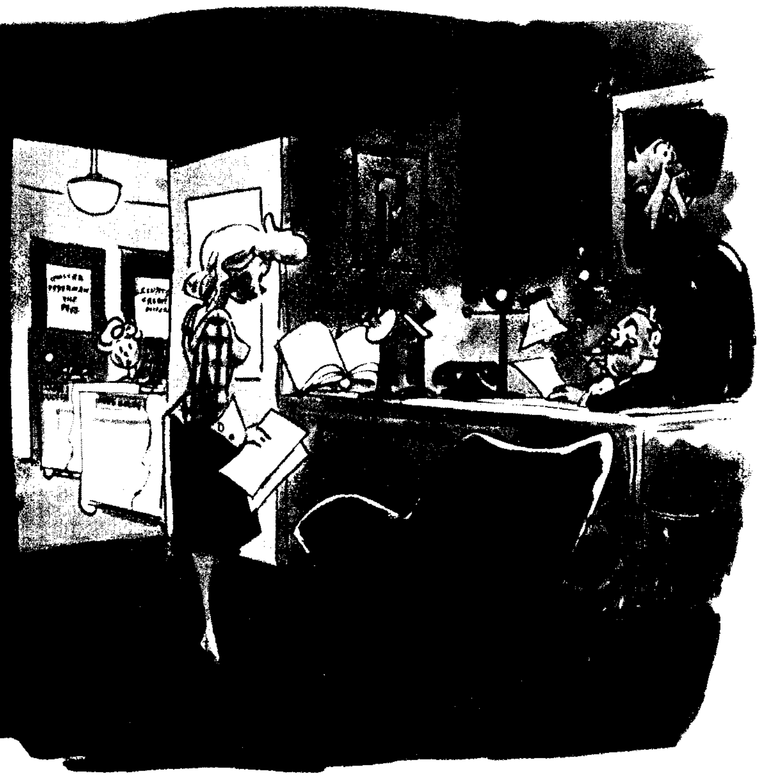
"Oh, yes; she turned up—late; she's going to be at the wedding, trust her! She's carried Norma off to lunch—my Lord, Jocelyn, we've not had any lunch, have we? We've got just two hours before we're married. Will you lunch with me at Fisherman's Wharf, Miss Britton? This is the last meal I can buy you, because after this I'll have to have my wife along."

"I hear that your wife is crazier about you than any human being ever was about anyone before," Jocelyn suggested, thoughtfully.

"If she isn't now," he said seriously, "you can bet she's going to be. Twenty-five years from today I'll prove it!"

The fog was gone now, and an afternoon of rare warmth and brilliance was shining over the hills of the city and the stretches of the bay. Philip turned the car toward the water front and Fisherman's Wharf, and the steep streets fell away below them, and all the world looked washed and bright in the glory of the sunshine.

THE END



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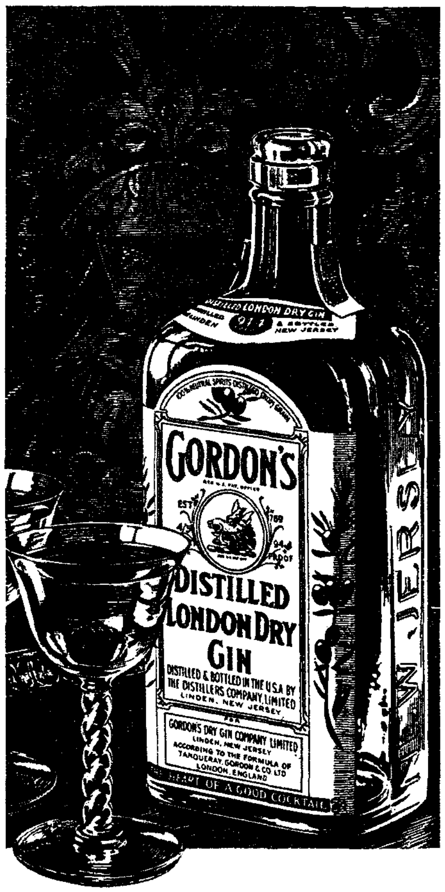

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Retreat from Glory

Continued from page 10

It was faintly aromatic. Instead of coffee, or tea—or both. He put the bowl back and went upstairs.

Only two of the six bedrooms showed any signs of having been used recently. One had a wrinkled, faded coat hung on a chair. The old man's room. The other was the girl's. Cothron hesitated for a moment in the door, then went in.

There were only three dresses in the closet. Cothron noticed something that he'd been seeing all the time, but not noticing. There were no curtains on any of the windows. Four years of blockade, and the desperate need for bandages. The fields full of cotton, and no cloth. Everything and nothing.

Cothron went downstairs. He was satisfied that there was no one in the house, no place where anyone could be hidden. He went out to the porch. It was getting dusk fast now. Jacks had dismounted, but none of the three people on the porch had moved.

COTHRON beckoned and Jacks came toward the steps, leading the horses.

The girl said quietly, "Are you satisfied?"

Cothron said, "Practically, ma'am."

He went down the steps and took the bridles from Jacks.

"There's no one in the house, Sergeant. Search the cabins."

Jacks went off around the house. From the steps the girl said, "He won't find anyone. Except perhaps one small black boy. He's frightened."

"He needn't be," Cothron said. "He won't be harmed."

"I thought I had heard," the girl said, "that the war was over."

"It is, ma'am," Cothron said. "For the armies. But your cousin was an official of the Confederate government."

"I see," the girl said, "and therefore a criminal."

Cothron said nothing. The horses shifted restlessly, tugging at the bridles. The girl said:

"To be hunted like a criminal and shot down like a criminal."

Cothron said, "No one will be shot down, ma'am, if I can help it."

"And if he should refuse to be taken?"

"I'd be sorry, ma'am," Cothron said. "I'd still have to carry out my orders."

"I see," the girl said. "What do your orders tell you to do if you don't find him?"

Cothron said, "Stay here, ma'am, and wait for him."

It wasn't a move exactly that the girl made. But Cothron sensed that she had stiffened, gone rigid.

She said, "Here?"

Cothron said, "Yes, ma'am."

For a moment she stood quite still, staring down at him. Then, without turning her head, she spoke to the Negress:

" 'Vinia!"

"Miss Ca'line?"

The girl said, "When you've taken care of Mr. Edson, move my things to one of the cabins."

"Yes, ma'am."

Cothron flushed to the eyebrows. He said quickly, "You mistook my meaning, ma'am. Not in the house. Only to watch it. My men will be quartered away."

The girl bowed slightly. Cothron couldn't tell whether the movement was ironic or not.

Jacks came around the corner of the house. He said to Cothron, "There wasn't anybody."

"All right," Cothron said. "I guess we've done all we can for now."

Jacks took his horse and mounted. Cothron swung up into his saddle. The chestnut danced a little, straining at the bit, but Cothron held him back for a moment. To the girl he said:

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you not to leave the house. Or send anyone."

The girl said nothing. Cothron lifted his cap, reined back to fall in beside the sergeant in the driveway. A hundred yards down the avenue, he pulled up, tossed the reins to Jacks, and dismounted. He said:

"You can place the pickets, Sergeant. Put a man on the road we came in, and one on the landing. I'll watch the avenue from this end. Take my place here when you change the guard at midnight."

Jacks saluted and rode off under the oaks. Cothron walked slowly back toward the house. It was almost full dusk now, and he had only to keep to the side of the road to be hidden. When he came in sight of the house, he stopped and stood in the shadow of one of the great trunks, watching.

He couldn't see anything on the porch now. Only the white pillars and walls and the black shapes of the windows. Then there was a light in the hall. The girl came out, carrying a lamp. She stood in the doorway, and Cothron could see the shine on her hair, the dark, shapely shadows at her throat and arm and breast.

The old Negress came from the hall and went down the porch. In a moment she came back into the circle of light, walking slowly but her back still straight, carrying a heavy burden.

The old man, Cothron thought. Putting the "ole man uncle" to bed.

The light vanished up the broad front stairs. After a while, Cothron saw movement between the pillars, knew somehow that it was the girl—that she was standing there alone—watching the dark—waiting and listening.

How long? Cothron thought.

A long time, by the look on her face. A long time waiting, and then hearing about a battle lost, and then another, and then everything. A longer time than he liked to think about.

Beyond the house and the drooping branches of the oaks, the sky was whitening. There would be good moonlight, Cothron thought. Easy to watch by.

THE hard light of midmorning struck down through the trees that arched over the avenue. Cothron rode easily, keeping an eye on the cap that he carried rim-up on the saddle before him, careful to keep it steady. Sergeant Jacks watched the cap too, with a sort of firm, respectful interest as though, Cothron thought, his looking helped hold my hand up. Not that it hasn't done it. More times than one.

Still keeping his eye on the captain's hand, Jacks went on with what he had been saying:

"If he was in the house, or near it, he could have got away. Just possibly. But I doubt it. It's dry in the woods. Even a man that knew his way would have to make some noise. They thought maybe he got hit, when they almost caught him at Columbia. But a man lying up hurt in the woods—someone would have to go to him. Carry him food, and all that."

"Nobody did," Cothron said. "Not while I was watching."

"Nor later," Jacks said. "And if he came to the house, not knowing we were here, he'd have come by one of the roads, and we'd have caught him."

Quiz

Q. What anti-freeze has proved itself in more automobiles than any other brand ever made?

A. "Prestone" Brand anti-freeze—America's most popular winter protection. Contains NO alcohol...NO glycerine. Lasts all winter!

(SEE PAGES 58 and 71)

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Cothron nodded. They rode a moment in the silence. Then Jacks said abruptly: "But I've got a feeling—"

"What sort of a feeling, Sergeant?"

"That he's near by somewhere. It's just a feeling. Like when a man's going into action. When he know's it's his day to get it."

Cothron looked hard at the house as they rode toward the steps. But the girl wasn't there. Only the old man, huddled down in his chair on the vine-shaded porch. Cothron thought: I don't blame her, though. I guess I wouldn't want to pass the time of day either, if I were in her place. He gave his reins to Jacks and dismounted.

THE girl appeared then, coming quickly around the corner of the house. Cothron stood back against his horse till she had passed in front of him to the steps. Then he said:

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I'm afraid I'll have to go through the house again."

The girl said, "Of course. I expected it."

Cothron hesitated a moment. He looked down at the cap that he still carried carefully in front of him. He said:

"I hope you'll take the offer kindly, ma'am. I know it's been a long time—I thought perhaps you'd like—"

He floundered, felt his neck growing hot. The girl looked at him, then at the cap. Her voice sounded curious, almost unbelieving. She said: "Coffee!"

Cothron said, "Yes, ma'am. We have plenty. I thought perhaps you'd—that you wouldn't mind—"

The girl said quietly:

"My father was with General Johnston in Tennessee. Fourteen months ago we heard that he was taken prisoner. We haven't heard anything since then. We think perhaps he's dead."

There was no bitterness in her voice. It was even, toneless. A voice stating a fact that was at the same time a fact and an answer. Cothron looked at his cap. The brown beans piled up in it stood up separated and clear to his gaze. He saw that his fingers gripping the rim were white at the knuckles. The weave of the cloth, the grain of the leather band, everything stood out sharp and hard, with a sort of idiotic, terrific significance. Cothron raised his head and met the girl's eyes. He said:

"I'm very sorry."

She inclined her head slightly. But her face remained still, expressionless. Cothron said: "My brother was in the Valley too. But he was killed at Vicksburg."

For a moment the girl said nothing at all. Then she turned a little toward the shaded porch.

"'Vinia."

"Ma'am?"

"This gentleman has some coffee for us. Find him something to put it in."

To Cothron she said, "Thank you very much. I'll be pleased to accept your gift."

Cothron bowed. He went up the steps and followed the old black woman into the house.

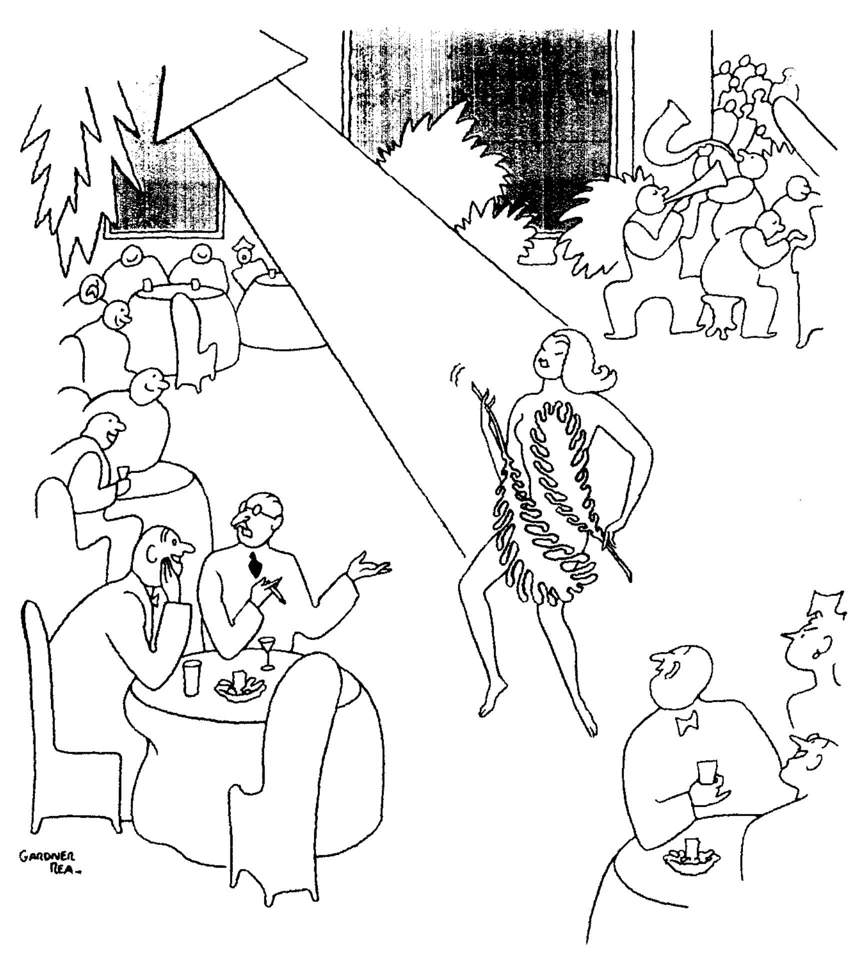
When Cothron came out on the porch again, Jacks had moved the horses back from the house to the shadow of the oaks. He was holding them on a long rein, letting them crop the high-grown grass. The girl was standing at the bottom of the steps. She was watching Jacks and the horses, but when Cothron appeared in the door she turned and looked up at him without speaking.

Cothron glanced down the porch to where the old man was sitting. A ray of sunlight came down through the vines, struck hard on the worn plaid rug that covered the huddled knees, the hands clutching a stick.

For a moment, Cothron hesitated. Then he looked at the girl. She was watching him, an expression on her face that he couldn't read. Jacks was watching him too, a stolid figure in dusty blue, careful, vigilant. Cothron went down the steps to the girl. He said quietly:

"Your uncle—does he just—sit like that?"

The girl said, "My uncle hasn't



"Then the feathers are dried, cured, curled, and the small filaments or plumules—"

GARDNER REA

I WAS THE OFFICE WALLFLOWER

THEN I STARTED KEEPING A BOX OF KLEENEX IN MY DESK...NOW I GET LOTS OF ATTENTION WHEN SOMEONE CATCHES COLD, SPILLS INK, OR HAS A PASTING JOB.

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from a letter by M. L. E., Willard, Ohio

THE GUY'S SQUIRRELY

I SAYS WHEN I CAUGHT MY HUSBAND CLEANING HIS GLASSES ON THE CURTAINS, NOW I KEEP KLEENEX HANDY AND HE'S LOOKING BETTER.

from a letter by C. U., Philadelphia, Pa.

I LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT!

BUT I HATED DOING THE DISHES UNTIL I STARTED USING KLEENEX TO WIPE OUT FRYING PANS AND GREASY KETTLES. NOW MY TROUBLES ARE OVER!

from a letter by A. L. D., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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tasty brain teaser

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FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. C-7, Glastonbury, Conn.

spoken, or heard, or made a move of his own for a long time now. Not since long before the war started."

Cothron said, "Many people might envy him."

The girl dropped her face a little toward the flowers.

"I've envied him myself."

Her voice was detached, distant. Speaking neither to me, Cothron thought, nor to herself. To somebody or something else. Something gone and away. He said:

"If your cousin were hiding here—"

She looked up quickly. Cothron said, "If he were here—a man like that—a brave man—"

He paused. The girl said, "Yes?"

Cothron shrugged faintly.

"I'd hate to have to decide a thing like that. Whether to get away if the chance came. With you here alone."

The girl said, "What could he do if he stayed?"

"Nothing," Cothron said. "Nothing at all. I know that. Just the same, I'm glad it's not I that must decide."

The girl said, "You're fortunate, Captain. All your decisions are made for you."

Cothron said, "Practically all of them, ma'am."

He looked across the lawn at Jacks holding the horses. Then he turned back to the girl, trying to pick his words carefully:

"If your father—I mean—perhaps things won't be so bad. The Negroes will come back. The same ones, or others. They'll have to work somewhere. And there'll always be money in cotton."

It wasn't true, of course—things gone were gone, and she knew it as well as he did. She said quietly:

"I know you're trying to be kind. But it's a little soon."

Cothron said, "Of course, ma'am. I'm sorry."

He bowed, and walked quickly across the lawn to where Jacks was waiting.

IT WAS almost dusk when Jacks came to him. Cothron was standing in the shadow of the big trees, watching the house. He knew that he was being watched himself. He'd seen nothing, but he could feel it. The little Negro boy that he'd never yet had a good look at was always there, watching and following. Maybe he was told to, maybe it was just the small, wild instinct to guard the danger by staying by it, seeing it always before it saw you. Cothron didn't know. But he knew the boy was there.

Jacks was on foot. He said:

"I've found something, Captain. You'd better take a look. It won't take but a moment."

Cothron said, "All right, Sergeant."

He followed Jacks into the bushes. They came to a path, then an open place under the trees. Even in the near dark, Cothron could see the leaning gray stones, the battered brick vaults inside broken iron railings.

Jacks said, "It's too dark to see good. But you don't have to see. You can feel it."

He scraped vines and leaves aside with his foot, rammed his heel into the yielding earth.

"I just happened on it," he said. "It's been hidden with leaves and trash. If you didn't step on it, you'd never notice it at all."

Cothron shoved his heel against the ground. It gave easily, the soft, parting yield of new-dug earth. He said:

"So what do you think, Sergeant?"

Jacks said, "They thought maybe he was hit at Columbia. Maybe he was. Maybe he got this far, and died of it."

Cothron said, "And—?"

"Well," Jacks said, "she wouldn't want him dug up, would she? Hauled out by a lot of Yankees?"

"No," Cothron said, "I suppose she wouldn't."

"And what's it to her," Jacks said, "how long we hunt for a dead man?"

Cothron looked at the prints they had made in the raw earth. He said, "But with only two women—"

"That nigger woman," Jacks said, "could dig a grave for anyone."

Cothron remembered the old woman, walking straight-backed with her burden into the lamplit door. He looked at Jacks.

"What do you suggest, Sergeant?"

"Take a look and find out," Jacks said briefly.

"Now?"

"Why not?" Jacks said. "We could get shovels at the house."

Cothron looked at the ground again. Then he shook his head.

"No," he said. "Not tonight."

"But—" Jacks said.

Cothron said, "No, Sergeant. A grave is a fairly stable factor in any man's calculations. We'll leave it till the morning."

"As you say, sir."

Cothron could feel the sergeant's disapproval. Also the disciplined restraint that kept it unspoken. He said:

"We'll keep posts as usual. One more night of it won't hurt us. You'll take over for me at midnight."

COTHRON went back to his place under the trees, walking slowly, thinking. When he came to the edge of the lawn, he stopped and stood for a while, watching the house. It was dark, and the stars were out. Before long the moon would be sliding up beyond the oaks. In a little while, there would be plenty of light. Plenty for some things. Too much for others.

Cothron heard the small, dry rustle of a dead leaf moving, almost felt the boy's eyes on him, watching. There was no light in the house. The columns of the porch were tall, pale bars, shutting in the prisoned dark behind them.

Then the girl came out on the porch. Cothron knew it was she, although he could see nothing but a shadow among the shadows.

For a moment longer, Cothron hesitated. Then, abruptly, he left his hiding place and walked swiftly toward the house. In front of him, there was a dry scurry along the grass, the soft thud of bare feet running.

He could see the girl more plainly now, the white oval of her face, and her hands. He couldn't see the boy at all, or hear the word whispered up from the deep shadow below the steps, but he saw the girl start and turn and stare toward him. He called softly:

"Miss Morrill!"

She hesitated for a moment, half turning toward the far end of the porch. Then she turned back, came slowly down the steps to meet him.

She said, "What do you want?"

COTHRON came up to the foot of the steps. He could see that she was staring hard at him in the dim light, not frightened, but alert, wondering. He said:

"Forgive me for disturbing you. I wanted to ask you something."

The girl said, "Well?"

Cothron said quietly: "There's a new grave in the burying ground. Jacks found it."

She said nothing. But Cothron could see that her face was suddenly strained, waiting. He said:

"Jacks has a theory. He knows that Purvis Huger may have been hurt at Columbia. He thinks that he died here, before we came. And that you haven't told us because you don't want the grave opened."

For a moment longer, the girl was silent. Behind her the house was dark, listening. Cothron could see her hands clasped in front of her. She spoke finally:

"I see. And if I told you that—"

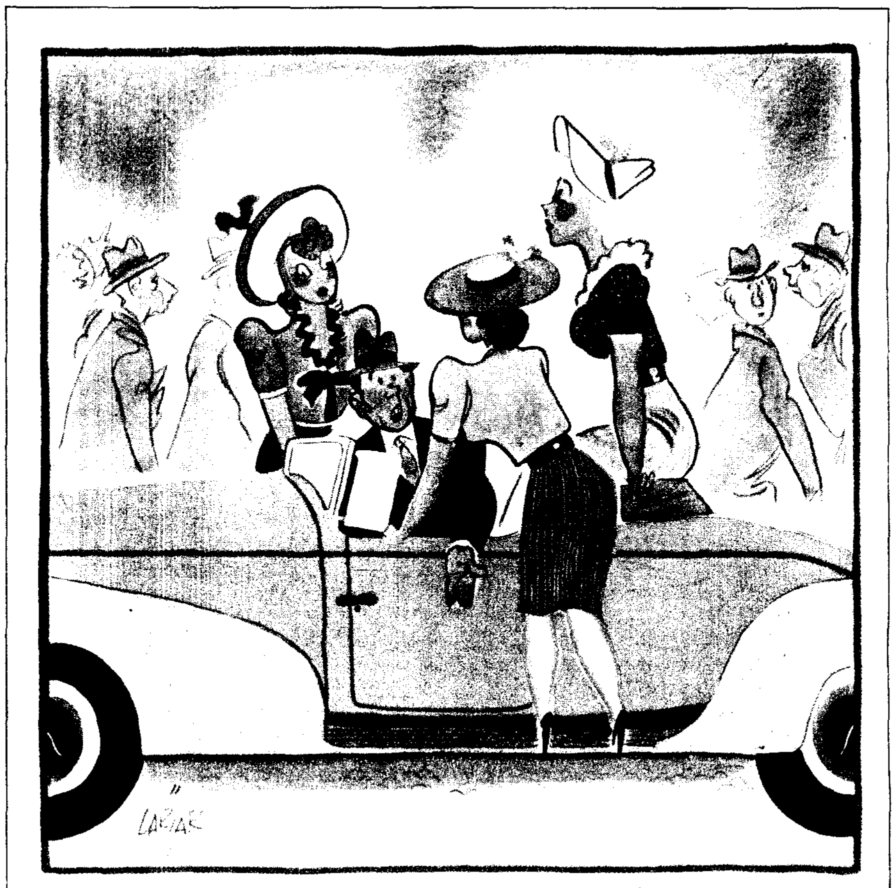
She hesitated a moment, then said, "Of course. I can understand that. You'd have to be sure."

Cothron said quietly, "More things than bodies get buried these days. After all, I've been through the house. If you told me it was just a hiding place—something you wanted to save—"

She looked at him, straining to see his face, trying to read his thoughts.

Cothron said, "I don't blame you. You've no reason to trust me. I can come again in the morning."

She stirred slightly, said, "No. Wait—"



"Which one of you heard me whistle first?" LAWRENCE LARIAR

Cothron could feel the strain in her voice. He said easily, the words already fitted together:

"I should get back to my post. There's no one watching the avenue."

He felt her sudden tenseness. The great, dark house seemed tense too, breathless and listening. Cothron said:

"I ought to go back. A man hiding here—a man who knew his way—could get down there without any trouble now. He might even get to the horses before they saw him."

He saw her eyes go suddenly wide, startled and questioning. Cothron couldn't tell if it was a sound he heard in the dark behind her. It could have been a sound, or it could have been the sudden stopping of a sound—breathing perhaps—that had been there before and was there no longer. A sound that he had heard without even knowing he was hearing. The girl too. He saw her hands go suddenly rigid.

Cothron waited. There was nothing else. Only the dark minutes gathering slowly, and the branches above them stirring a little in a faint breath of wind. And a pale, first light beyond the trees. The moon rising. The girl stirred suddenly. She said slowly:

"If I did tell you—how could I be sure —how could I know—"

Cothron said, "You can't know. Only what I tell you. But if you say who or what is in that grave, I'll believe you."

"And you won't—"

"No," Cothron said, "it won't be touched."

The girl nodded. Watching her, Cothron knew she was not listening to him. She was listening to the dark night beyond him, listening and waiting. Cothron said, "You needn't tell me now. I'll come again in the morning."

She put her hand out quickly.

"No. Please wait. Please!"

There was a sound from the dark doorway. A step and the rustle of a skirt. Cothron looked up. The old Negress had come out on the porch. The girl turned. The old woman looked down at them, then turned and peered along the dark porch. The girl said quickly:

" 'Vinia!"

But she was not quick enough to cut off the old woman's sharp-drawn breath of fright and apprehension. Cothron stepped forward quickly.

From the dark, down along the avenue, a carbine shot rapped hard across the night. Cothron turned quickly. There was a shout, then a fierce, quick trill of firing. Cothron heard the old Negress moan softly, saw the girl's face white and agonized in the moonlight. He turned and ran hard toward the avenue.

Running, he heard one more shot, and a sound that might have been hoofbeats, or the echo of his own feet pounding. Someone was coming toward him up the avenue. Cothron stopped. Moonlight struck down through the trees just ahead of him. Sergeant Jacks came into the splash of light, running heavily.

COTHRON walked back toward the house. The girl was standing just where he had left her, staring white-faced into the shadows. The moonlight was full on her now. Cothron thought: I've never seen a woman look like that before. I hope I never see it again. He called to her:

"It's all right."

The girl let her breath go out—slowly, with an odd jerk in it. As if she hadn't breathed at all since Cothron left, needed time to pick up the way of it. Cothron said easily, trying to make his words light, casual:

"He was a good judge of horseflesh, even by moonlight. It was mine he rode, and drove the others in front of him. Except one that Jacks shot in the excitement. He got away, all right. I've sent Jacks to get remounts, and to telegraph for orders. It'll be a long walk."

The girl drew her breath in again. She said to Cothron, her voice still shaken a little:

"Of course I thank you. You must know how much I thank you."

Cothron said, "I'd rather you didn't. I'd rather nobody thought there was anything to be thanked for."

The girl said, "Yes. I hadn't thought of that. I hope there won't be trouble for you."

Cothron shrugged a little.

"Even in an army they punish a man just so much for an honest mistake."

She looked at him, her eyes straight on his.

"Honest?"

Cothron smiled a little.

"Practically. The first time, in the dusk, I didn't even guess. And even after that, when I saw him in the daylight, it was just a suspicion that hair could be bleached, and veins made to look big and old with a little penciling. Just a suspicion that it was really the old man's grave that Jacks stumbled on."

THE girl looked down at her hands.

"It just happened that way. Nobody knew, except me and Lavinia and the boy. It made the right number of people in the house. Nothing for the Negroes around to notice and to talk about."

Cothron said, "It was just a guess for me. I didn't know. Not to be really sure of it."

She lifted her head quickly.

"Because you chose not to know. Why?"

Cothron hesitated a moment. When he spoke, the words were light and dry in his mouth:

"Because I had an idea that perhaps —that you and he—"

He stopped. The girl said, "Ah, I see."

She looked at Cothron, her face very still and quiet.

"No. You were wrong. There was nothing like that. There was kinship, and he was in trouble. There was nothing else."

She paused for a small, night-filled moment. Then she spoke again, her voice even lighter and drier than Cothron's:

"I'm quite sure there was nothing else."

Cothron said nothing. The girl stared past him to the shadows of the great oaks. Her voice was as small and still as the night wind in the branches:

"But I thought he'd stay."

Cothron said quickly, "You said yourself, there was nothing he could do. Nothing to be gained by it."

"I know," the girl said. "You're right. Of course you're right. I hope he'll be safe. That's what I've been hoping all along."

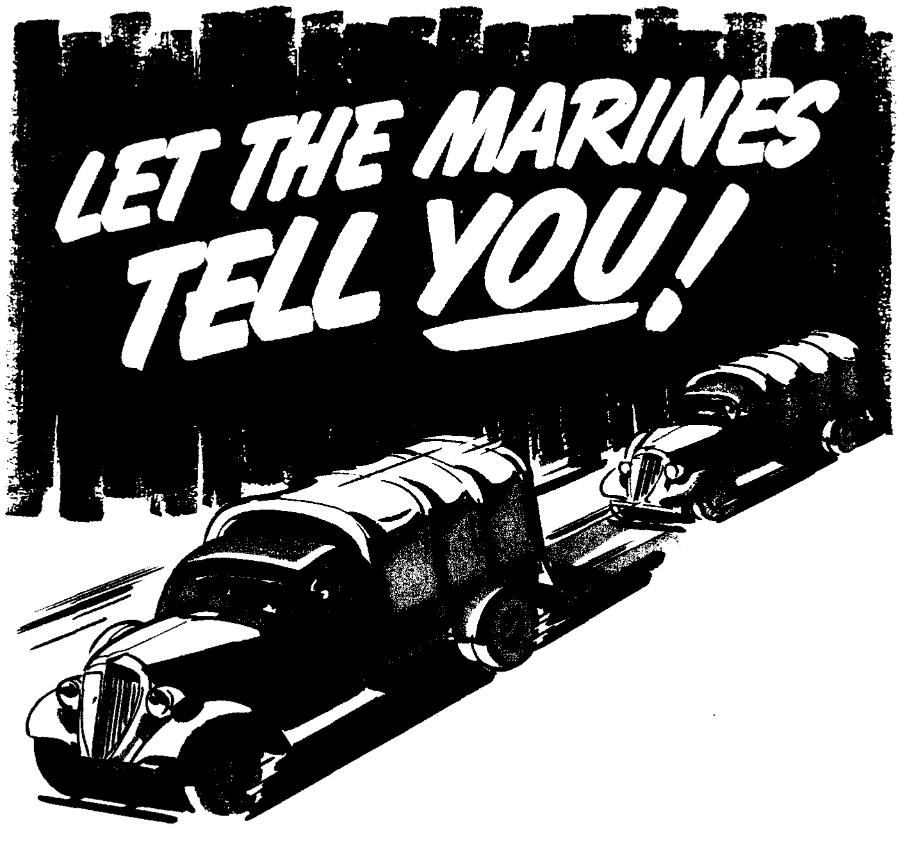
Cothron thought, watching her: she's lost more than a man—cousin or lover. Things go out of your life that can never come back again.

He watched her, the small wind in her hair, and the moonlight falling white on the tall columns, thinking; and things come to you that were never there before, but always will be.

The girl turned toward him slightly, her face lifted to his. Looking at her, feeling the soft night around them, Cothron felt that he had been watching her like that for a long time. A lifetime, even. A long time waiting to speak the words that he must say to her, that even now could not be spoken. Not yet. Not quite so soon.

The wind moved softly in the branches, swinging slow, trailing shadows across the moonlit ground.

Cothron thought quietly: these things take time. . . .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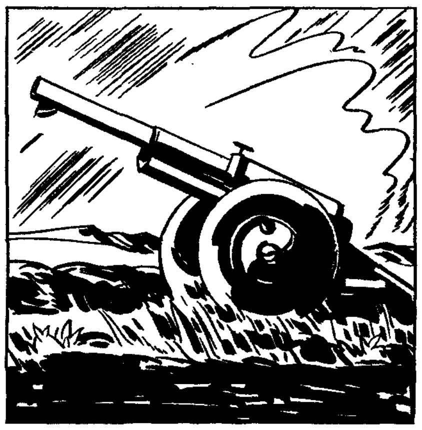
The United States Navy has long used "Prestone" anti-freeze because it will not fail! *The Navy knows!*



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SCIENTIFIC TESTS—and case histories of actual users—definitely establish the efficiency of Knox Gelatine for increasing endurance.

FILE PROOF NO. 145

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Physical education instructor, well-known southern college for women. Has four periods each day requiring strenuous physical activity. Too exhausted at night to do required study for higher degree. Took Knox Gelatine regularly. Says far less tired. Now able to concentrate on studies with ease. Ten sophomores, majoring in physical education, enthusiastically report similar benefits from Knox Gelatine feedings.

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KNOX GELATINE

THIS WAY: Empty 1 envelope (¼ package) of Knox Gelatine in a glass ¾ filled with cold water or fruit juice, or ½ water and ½ fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then continue with 2 a day. Take faithfully for 1 month. Then if you wish, discontinue, and resume when you feel the need.

CAUTION: Be sure to use Knox. Only Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Only Knox is *proved* to have the necessary elements. Write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Company, Johnstown, New York, Department 70.

The Deals They Never Made

Continued from page 54

Yankees made every effort to present Keller to Cleveland in exchange for Jeff Heath, a rookie whose hot .343 made him him runner-up to Jimmy Foxx for the league batting title in 1938. The Yankees labored under the delusion that Keller would not hit well in large major-league ball parks. Cleveland declined and Keller remained with the Yankees to hit .334, break up every World Series game with extra-base knocks and establish himself firmly as an elegant young ballplayer. And Heath? Nose-dived to the .290's and deflated ranking.

Five years ago this week, less a few days, Bill Terry sat in the Brown Hotel in Louisville and quite casually volunteered to trade himself out of two championships. A cool half-million in profits was laid on the line when the Giants offered Carl Hubbell, the National League's most talented pitcher of the last decade, to Pittsburgh for Larry French and Freddy Lindstrom, and no clear-thinking citizen understands yet what logic, if any, impelled Pie Traynor to turn thumbs down.

Baseball Power Politics

There would have been loud demands in New York for an investigation by Judge Landis and a consultation of psychiatrists if Hubbell had gone to Pittsburgh, but Terry was sane and so shrewd that he almost outsmarted himself on that one. The man simply was playing power politics in baseball. An exchange of four players between the Pirates and Cubs was imminent and Terry believed it would strengthen Chicago and assure that club the '35 pennant. Terry had to work in swift and Spartan fashion to break up this deal and he almost committed professional hara-kiri by placing Hubbell, who was to win twenty games or more for five straight seasons, on the block for two Pirates, French—who never had hit the jackpot in any league—and Lindstrom, who retired a year later.

Traynor's incomprehensible failure to make the deal for Hubbell is still felt in the National League. With the meal ticket working another side of the street, it is impossible to envision the Giants as winners in 1936 and '37.

Similarly, it is inconceivable that the Pirates would have gone into their classic swoon in '38, even though Hub was a broken-down, broken-arm pitcher. Pittsburgh, the Cleveland of the National League, needed just one man to serve as a catalyst for a winning combination. Hubbell qualified more perfectly than any ballplayer of his day and age. For the first time since the dawn of recorded history a relief pitcher, Mace Brown, was the Pirates' ace in 1938 and, in spite of it all, the team did not blow the duke until three days before the close of the season. Hubbell represented the difference between paralyzing disappointment and money in the bank, between a sixth-place team in '39 and an outfit which could be a vital force in the business.

Comes the inevitable question: How can experienced men decline trades that any literate American above the age of three would pounce upon with loud, gladsome cries? The answer is given by Bob Quinn, president of the Boston Bees.

"Owners and managers make me sick," Quinn says. "Hardly anybody with enterprise is left in the game. They're all afraid of being stung in a deal or sending away a player who will come back with another team and make them look bad.

"They're scared to death to deal with the leaders because they may make 'em stronger. They never consider that the top teams can be weakened, thereby tightening competition all along the line. How in the world can the perennial second-division clubs get established, winning players if they don't gamble?

"In the old days two fellows would go into a corner at these winter meetings or sit down over a glass of beer and come out of it with news that would stir up interest among their home fans. Today they have to call a meeting of the board of directors and you answer a lot of silly questions from bank clerks and real-estate brokers. What do they know about baseball values? If the men who control most ball clubs now handled their other businesses as foolishly, they'd be on relief."

Quinn feels so strongly about the whole thing that he endorsed one of the more bizarre schemes hatched by Larry MacPhail, the one-man Brooklyn brain trust. Thoroughly fed up with the old complaint to the effect that it is impossible to negotiate trades because the other party wants the better of it, MacPhail proposed at the last winter meeting that each team put the name of one ballplayer in a hat, shake well and then have a round-robin draw. At least eight trades would be made, MacPhail argued, and the hat trick would whip up some publicity for an affair which has been as dull as a meeting of the Union League, rather than the National League, in recent years. The owners hooted down MacPhail's quixotic plan, of course, on the grounds that it was undignified, probably unconstitutional and smacked of bank night.

Spurning Championships

At the 1934 session in Louisville, while Terry was trying to give away Hubbell and two pennants with one hand, he was spurning with the other the '35 championship. The Giants had just bought Billy Myers, the Columbus shortstop, but were willing to peddle him to Cincinnati. MacPhail, then the head man of the Reds, bid $33,000. They shook on it and Terry went to the phone to tell Charles A. Stoneham, his boss.

"No dice on the deal," Terry said, returning a few minutes later.

"What goes on?" MacPhail demanded. "Don't you have authority to do business for your club?"

"Yeah, but Stoneham says we can't play money in the infield. The New York public will holler bloody murder if it's a straight cash transaction. You can have Myers but you must give us a couple of players."

MacPhail gave Terry the pick of the Reds for $33,000 worth of ballplayer and the Giant manager selected Mark Koenig, a utility infielder who had passed his peak several seasons before, and Allyn Stout, an undistinguished pitcher. Terry also tossed in $5,000 in cash to make the deal look better from the New York angle.

When it was all over, MacPhail asked Terry why he chose Stout.

"I need a relief pitcher," Terry said. "Stout will win the pennant for me."

"It's none of my business, but I don't want to gyp you," MacPhail said. "Take Brennan instead of Stout. He's the guy you want."

Terry declined the suggestion politely but firmly. Brennan, the muscular mortician, amounted to the National League's best relief pitcher in '35 and '36. Koenig spent two uneventful years riding a splinter in the Giant dugout and Stout never did earn his keep during the one season he was with the Giants. Terry later confessed he would've won the 1935 pennant in a walk had he listened to MacPhail.

Myers, the shortstop the Giants gave away without a trial, was an important factor last year in Cincinnati's first winner in twenty seasons. Very few know, though, how close the Reds were to being wrecked at the Montreal minor-league meeting in '36. The word was around and about that the Cardinals, no longer amused by Dizzy Dean's tantrums, were willing to get rid of the great man for a price. Cincinnati promptly weighed in with a cash bid of $150,000 on the line and Sam Breadon gave the offer such serious consideration that they still throw a conniption fit around Fountain Square, Cincinnati, when they think of it. At that time Cincinnati was operating on a swank shoestring—but still a shoestring. Had Dean been bought, it is extremely doubtful whether the Reds could have survived the shock when Ol' Diz was grounded by a sore arm the following year.

Brooklyn Needed a Medwick

Brooklyn will be converted automatically into a huge outdoor asylum for the delightfully demented if the Dodgers ever lead the parade. The most astonishing phenomenon in America might have come to pass last season had the Dodgers owned a hard-hitting outfielder. A gent such as Joe Medwick. The parishioners can commence getting vicarious goose-pimples all over. The Dodgers almost had Medwick wrapped up and delivered last year and they negotiated for him again this fall.

At the 1938 All-Star game MacPhail met Branch Rickey, major domo of the Cardinals, in the rear of the grandstand at Crosley Field. They paused to pass the time of day, trade amiable lies and presently Rickey, a cutie if ever there was one, was trying to sell MacPhail the Columbus club, which he originally sold to the Cardinals. The price mentioned was in the exclusive neighborhood of $200,000.

"A good buy," MacPhail commented, "but it can't be done as long as I'm connected with Brooklyn. Suppose I buy for Brooklyn a Columbus player for about seventy-five grand and the kid turns out to be a floperoo? They'd accuse me of selling a lemon to myself. I'd never hear the end of it in Brooklyn."

Rickey conceded there was much in what he said.

"If you need the money," MacPhail continued, "I'll give you two hundred grand right now for Medwick."

"You kidding?" Rickey asked in a small, faraway voice.

MacPhail went through the motions of fumbling for pen and checkbook in his pockets.

"Wait here," Rickey begged. "I gotta see Sam."

He hurried to the field box where Breadon was watching the game. There was a brief and earnest conversation. Breadon winked in bewilderment and Rickey winced in pain as he returned to MacPhail.

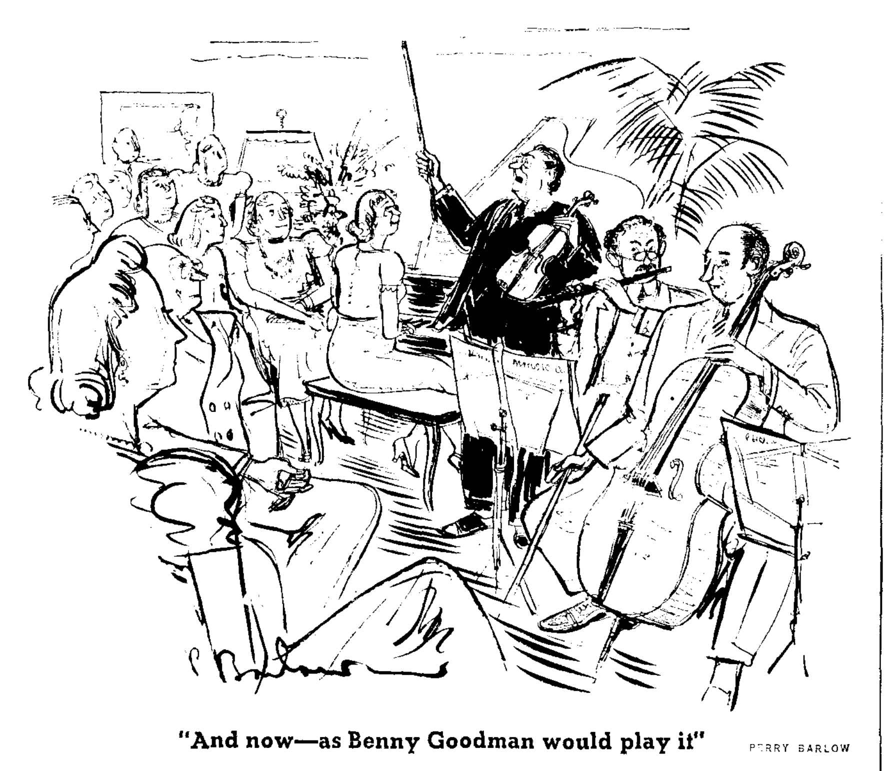
"Sam says maybe he's crazy," Rickey announced mournfully, "but he can't give away Medwick so soon after unloading Dean. We'd have to turn the ball park into a parking field if we did."

"Well, it's something anyway to have made the largest cash offer ever refused in baseball history," MacPhail philosophized.

The smartest baseball men have been saved from outsmarting themselves by another's fellow's reluctance to grab a live-wire proposition. Look at the Yankees' Ed Barrow, unquestionably the shrewdest of all executives. Ten years before Gehrig was offered to Cleveland the Yankees asked for waivers on the Iron Horse and one of the most remarkable athletes of all time would have passed from the American League if the Indians had not claimed him. Gehrig would have gone to the Browns in the deal for Urban Shocker if the late Miller Huggins had not interceded. As early as 1932 the Yankees were convinced Tony Lazzeri was through; six seasons later he was the hero of the World Series.

Rickey pulled a boner of purest hue years ago when he offered Pepper Martin, George Watkins, Red Worthington and Joe Cash for Boston's Eddie Farrell, an infielder who proved to be a first-class dentist. If Farrell lives to be a million he'll never pull enough tusks to equal the number of customers Martin pulled through the gates.

And sometimes, when the fire is low and remorse is high, ask the talent scouts of three teams about the time they refused to spend $25,000, today's price for any slightly shopworn tramp, for Joe DiMaggio, the ballplayer of the generation.



"And now—as Benny Goodman would play it"

PERRY BARLOW

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A FAMILY OF LIBBY'S JUICES!
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JUST LIFT A GLASS of Libby's to your lips. What tantalizing fragrance! What a lovely golden color! Then taste. You'd think you were drinking fresh pineapple juice, in Hawaii. For Libby's Juice, *unsweetened*, brings you the luscious *natural tang* of the ripe Hawaiian fruit.

BECAUSE IT'S UNSWEETENED Libby's Pineapple Juice is most refreshing...perfect for breakfast or as an appetizer before other meals. See if *your* family doesn't prefer *Libby's* Pineapple Juice. It has the vitamins and minerals you depend on fruit juice to supply.

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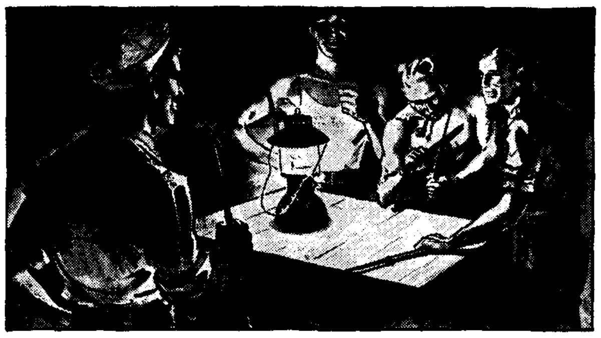
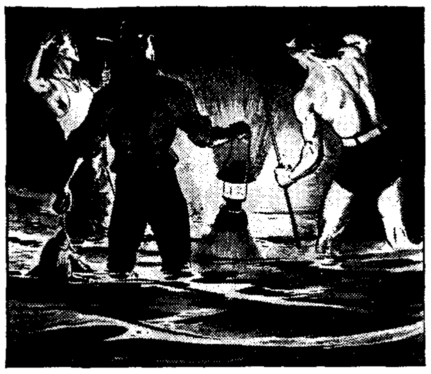


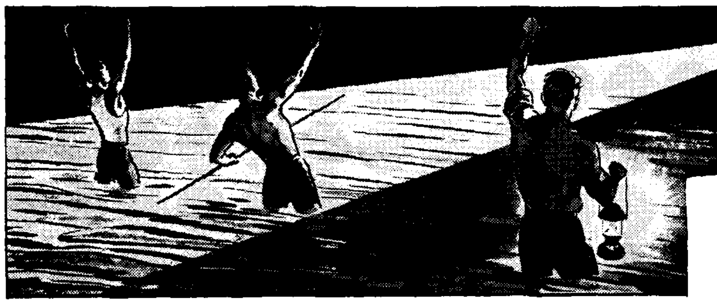
G. Brooks Taylor
Pledger, Texas

1. "One night a party of us started out to spear flounders in the warm, shallow Gulf coast waters," writes Mr. Taylor. "As the tide ebbs away, the flounder remains on the sandy bottom, often in only a few inches of water.



2. "Enjoying the sport, we wandered farther and farther from land, trusting the lantern left on the beach with one of our party to guide us safely back.

3. "Suddenly, we realized that the tide had turned! Then, our guiding light disappeared. We didn't know which way to run! We were caught in shark-filled waters!



FEB. 1940
No 950
EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON CO. PRODUCT
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE

4. "Panic stricken, we scurried about madly. Then, a pin-point of light far away winked reassuringly! Unable to fix the disabled lantern, the man on shore had sensed our plight, and luckily had a flashlight in his dufflebag. It probably saved us. From now on we will sing the praises of 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries—the kind you can *depend* upon in emergency."

(Signed) G. Brooks Taylor

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

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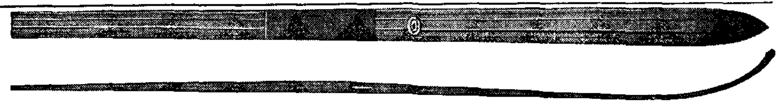
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

BOYS! EARN THESE SKIS



BOYS, you can earn these skis, or any of 300 big prizes including Scout equipment, watches, musical instruments, and sporting goods. Make MONEY, too! Just 'deliver our magazines to customers you secure in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize such as a Boeing Model Airplane kit, or a Compo-pearl knife, the very first day. To start, send your name, age, and address to Jim Thayer, Dept. C-316, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Got a cold? Get *two-way* relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe the throat—*then,* as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps open your "clothespin nose!"

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LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
ALKALINE FACTOR

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Feud

Continued from page 17

was inevitably followed by Johnny Wilson's "Haw! Haw! Haw! . . ."

Enter Clyde Stuart — British, accented and pretty snooty. He was wearing spotless white coveralls. On his breast was a badge labeling him as "Inspector No. 15," and on his lean face were all the evidences of a complete disapproval. He was only two weeks from the mother country, and he probably thought that he'd hired into a nut house.

Johnny, standing with a welding torch in his hand beside a five-foot length of chrome-molybdenum tubing in the diametric center of the welding department —where he had, incidentally, no earthly right to be—didn't know the guy from Adam. All Johnny saw was a pair of too-white coveralls and a supercilious pan—which in combination were an unbeatable butt for humor. So, when Clyde Stuart came to a stop directly before him and invitingly turned his back, Johnny filled the chrome-moly tube with acetylene gas from the weld torch, threw in a box of graphite for good measure, stood well clear—and tossed a lighted match into it.

The detonation was monumental. Stuart abandoned his dignity, jumped six feet sideways and lit running. . . . Immediately his ears were outraged by Johnny's quite American "Haw! Haw! HAW!" and he became instantly immobile. He turned, with the graphite settling over his white coveralls like black snow, and saw what had happened. Whereafter, he took a deep breath, set his jaw and started walking toward Johnny Wilson on the balls of his feet.

His fists were doubled, and his face was that ghastly purple that the violet work lights used in aircraft factories make of the color red, and for a moment it looked as if he'd hang a couple on Johnny. That would have been a decently normal reaction; and—both of them being built like they were—it would have been a good fight to watch.

Unfortunately, he didn't. . . . Instead, after a brief pause, he said in a perfectly calm, perfectly flat voice, "Are you Johnny Wilson?"

JOHNNY stopped laughing. He expected at least to be sworn at. "That's me."

"I've been looking for you," said Stuart. He pulled a rejection tag from the pocket of his no longer white coveralls. He was studiously impersonal about it. And very British. "I found three bad rivets in the wing spar your men closed up tonight. Apparently"—he said this with suitable scorn—"this is a holiday. A wing spar, however, remains a wing spar. If it comes apart, people are injured. . . . Sign this tag."

Johnny stared at him. He had a fierce pride in his rivet gang, which was the best and the fastest in the plant.

He thrust his unshaven chin almost into Stuart's face. "What are you trying to do, guy? Use a red tag to get square for a joke?"

By this time, there was quite a crowd around them. . . . Pop Brunner shouldered his way through it, took a quick look at Stuart's coveralls, and said, "*Now* what the hell?"

Johnny turned on him furiously. "Where," he wanted to know, "do they find the chicken-livered apes they hire for inspectors? *This* guinea wants to turn in a tag on an assembly that ain't even signed out of the department."

Pop, being a shrewd judge of human nature, cocked an eye at Stuart, and said, "This is a half holiday, my boy. Work takes up tomorrow. You're new here, tear up that tag and shake hands."

Stuart shook his head. "I'm an inspector for the Royal Canadian Flying Corps. You, sir, are senior assembly inspector of the factory. I don't, though, quite see how that gives you the right . . ."

"It doesn't," snapped Pop. "I was just offering advice. Sign the tag, Johnny."

Johnny Wilson, with his eyes on Stuart, said, "Damned if I do!" He reached out one big hand and gathered in about two square feet of the front of Stuart's coveralls. He shoved hard, and Stuart staggered backward, tripped over an air hose and sat down in the concrete aisle. . . . He sat there for an instant, staring at Johnny with his lips thin and tight. Then he got to his feet and said, quite without emotion: "If it weren't against all rules, Wilson, I'd beat the very devil out of you." And departed.

Behind him, Johnny Wilson laughed and tore up the rejection tag. "Yellow," he said. "Yellow and chicken, both."

Pop Brunner exploded: "That guy ain't yellow! He's just English, and you don't understand him."

"Nuts!" said Johnny.

Pop was five feet six. Johnny was six feet something. . . . "Just the same," said Pop emphatically, "lay off him and forget it. And I *ain't* warning you—I'm telling you."

CHANCES are, Johnny Wilson would have skipped the whole thing, if it hadn't been for what Stuart tried to do to Pop; but when Clyde Stuart started messing with the old man's well-being, he was immediately trifling with a particularly sharp and fast-moving buzz saw. Johnny Wilson owed practically everything he had and was to the fact that Pop had picked him up when he was a kid, and had taught him—not without some difficulty—that there are other things a man can do in life besides raise Cain. Johnny was afraid of Pop Brunner—and of no one else. Which was why, at twenty-one, Johnny was rivet boss of Spar and Rib, and in line for a foremanship . . . *when and if he could finally* banish the remaining vestiges of what Pop called, with considerable asperity, "them doggoned infantile notions he gets sometimes."

Pop himself, though, pulled the brodie. He wasn't infallible; and made no pretense of being so. Pacific never expected its inspectors not to make mistakes; which is why, without advertising the fact—knowing, of course, that the knowledge might tend to make a man careless—it has every piece of mechanism manufactured in any plant run on the Pacific system checked and approved at least twice. . . .

STUART, be it understood, didn't know the Pacific system; and when he caught Pop in a blooper, he poured on the heat. It happened this way:

One evening, as Stuart was going over a rear center-wing beam for bad rivets—after Johnny and his gang had finished buttoning it up—he found a crack in the web of one rib, just back of the extrusion. Johnny was watching him, and he saw Stuart writing a rejection tag.

"What's that for?" Johnny asked him.

Stuart didn't reply. He went on writing the tag. Johnny's temper slipped a notch.

"Look, Sourpuss," he drawled, "when I ask a question I like to be answered."

Stuart bent over the rib web and squinted at the mark Pop's steel inspection stamp had left in the metal. "There's a crack in the web." And he wrote in the space marked "Employee Responsible" on the rejection tag, "Inspector No. 6," which was Pop's number. "We'll get that inspector," he added. "It is about time some of this dashed carelessness was stopped."

Johnny's reaction was instantaneous. . . . He reached out one long arm and slapped Stuart's lean face. Then he took the red tag out of Stuart's hand and tore it to shreds. After which, he picked up a rivet gun, placed its set against the rib web over Pop's inspection stamp and tripped the trigger. The set tore through the thin duralumin, leaving a jagged hole where the mark had been. This, of course, completely eliminated the inspection stamp, and any evidence that Pop might have had to do with the spar. Neatly. Yes, very neatly. . . .

Stuart's hand went to his mouth. It came away red. As he looked at the blood on his fingers, his eyes turned a strange, cloudy blue, like tool steel.

Johnny stepped away from him and cocked his right, "What you waiting for?" he asked.

Clyde Stuart smiled a tight smile.

SADDLE AND RIDE

Romance in the stress of a Western range war. A new serial beginning in next week's Collier's

By Ernest Haycox

"I'm not going to fight you, old man," he said. "But when I encounter bad work, I'm going to put a rejection tag on it. Be sure of that. . . . And I'd *love* to fight you outside the factory. Believe that. . . ."

"Yeah!" said Johnny contemptuously. "Well, don't worry about me. Just lay off of Pop, see?"

"I see," said Stuart, smiling his tight smile. "But I don't 'lay off' inefficiency. The directors wouldn't like that."

"Pretty smart, ain't you?" said Johnny. "*And* the directors. Never make no mistakes, do you? *You* never pass no bad rivets, for instance?"

Stuart shook his head. "I wouldn't call myself an inspector if I did, you know."

Johnny stared at him with the anger smoldering hotter in his eyes. "Is that a promise?"

Stuart looked at him quickly, as though he was searching for some meaning hidden behind the words. Then his irritating little smile returned to his lips. "That's a promise. I would," he added, "feel that my duties to the directors were not fulfilled."

You could see Johnny's self-control beginning to fray like the strands of a steel cable under stress. Suddenly, savagely, he said, "You'll pass some, Stuart!"

Stuart laughed. A short, dry laugh that wasn't pleasant. "I doubt it," he said. "But in the meantime"—he jerked his thumb at the hole in the rib web—"this one's on you." He took a fresh red tag from his pocket and started filling it in. "Would you like it labeled carelessness, Wilson? Or just poor workmanship?"

Johnny spat. "Poor workmanship." He looked reflectively at Stuart's lip. "If I'd done the job on you I should've you *couldn't* write."

THE bad rivets started coming through to Stuart the next night. Artistically bad rivets. Not "clinchers" with an ugly, turned-over butt that could be detected at a glance, but nasty little numbers with holes enlarged by bad drilling concealed under perfect heads; and "hourglasses," where the riveter had let the pieces he was joining spring apart a little while he was driving, so that the rivet spread out like a pancake between the layers of metal. . . . Forty-three bad rivets in one eight-hour shift—from what had been the best rivet crew in the plant! . . .

Stuart was good. He found every one of them. Found them and marked them with a grease pencil for replacement, and hung red tags on the assemblies involved. . . .

At the end of the shift, he went to Johnny Wilson. "Are you trying to, ah—?"

"You catch on fast," Johnny snapped. "How many rivets did you find?"

"Forty-three."

Johnny spat. "Sure there wasn't forty-four?"

Stuart shook his head. "Forty-three," he said. Then: "I've rejected two assemblies tonight. They're not going to like that in the superintendent's office."

"Always crying to the boss, ain't you?" drawled Johnny.

"I've my job to do," said Stuart. "But we're not discussing me. Have you ever thought what might happen if ah—you did get a bad rivet or two by my inspection—jail, and so on?"

Johnny laughed. "A bad rivet by *you*?" he asked. "You're not admitting you could make a mistake? . . . But, I'll tell you. If I got by you, I'd love it. I'd go down the line after them bad rivets and find them. I'd have the wing assembly inspector write a nice little red tag, and say, 'Employee responsible, Clyde Stuart.' Then I'd change the rivets and watch the fun."

"You'd know where to look for them, then?" asked Stuart.

Johnny grinned. "I'd know where."

"Suppose you made a mistake," said Stuart. "After all, you *are* human."

"You ain't," said Johnny. "You're perfect. Besides—we ain't discussing me!" He looked at Stuart contemptuously. "And don't get no ideas about turning me in. That *would* give me a swell chance to change that sourpuss of yours."

Clyde Stuart smiled thinly. "You don't like my face?"

"No."

"Don't worry about it," said Stuart. "Don't. I'm just here to tell the directors when your work is bad. Hasn't much to do with faces. And by the by, did y'ever consider I might not like *your* face . . . ?"

IT WASN'T making Pop Brunner any younger. Pop, as mentioned before, knew all the details, and he loved Johnny Wilson like a son. Pop was taking the rap. Johnny was sabotaging an airplane factory: and unless something happened pretty soon Johnny was going to have to go. Meanwhile, Pop wished

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP!

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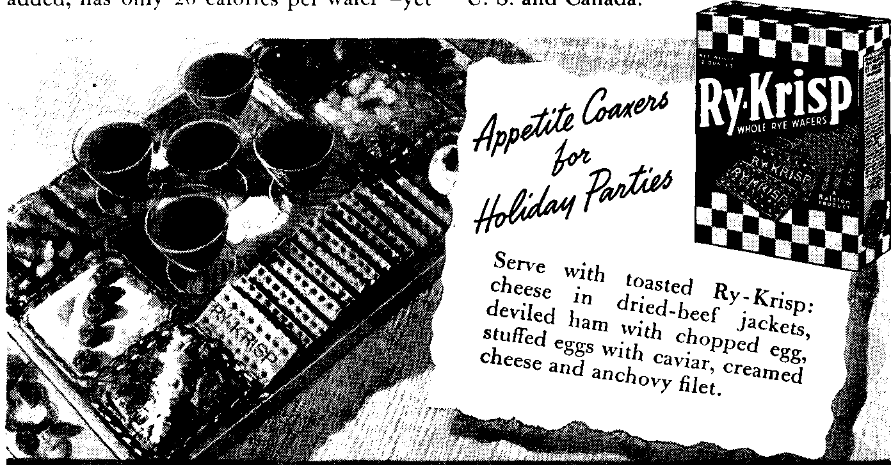
Free Reducing Booklet—Simple plan for losing 7 pounds a month. State whether for man or woman. Address Ry-Krisp 716B Checkerboard Square, St. Louis. Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.



Serve with toasted Ry-Krisp: cheese in dried-beef jackets, deviled ham with chopped egg, stuffed eggs with caviar, creamed cheese and anchovy filet.

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Secretary, Pin Money Club
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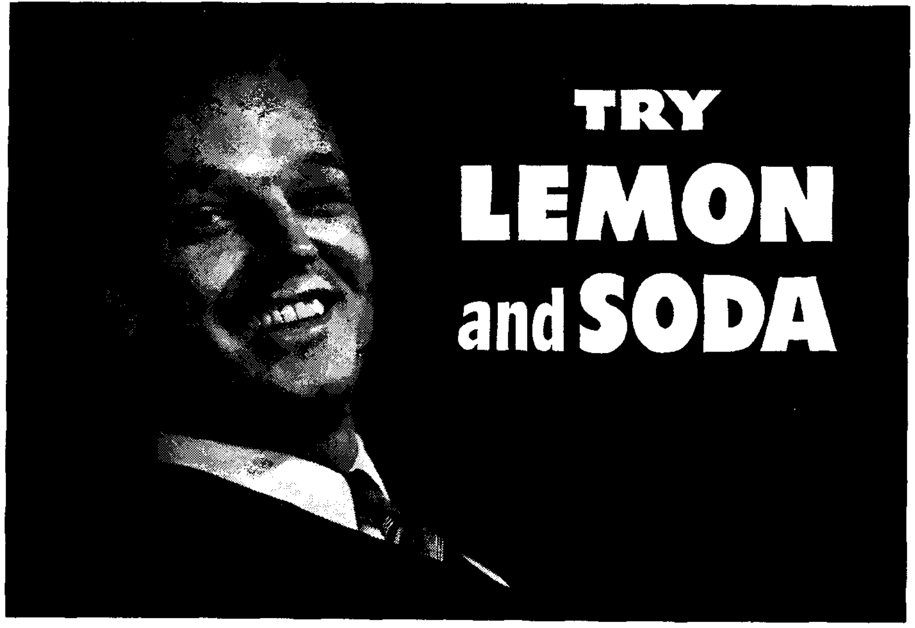
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

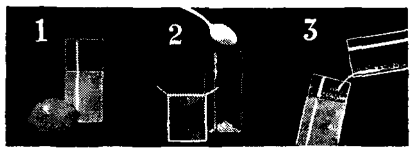
If not "Regular"



HERE is hope!—if you are not quite regular yet balk at harsh measures. Lemon-and-soda is amply effective for many, yet is non-irritating, non-habit forming.

This gentle elimination aid also helps keep the system normally alkaline. It adds vitamin C, abundant in fresh lemon juice.

First or last thing daily: 1. Squeeze juice of a Sunkist Lemon into tall glass half full of water. 2. Put half teaspoonful baking soda (bicarbonate) in another glass.



3. Pour back and forth, and drink as foaming subsides.

Do this faithfully for ten days. See if you do not find your "regular" rule.

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Sunkist Lemons

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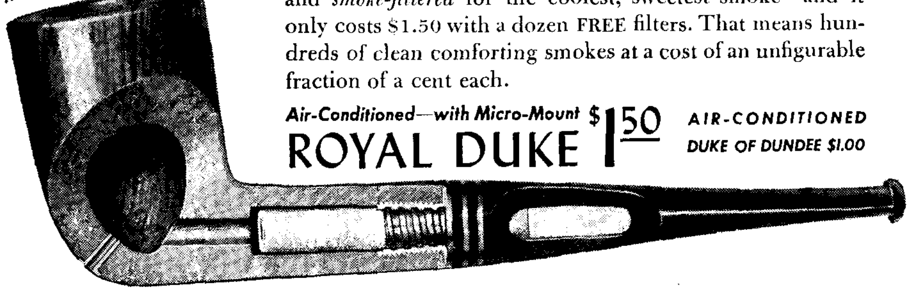

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privately that Clyde Stuart was in hell. . . .

One evening, shortly thereafter, Pop heard the autocall's harsh klaxon bray out his signal, and stepped into the phone booth. Five minutes later, he was sitting in the factory super's office, watching Jim Kelly wear his endless path in the carpet. Kelly had known Pop for ten years, and he didn't like strangers either. But he *was* afraid of the directors. . . .

"It's got to stop!" Kelly said. "I don't give a damn whose fault it is or why it's happening. I'll get rid of Stuart. That settle it?"

Pop shook his head. "Stuart ain't done nothing. *He* ain't who I'd can, Jim."

Kelly stopped walking and turned. His voice, for once, had lost its peculiar bitterness. "That's what I thought," he said. "I've tried not to know what was really wrong down there. Get that kid of yours to quit, then. Get him to quit, and there'll be no blackball."

Pop's face was bleak. "He won't quit. He won't listen to me any more. He thinks Stuart's out after my job—and he's going to hang the guy if it kills him. . . ."

"Are you going to wait until someone gets hurt?" snapped Kelly.

Pop said, "Give me a couple more days."

"I'd be doing you a favor if I canned him now. . . ."

"Just a couple more days, Jim. I've lived a long time. I seen a lot of men. Strangers don't mix. You get where men are strangers, and they hate each other for nothing except they *are* strangers. Then anything can happen. I was second mate on a steamboat once. We had a Chinese cook who hated the chief engineer. . . . Every night the cook spit in the chief engineer's soup. Yeah, spit in it!"

"The hell!" said Kelly. "What did the chief engineer do?"

Pop laughed. "He ate the soup. It give me the woollies to watch him. For a while, that is. Then I figured, 'What the hell!' The guy never knew the Chink had done it, and the Chink had been doing it for three years without pizining the mate. After that, I didn't worry none. . . . But it did show how piddling grown men can be. And the Chink was a *good* cook, too. . . . Give me a couple of days."

Kelly scowled. He started carpet-pacing again. "In his soup, eh?" . . . Then: "Okay. Take until Friday. . . . But I ain't on my own here. I got to consider the damn' directors. If anything happens, the kid'll go to jail. . . ."

"Here in Canada?"

"Here in Canada! It'd serve him right!"

WHEN the whistle blew that night, Pop was on the balcony, looking down into Spar and Rib. When the working lights dimmed, and the crew started to coil up its air hoses and put away its tools, Stuart, tall and lean in his coveralls, came off the assembly floor and started up the stairs. Pop called to him and he turned, surprise in his face.

"I've got to talk to you," said Pop. "Johnny's wrong. We both know that. But they'll send him to jail if they catch him."

"He deserves to go to jail," said Stuart.

"No," said Pop. "He doesn't. He's just a kid. He don't realize what he's been doing."

Stuart shrugged. "He started this, you know."

"He thought you were after my job," said Pop. "But he's a damn' fool—you got to help him."

"Sentiment," Stuart snapped. "Sentiment has no place in a man's job. I *have* a job, you know."

"Sentiment?" said Pop. "Look, a man's got to do a job because it's right for him. And he has to do it. That's the difference between being a mechanic and just working for wages. . . . You're proud of being a good inspector. Matter of fact, that's about the only human thing about you—on the surface. . . . Underneath, though, you're just as sentimental as the rest of us. I'll prove it. Look . . . Johnny Wilson's made a fool of you twice. Could you say—honest to Ned, mind you—that you wouldn't be glad if he *did* lose his job?"

Stuart's blue eyes fastened upon him. For a moment he was silent. Then, very slowly, he said, "I don't care one way or the other."

"Hmmm!" . . . Pop's eyes narrowed. "Let me get this straight, boy. You're saying you don't hate Johnny? Not at all? You haven't got personal feelings toward him?"

"No!"

Pop smiled. "And you still think you're absolutely sure-fire as an inspector?"

"Yes."

"You don't ever make mistakes? Stuart," said Pop, "you better examine your innards. In my opinion you're either a liar or a damn' fool. . . ."

THE pay-off made suckers of both Johnny and Stuart. It happened this way—someone used soft, nonstructural aluminum rivets to hang the landing-gear-support casting on one of Johnny's spars. . . . *That* was the first part of it.

The second was that Clyde Stuart, in his anxiety to see that all the rivets in the assembly were properly driven, neglected to check the alloy identification markings on the rivet heads, and the spar assembly—without Johnny Wilson's knowing it—went on up the assembly line with rivets in it you could have cut in half with a butter knife! . . . In the landing-gear-support castings! In the strength member that is supposed to take the full impact of thirty-thousand-odd pounds of military airplane hitting the ground in a rough landing at sixty-five miles per hour!

The Pacific system engenders an efficient inspection setup. But then, we've said that before. Sufficient to relate that two days later—almost precisely the time it took the support casting to travel from the Spar and Rib department to Wing Assembly—Jake MacAfee, the latter's inspector, spotted the little dimples on the heads that identify soft aluminum rivets, and shot a phone call to Stuart. . . . The Englishman listened, stone-faced; said, "I'll be right over," and hung up the phone. Whereafter, he went looking for Johnny Wilson, and having found him, said, "Well, you've done it. . . ." This time, the contempt was in *his* voice. Contempt, and a measure of horror as well.

Johnny, of course, hadn't the least idea what Stuart was talking about. He simply didn't get it. For, in the little notebook in which he'd kept a careful record of the location of every bad rivet his crew had driven, every item had a check mark after it to indicate that Stuart had spotted it—and that it *had* been replaced. There was—so far as he was concerned—nothing wrong.

So *he* stood and glared at Stuart—hating him, and wondering what he was talking about. Wondering, furthermore, what it was that made this cold fish of a guy act, suddenly, like a human being.

Stuart's rage was unutterable. The Englishman's jaw worked, and his eyes were hot, and there was something in his voice that sounded harsh. "The party's over, Wilson," he said. "I passed your spar. Soft rivets. *That* ought to make you feel fine, Wilson. Very fine. I passed the spar. . . ."

Johnny gasped as if he'd been hit in the stomach. "What you talking about?"

"Soft rivets, you—you Yankee bounder. You couldn't do it to me before, so you used soft rivets. . . ."

Johnny's voice was desperate: "I didn't use no soft rivets. I wouldn't do *that!*"

"You're a liar!" said Stuart. "A rotten, Yankee liar! How would they get there if you didn't? You've messed me up. I'm a chap who thought he was jolly good at his job and wasn't; but it took a bounder to show me up." And with every ounce of fury that was in him, he raised one from somewhere around his shoe tops and nailed it neatly on Johnny Wilson's jaw. . . . Johnny staggered backward, shook his head and roared. Then he waded in, his two rather grimy, but distinctly massive, hands swinging like Indian clubs. . . . It was a good fight. . . .

THE superintendent's office was a courtroom. Jim Kelly was there, sitting behind his desk. Johnny Wilson was there, with a cut on his cheek that would call for stitches, and an eye that would soon be closed. Stuart was there, looking not much better. So was Pop Brunner. . . . Lastly, the landing-gear bulkhead was there, lying on the desk—brave with green zinc-chromate primer.

"By rights," said Jim Kelly, "I ought to can you both. You"—he fixed Johnny Wilson with his uncomfortable eye—"are guilty of messing up company property. . . . You"—he swung on Stuart—"are just a Gibraltar-jawed, Puritan-eyed, prig-faced ape. An' I *don't* care if the holy directors know it or—"

"Look," interrupted Johnny furiously, "I told you before I didn't put them soft rivets in that bulkhead. I ain't going to let you say I did, even if you *are* the boss. I don't lie. I tried to run some bad rivets by him—" he jerked his thumb contemptuously at Stuart. "Okay. But I kept a list in a notebook. I wasn't risking no company property. *And* I didn't have nothing to do with—"

"Take a two-weeks layoff!" barked Kelly, Pacific style.

"I just told you—" said Johnny.

"Shut up and get out!" roared Kelly. "And shake hands with Stuart on your way. I don't want—"

"To hell with him!" said Johnny.

Kelly swung on him. "Is this mess going to take up when you get back?" he said ominously.

"Hell no!" said Johnny. "But I don't have to love him like a brother, do I?"

"No," snapped Kelly. "All you have to do is your job."

"You don't never have to worry about *that,* no more!"

"Am I still a yellow so-and-so?" said Stuart.

Pop laughed sharply. "And you were the guy who didn't care what no one thought!"

"I was wrong about that, sir," said Stuart. "What about it, Wilson?"

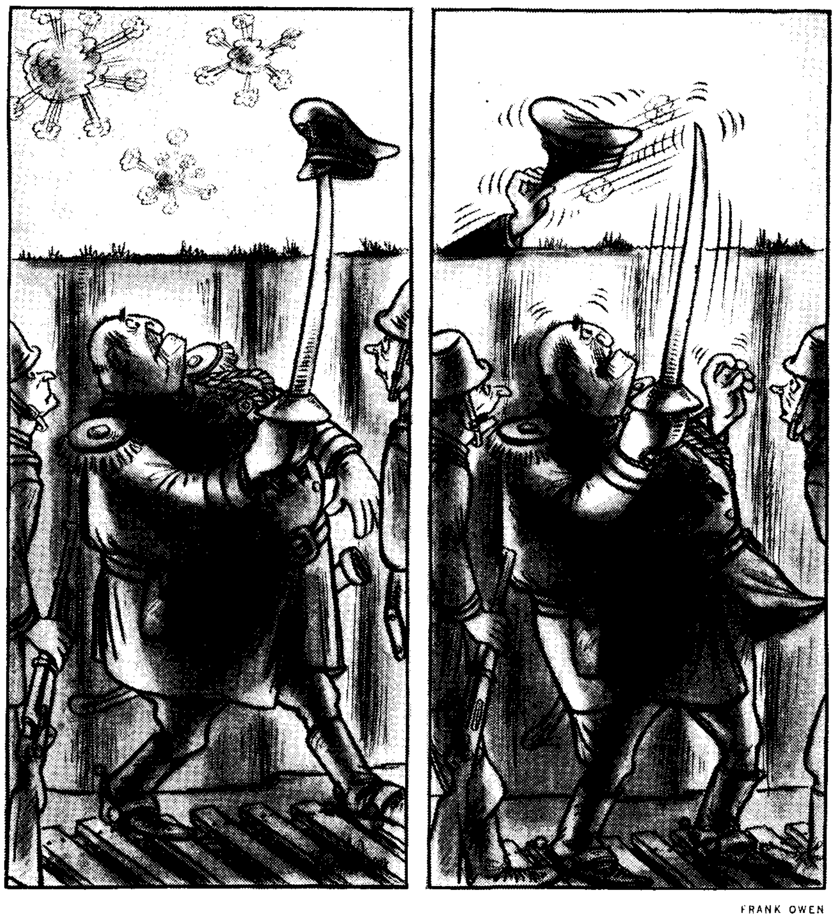
"No," said Johnny grudgingly. "I still don't like you, but you got guts. . . ."

Pop laughed. "And never the twain shall meet!" . . . After they'd gone, Jim Kelly turned furiously to Pop. "*You* put those soft rivets in that assembly. You can't excuse yourself for that." His voice was cold. "You're no punk kid with a hate on, Brunner. You're a senior inspector—or were!"

Pop got unsteadily to his feet. His face was haggard, and he looked a hundred years old. "Maybe it'll cost me my job and pretty near everything I give a damn for. But I had to do it. Johnny had to be stopped, and somebody had to show Stuart he wasn't perfect like he thought he was. They wouldn't listen to me—neither one of 'em. This way, they was as scared as men ever get. They was scared, and the scaredness just went into wanting to hit each other. They got just what they needed, and it cured 'em. They think what happened was an accident. They figure that except for the grace of God and a durn' near perfect inspection system, them soft rivets would've been in that ship when it rolled out the door for test flight. . . . What I done saved two good men. . . ."

Kelly stared at him. Then he put a hand on his shoulder. "I don't like it, Pop. I don't like it a bit. The directors wouldn't like it. But maybe in your place, I'd have done the same thing."

THE GENERAL



WHY EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE THREE KINDS OF MONEY

SOONER OR LATER, a man comes to realize that instead of just one kind of money, he needs three.

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The need for these two types of money is well recognized. One out of every 3 families in the country has a savings account. One out of every 2 has insurance.

But more and more people are beginning to realize the need for a *third* kind of money. Money which will be accumulated step-by-step during a man's productive years—and which will provide him with a substantial sum when his working days are done.

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300 WORDS A DAY

LT. COL. BREHON B. SOMERVELL running the WPA in New York City, recently remarked out loud that all writers on the Federal Writers' project might reasonably be required to produce a minimum of 250 to 300 words a day (one double-spaced typewritten page) in finished form, ready to print.

Many of said writers at once emitted fearful screams, all about tying genius to the assembly belt. Colonel Somervell was called unrealistic. The federal writers seemed to feel unanimously that if the government feeds, houses and clothes a writer for seven years, at the end of which time he produces a sonnet worthy of consideration by some poetry magazine, the taxpayers should hug themselves for having nurtured genius and call it cheap at the price.

It sounds like the bunk to us. Successful writers in all creative fields are almost without exception hard and systematic workers. Anthony Trollope was one of the most famous of these, with his inflexible self-imposed rule of 2,500 words a day. Jack London was another, with his 1,500 a day, come rain or shine, hang-over or idea paralysis or what not.

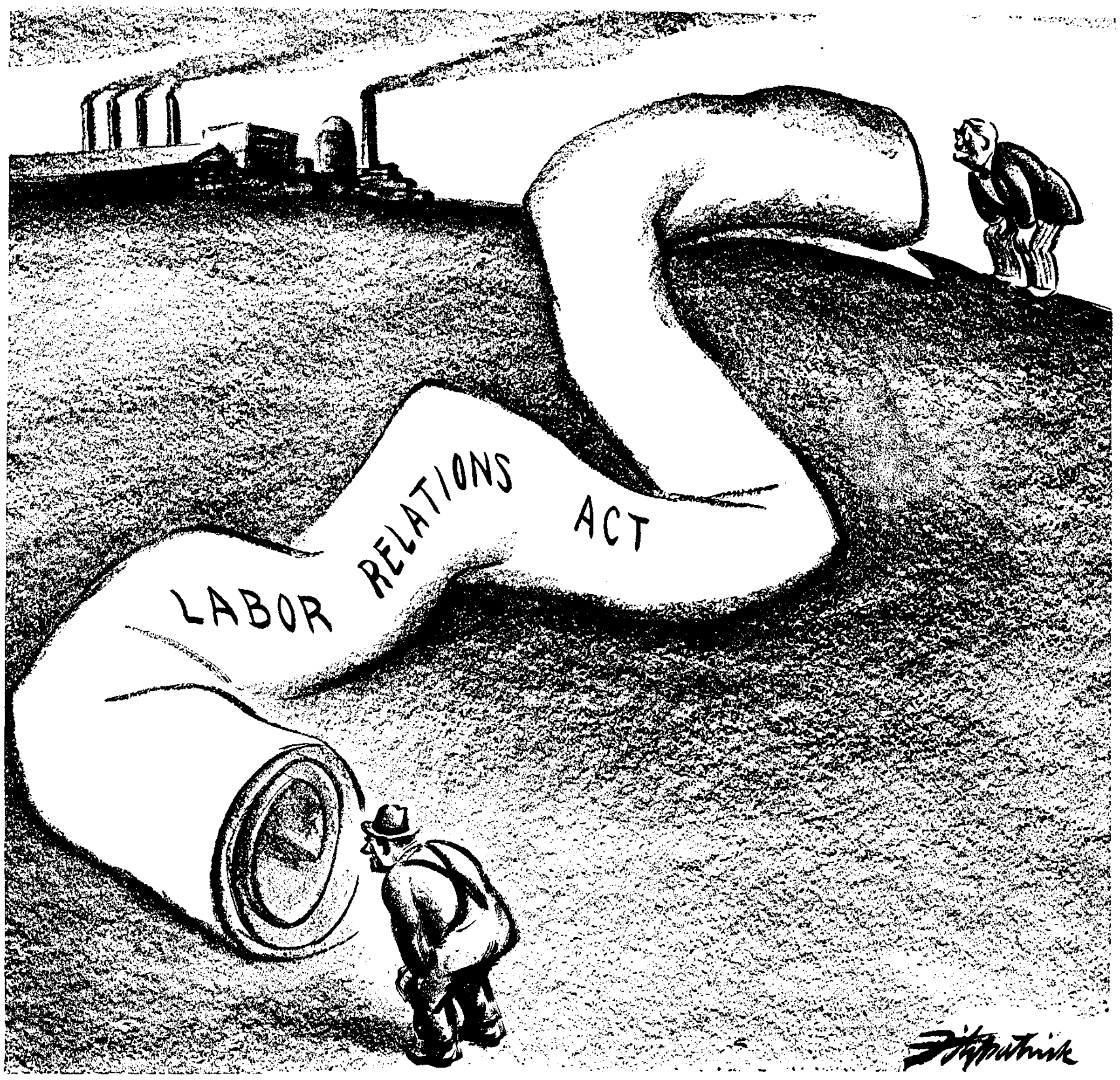
If these examples are too workaday, how about ethereal Keats and the equally ethereal Shelley, both of them dying in early manhood with tremendous volumes of work behind them? How about Lord Byron? How about Edward Gibbon, working sixteen years on one book, the classic Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?

We think Samuel Johnson said the last word on this subject some 200 years ago, when he remarked to James Boswell (quoted from memory—we can't find it in a hurry in the masterly 600-odd-page Life of Johnson which Boswell produced by endless and untiring effort): "Pish, tush, sir; a man can write whenever he puts his mind to it."

MEMO

WHILE we were all looking in horror and fascination at the outbreak and opening maneuvers of Europe's newest large-scale war, our own national debt was not idle.

Our national debt pushed past $41,000,000,000 late in October, and is now galloping gaily toward—well, write your own figure. The only thing that stands across its path is the federal law limiting the national debt to $45,000,000,000. Soon enough that too will be changed.



Rewrite the Wagner Act

THE National Labor Relations Act (Wagner Act) had its fourth birthday sometime since. It looks to us as if one big job for the next regular session of Congress is to revamp this law from the heels up.

This law written and enacted in the utmost sincerity, goes on making headaches for both labor and capital. Not the least of these headaches is the fact that the average cost of carrying a labor dispute to decision by the National Labor Relations Board is around $20,000. That means that a lot of employers surrender without argument; and that can't be fair.

It can't be fair, either, that the A. F. of L. used to charge that the NLRB was using the Wagner Act as a club to fight the C.I.O.'s battles . . . that at this writing the C.I.O is charging that the NLRB is fighting for the A. F. of L. . . . and that along with this change of mind in the two labor organizations there occurred a change in the NLRB's personnel.

That can only mean that the Wagner Act contains some defect whereby the all-important question regarding its enforcement is: Who on the NLRB is friends with whom? When the A. F. of L.'s pals control, the Wagner Act looks good to the A. F. of L. and bad to the C.I.O. When the C.I.O.'s buddies wield the balance of power on the NLRB, as they did up to a few months ago, the Wagner Act looks like a palladium of labor's liberties to the C.I.O. and an instrument of oppression to the A. F. of L.

The only thing that can mean is that something in this law makes ours a government of men rather than of law where labor-capital relations are concerned.

All the while, employers complain that the Wagner Act, as far as they are concerned, is only a club whereby organized labor is empowered to keep the employer backed into a corner and unable to settle labor disputes in his shop until labor is good and ready for them to be settled.

The Chrysler auto strike brought matters to some sort of climax in this respect. What sort of climax we are unable to state. All we know is that charges of coercion and violence flew from both sides, while the government mediators seemed to be caught in the middle without power to act decisively for anybody's benefit.

We disagree absolutely with James B. Carey, C.I.O. national secretary, when he says that his and Mr. John L. Lewis' organization may have to begin fighting for outright repeal of the Wagner Act.

The Wagner Act should not be repealed, and any labor leader who says it should, whatever his motives, is in our opinion doing labor a disservice. This law was needed when it was made law. A comprehensive law regulating capital-labor relations is needed now. Such a law will be needed in this country for as long as anybody can now foresee.

But that the Wagner Act needs to be clarified seems plain to us.

For one thing, the rights of both employers and workers need to be stated far more explicitly than they are now.

For another, the NLRB needs to be made more of the labor relations court that it was expected to become, and less of the bureaucratic board subject to its majority's whims that it did become.

As the Wagner Act is written now, it tends to provoke industrial conflict. We must avoid that if we want to go on having democracy in this country.

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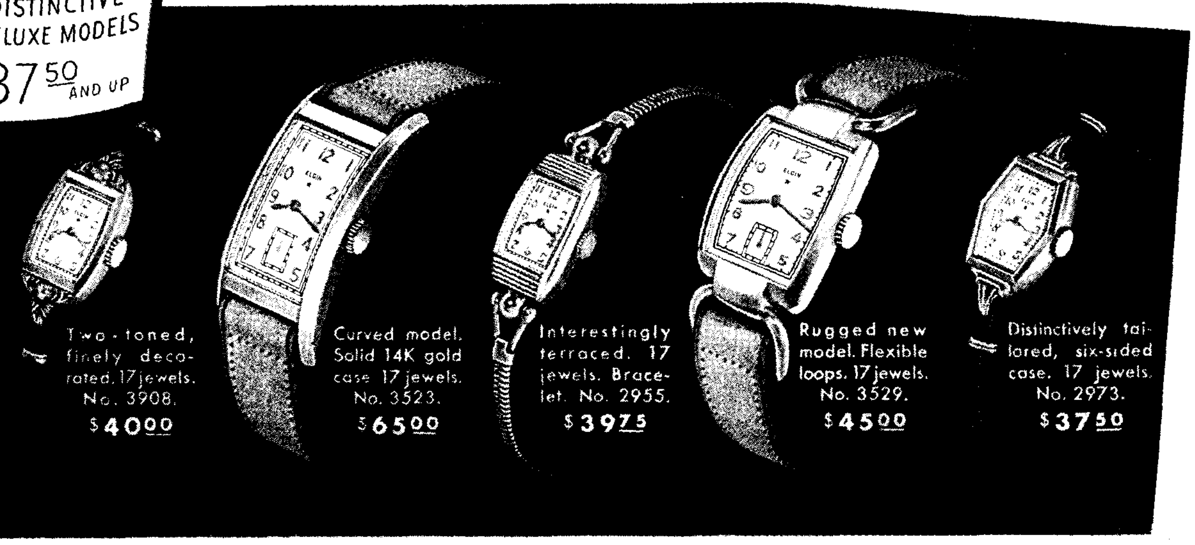
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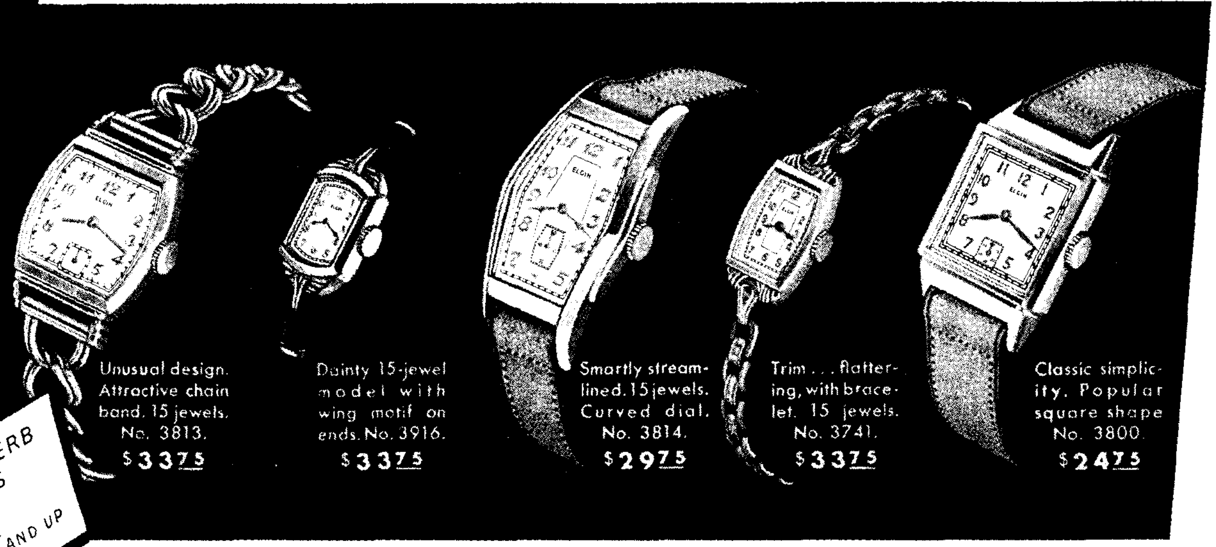
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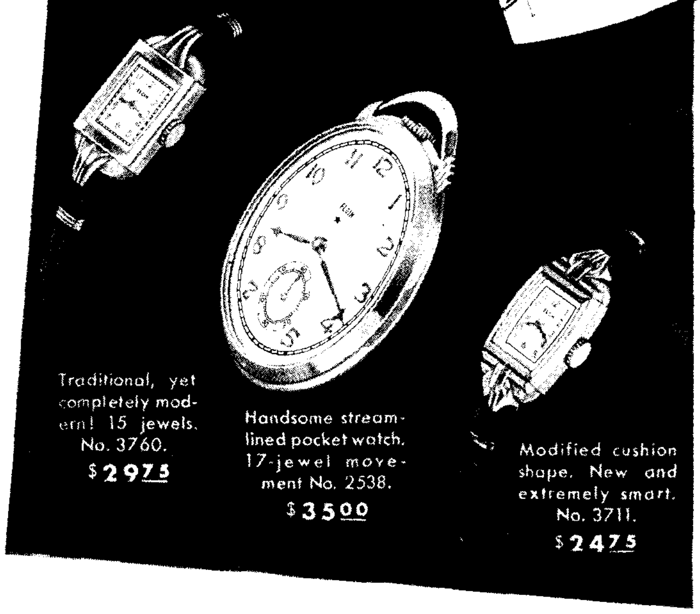
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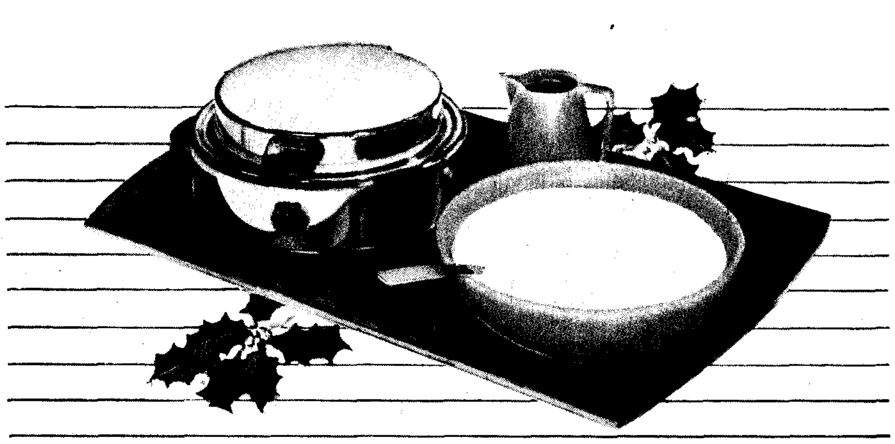

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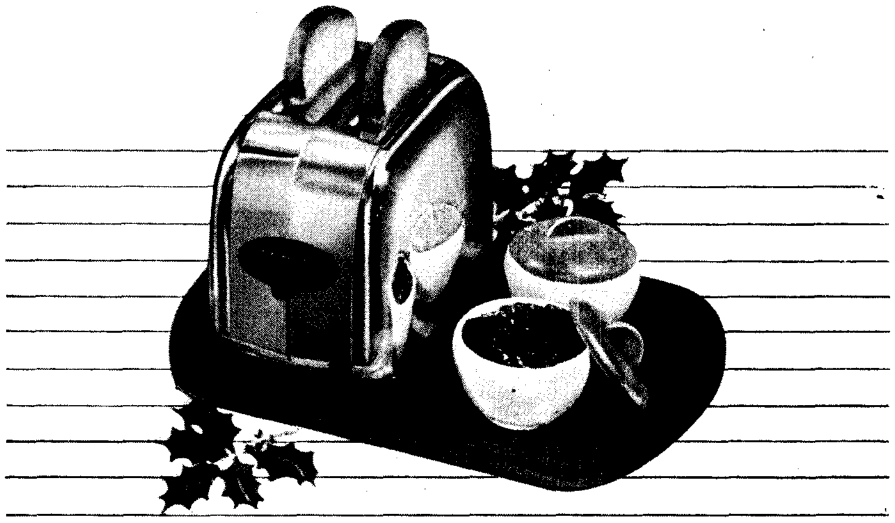

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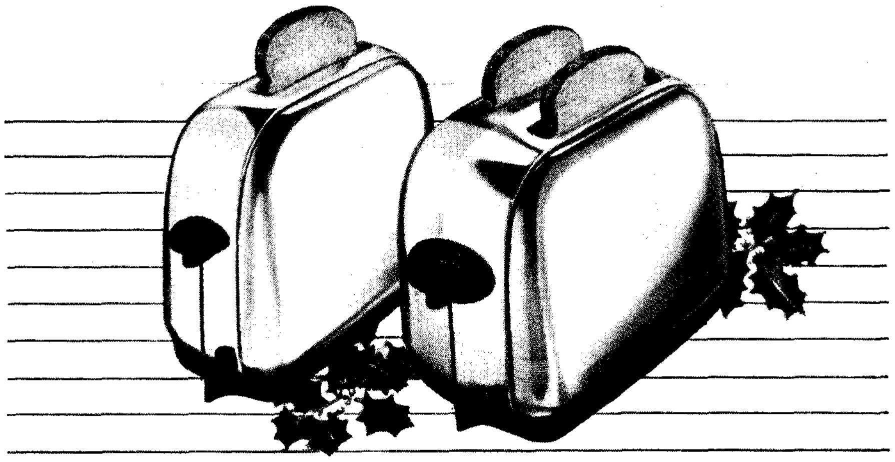

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